Mar. 24, 1962

THE NEW YORKER

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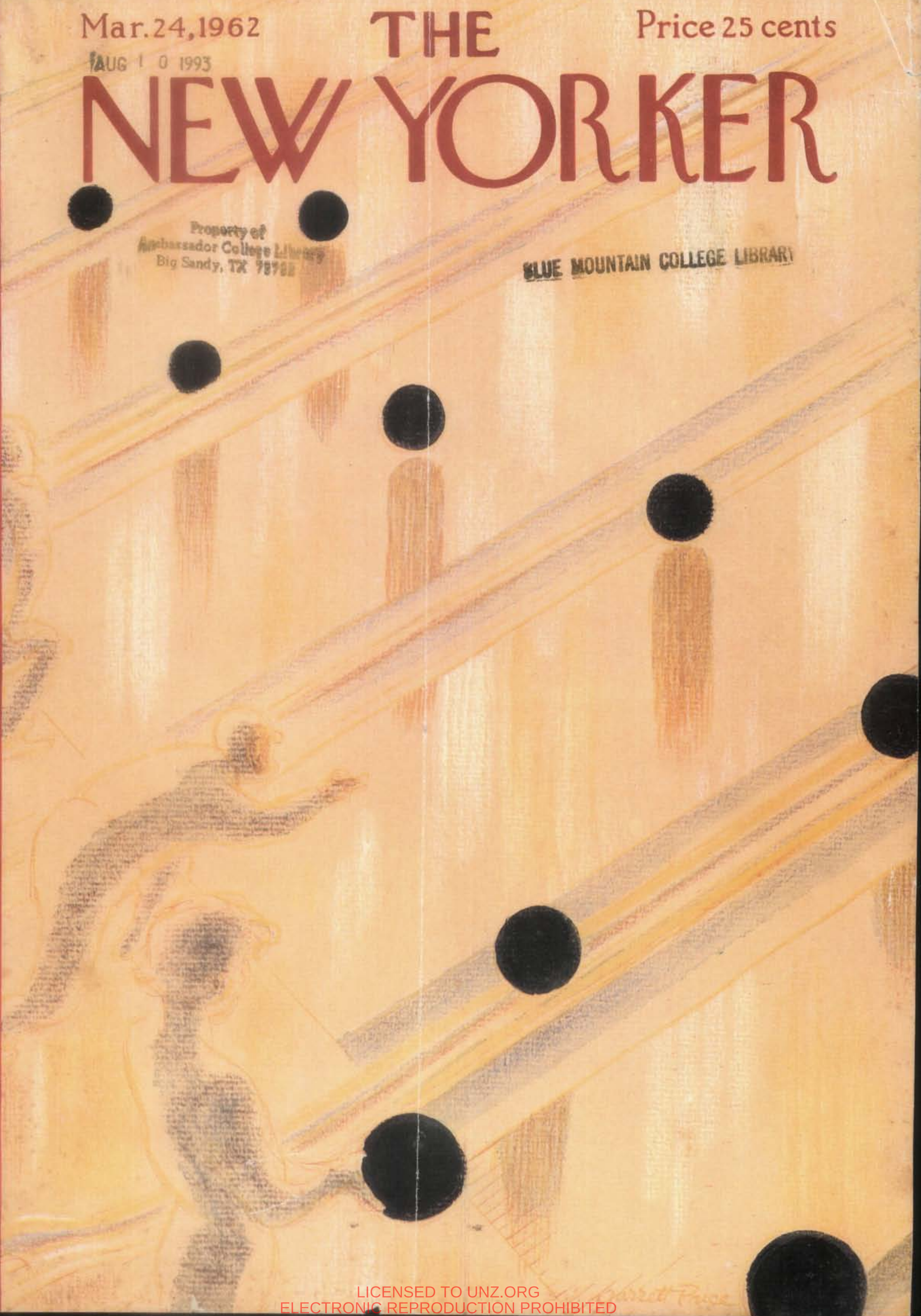

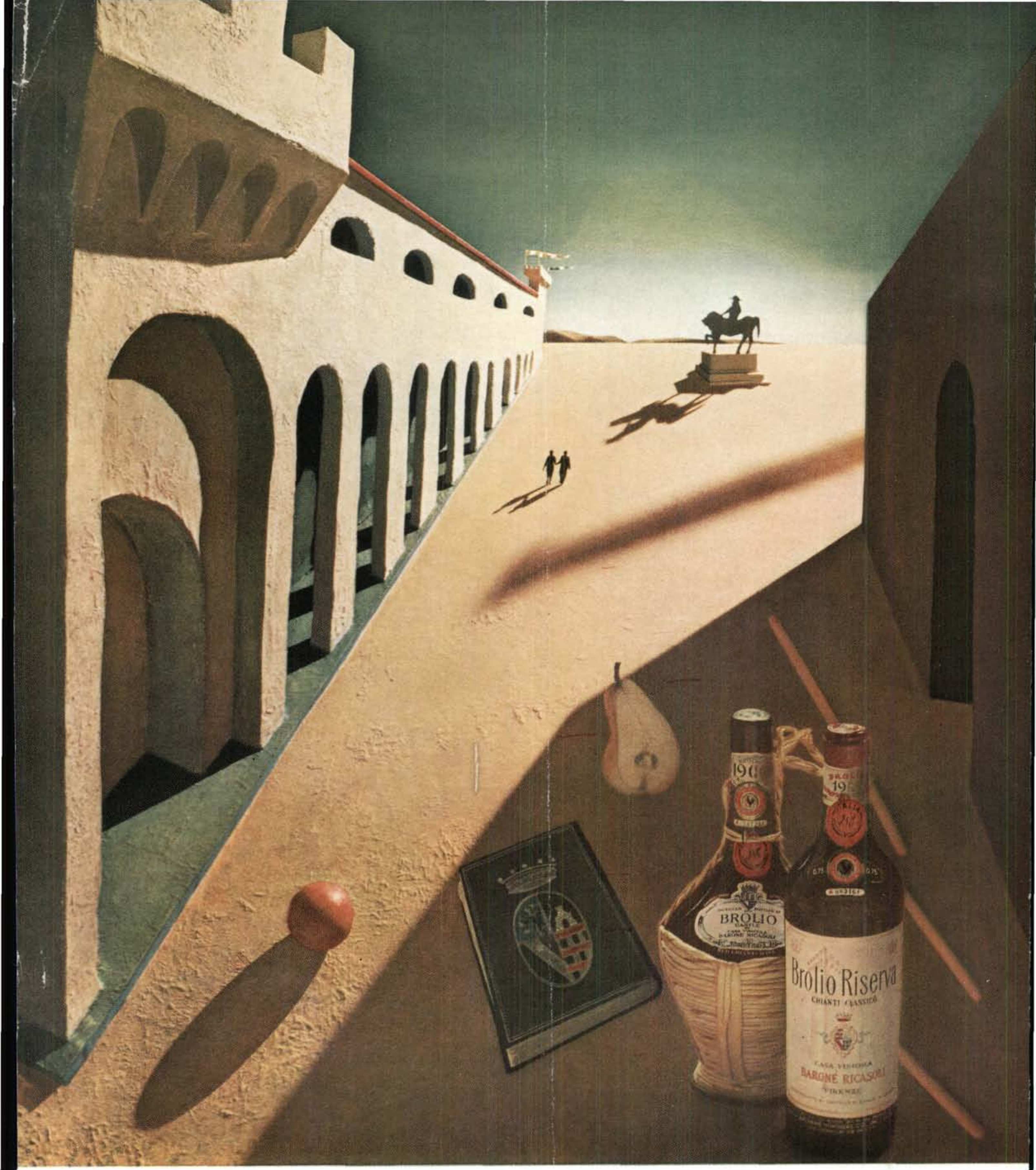

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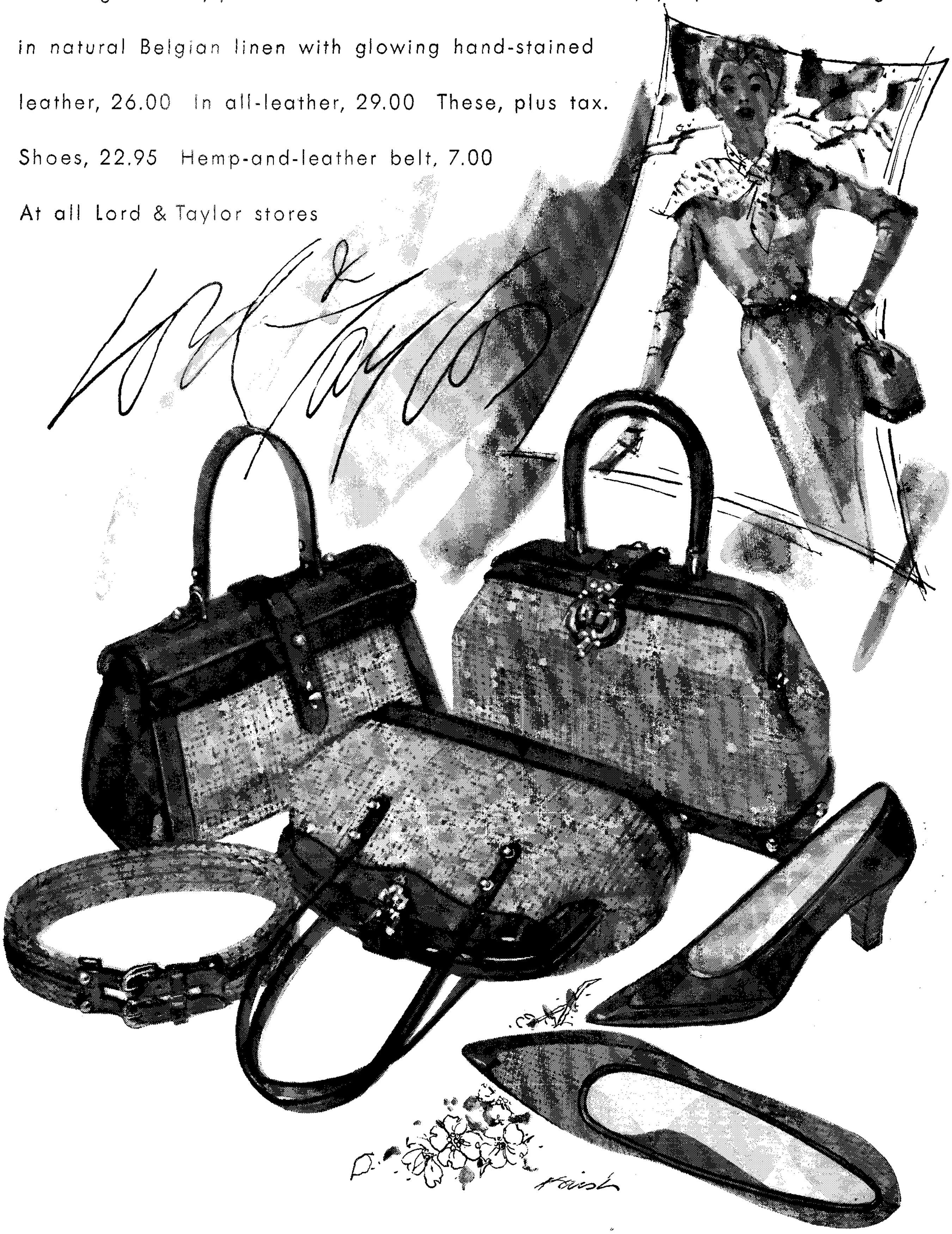

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Aspern Papers—Michael Redgrave's adaptation of the Henry James tale about a publisher in pursuit of some elusive documents of a deceased American literary light, which are presumably in the possession of the great man's aged mistress, now a resident of Venice. It may be attenuated but it has excellent performers, such as Maurice Evans, Françoise Rosay, Augusta Merighi, Jen Nelson, Clifford David, and a particularly glowing star, Wendy Hiller. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Gideon—This Paddy Chayefsky drama about the way things were when God was making a famous warrior out of the celebrated Old Testament herdsman is intermittently entertaining, and Fredric March and Douglas Campbell do well by the central roles. The rest of the cast is almost equally laudable, and Tyrone Guthrie has directed the play with his usual flair. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Gift of Time—Henry Fonda turns in a highly capable performance as a writer doomed by an incurable cancer, but the play itself, adapted by Garson Kanin from a book by Lael Tucker Wertenbaker describing the details of her husband's death, is not as moving as the theme might lead you to expect. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Isle of Children—A play by Robert L. Joseph, with Patty Duke, Noel Willman, and Norma Crane. Directed by Jules Dassin and produced by Lester Osterman, in association with Shirley Bernstein. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Man for All Seasons—An English drama, by Robert Bolt, that is far and away the best play around. Witty, literate, and captivating, it outlines some high points in the career of the sixteenth-century Roman Catholic martyr Sir Thomas More, who, as played by Paul Scofield, is an enormously interesting character. George Rose, Thomas Gomez, Albert Dekker, William Redfield, Keith Baxter, and David J. Stewart are of great help in the cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Night of the Iguana—Tennessee Williams occasionally gets in some telling dramatic licks in this play about a clutch of queer people holed up in a fleabag on the west coast of Mexico, but it is for the most part fragmentary and aimless. Margaret Leighton, Patrick O'Neal, Bette Davis, and Alan Webb head the able cast. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Passage to India—A dramatization by Santha Rama Rau of E. M. Forster's masterpiece dealing with the difficulties that the Indians and British had in establishing empathy with each other back in 1920. Not up to the original, but an interesting play for all that. Eric Portman, Gladys Cooper, Zia Mohyeddin, and Anne Meacham, who take the leading roles, are all splendid. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, March 25.)

Purlie Victorious—Ossie Davis and Ruby Dee in Mr. Davis's farce about some spirited Negroes and their obsolete white boss on a plantation in Georgia. As a playwright Mr. Davis is uneven, but as an actor he is fine. Miss Dee does some expert clowning as a wide-eyed country girl. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

ROSELAND
ANTA

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

Ross—John Mills does a good job in portraying Lawrence of Arabia from his days of triumph in the desert to the period when he was a humble airman, but the Terence Rattigan drama, despite some effective scenes, never really resolves the puzzle of Lawrence's personality. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

A Shot in the Dark—Harry Kurnitz's adaptation of Marcel Achard's "L'Idiote," which turns on the question of who murdered a Spanish chauffeur during a moment of dalliance with a steamy maid. The scene is the chambers of an examining magistrate in Paris, and while the question-and-answer business has a lulling effect at times, Julie Harris (the maid), William Shatner (the magistrate), and Walter Matthau and Louise Troy (Miss Harris's employers) are pretty droll when they get a chance. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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Sunday in New York—A lot of useless palaver (should a girl remain virginal and scare off the boys, or surrender and lose her self-respect?) mars the first act of this play by Norman Krasna, but in the second act things improve for about a quarter of an hour, when mistaken identity is introduced, with some wild consequences. Pat Stanley, Robert Redford, Conrad Janis, and Sondra Lee are among those present at the debate. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Take Her, She's Mine—This comedy, by Phoebe and Henry Ephron, about the agitation of a West Coast father who doesn't quite know what his daughter is up to at an Eastern college, and suspects the worst, is as fragile as standard television stuff, but Art Carney and Elizabeth Ashley are attractive as the father and daughter. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Write Me a Murder—Frederick Knott's mystery drama gets a grip on the spectators' interest just often enough to be mildly diverting. James Donald, Kim Hunter, Denholm Elliott, Torin Thatcher, and Ethel Griffies turn in worthy performances. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—come blow your horn: A comedy about a couple of young men who prefer play to the work (making artificial fruit) that their father wants them to do. With Hal March, Joel Grey, Lou Jacobi, Pert Kelton, and Arlene Golonka. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **mary, mary:** Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, Edward Mulhare, and John Cromwell are in this Jean Kerr comedy about an estranged couple trying to get back together. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

A Family Affair—A mishmash about familial difficulties in arranging a wedding. Shelley Berman, Carol Bruce, and Morris Carnovsky figure in it, and the music does nothing to enliven the generally dreary proceedings. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—Abe Burrows, Frank Loesser, and a couple of collaborators are responsible for this funny show about a young man determined to reach the top of the ladder in the business world. Robert Morse gives a galvanic performance as the ambitious youth, and Rudy Vallée is hilarious as the president of World Wide Wickets, Inc., a citadel of industry. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Milk and Honey—Eight widows, all eager to take another plunge into matrimony, on the loose in Israel. Their adventures are hardly enthralling, but there is a lot of boisterous folk dancing by the natives. The book was written by Don Appell, and the music and lyrics—pleasantly rendered by a cast that includes Robert Weede, Mimi Benzell, and Molly Picon—are the work of Jerry Herman. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

No Strings—The new Richard Rodgers musical, with a book by Samuel Taylor and a cast

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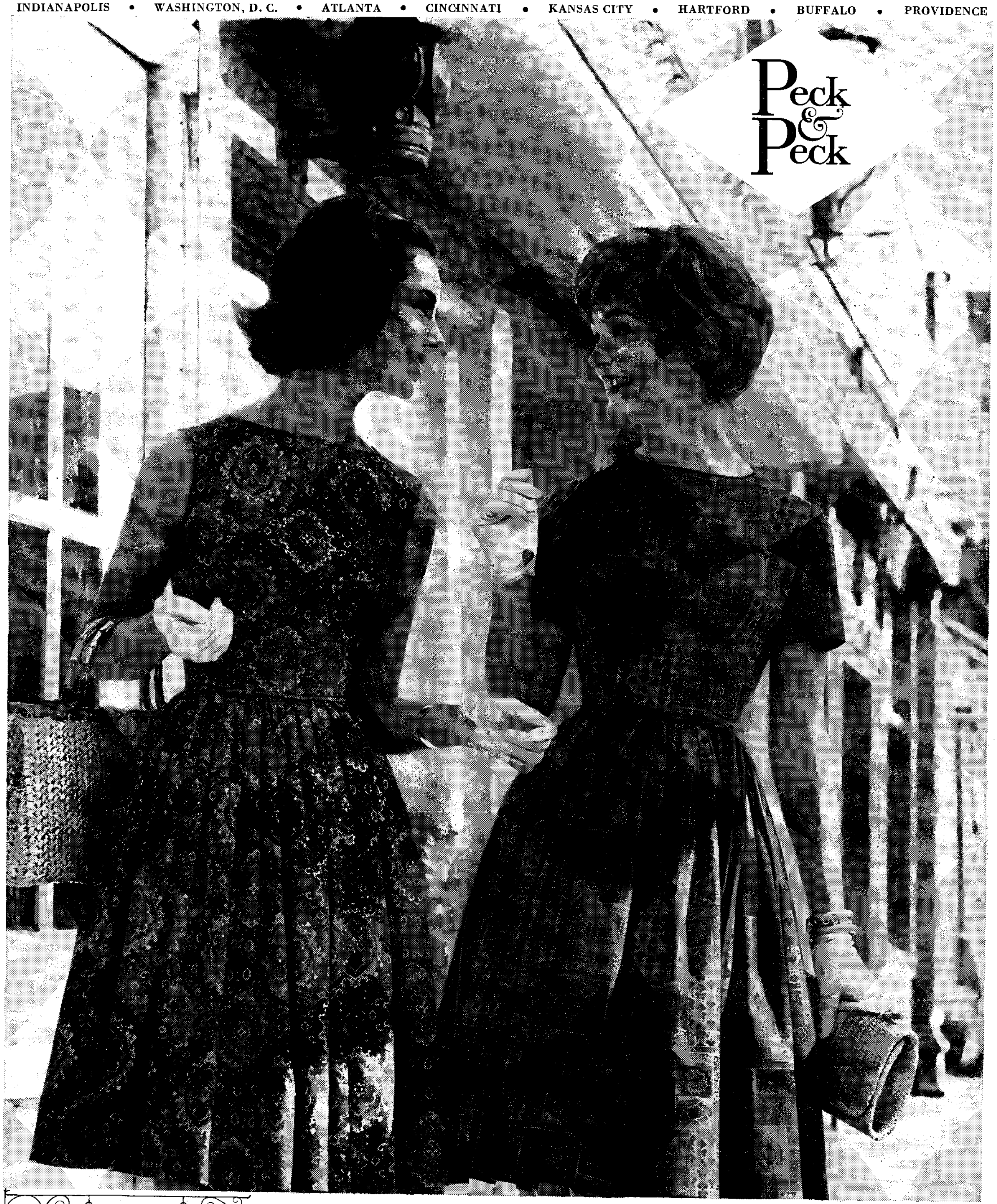

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

headed by Richard Kiley and Diahann Carroll. Presented by Mr. Rodgers and staged by Joe Layton. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Subways Are for Sleeping—A soporific, concocted by Adolph Green and Betty Comden, and numbering Orson Bean, Phyllis Newman, Carol Lawrence, and Sydney Chaplin in its cast. The music, which isn't memorable, was composed by Jule Styne, and the sets, which are lively, were designed by Will Steven Armstrong. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—CAMELOT: The old story about King Alfred and the burnt oatcakes. William Squire, Julie Andrews, and Robert Goulet are prominent in the cast. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.)... **CARNIVAL:** Tent shows, jugglers, puppets, an embittered puppeteer, and a lovely waif. With Anna Maria Alberghetti, James Mitchell, Pierre Olaf, Jerry Orbach, Henry Lascoe, and Kaye Ballard. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MY FAIR LADY:** Michael Evans and Margot Moser are the principals in this musical version of something or other by Shaw. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** Martha Wright in a Rodgers and Hammerstein show based on the escape of the famous Trapp family from Austria just after Hitler moved in. Donald Scott is Papa Trapp. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

All American—Ray Bolger and Eileen Herlie in a musical based on Robert Lewis Taylor's novel "Professor Fodorski." Mel Brooks wrote the book, Charles Strouse the music, and Lee Adams the lyrics. The director is Joshua Logan, the producer Edward Padula. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

I Can Get It for You Wholesale—A musical adapted by Jerome Weidman from his novel of the same name. The music and lyrics are by Harold Rome, and the cast includes Lillian Roth, Sheree North, and Harold Lang. David Merrick is the producer, and the director is Arthur Laurents. Opens Thursday, March 22. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Great Day in the Morning—Colleen Dewhurst in a comedy-drama by Alice Cannon. Directed by José Quintero and produced by the Theatre of Michigan Company, headed by Theodore Mann and George C. Scott. Opens Wednesday, March 28. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

APA Repertory Company—A limited engagement of a three-play repertory. The schedule through March 31: Chekhov's "The Seagull," Thursday and Friday, March 22-23, at 8:30; Sunday, March 25, at 3; Tuesday, March 27, at 8:30; Wednesday, March 28, at 3 and 8:30; and Saturday, March 31, at 7 and 10.... ¶ Sheridan's "The School for Scandal," Saturday, March 24, at 7 and 10, and Thursday and Friday, March 29-30, at 8:30. (Folksbiene Playhouse, 175 East Broadway. AL 4-2211.)

The Apple—Jack Gelber's latest play is horrifying, funny, and repellent, though seldom all at once. The setting is a coffeehouse, and among the seven characters are a spastic and a mad drunk who drops dead at the end of Act I but revives to participate in Acts II and III. Judith Malina's direction and the performances of Marilyn Chris and John A. Coe are nothing short of astonishing. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Fridays at 8:30, Saturdays at 7:30, and Sundays at 2:40.)

The Blacks—Jean Genêt ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Brecht on Brecht—Lotte Lenya, George Voskovec, Dane Clark, Viveca Lindfors, Anne Jackson, and Michael Wager in excerpts from the writings—public and private—of Bertolt Brecht. Mr. Brecht's words are, for the most part, quite brilliant, and the actors' performances are entirely worthy of them. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

A Chekhov Sketchbook—A tramp on his way to Siberia, a dried-up deacon with a juicy wife, and a mild, henpecked husband are the roles that Joseph Buloff plays—and occasionally overplays—in an amusing trio of farces adapted from short stories by Chekhov. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. MU 6-9630. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Connection—Jack Gelber's curious and compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Thursdays at 8:30 and Saturdays at 10:30.)

Dear Liar—Jerome Kilty and Cavada Humphrey in a revival of the two-character comedy adapted by Mr. Kilty from the correspondence of George Bernard Shaw and Mrs. Patrick Campbell. (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Thursdays at 2.)

Electra—The Shakespearewrights production of Euripides' tragedy. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30, and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Fly Blackbird—A spirited musical comedy whose theme is civil rights for Negroes but whose tone is frisky almost throughout. Avon Long is especially frisky as the cagey father of the first Negro girl to run the student council at Sarah Lawrence. C. Jackson and James Hatch wrote the music, lyrics, and book. Their songs are varied and pleasant, and a lot of their jokes pay off. (Mayfair Theatre, 235 W. 46th St. CI 7-6180. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

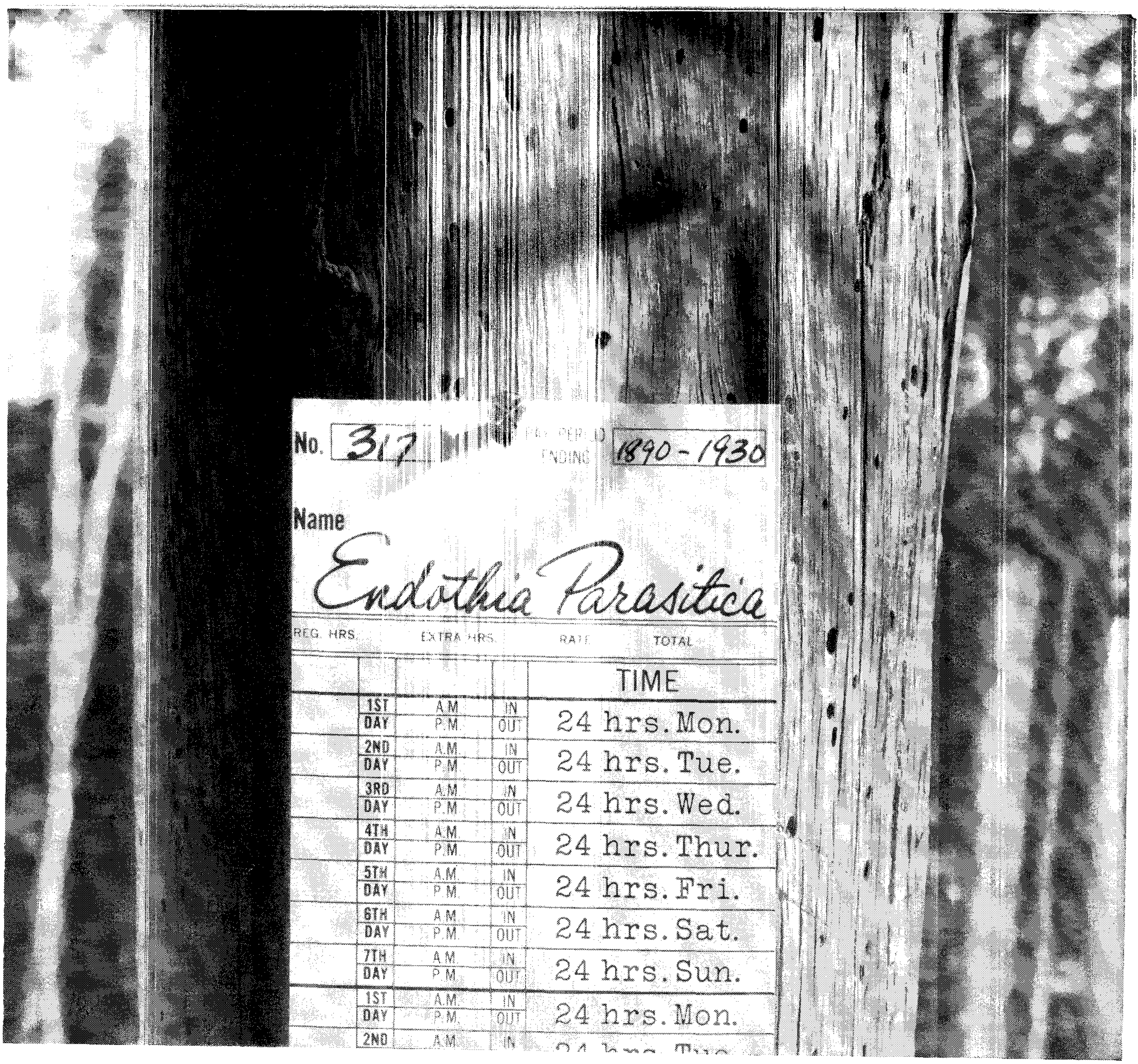
The French Way—Three French plays ("The Deceased," "Edouard and Agrippina," and "The Grand Vizier") by René de Obaldia, adapted by Gertrude Corey. (East End Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. AL 4-9520. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Ghosts—Ibsen's ideas and the character of Mrs. Alving are as good as new, but some of the dramatic machinery has rusted a bit over the past eighty years. Leueen MacGrath, as Mrs. A., heads the cast. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, April 1.)

The Golden Apple—A revival of the John Latouche-Jerome Moross musical. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Hostage—Geoff Garland, as a Cockney soldier held captive in a Dublin lodging house, and Alan Nunn, as the caretaker of the lodgings, are especially good in this most satisfactory revival of Brendan Behan's wild, poignant comedy. (One Sheridan Square, between Sixth and Seventh Aves. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

In the Jungle of Cities—This 1922 Bertolt Brecht play, concerning a mysterious struggle that takes place in Chicago between a prairie boy and an Oriental lumber dealer just before the First World War, is given a superior production—one that is possibly better than its materials deserve. (Living



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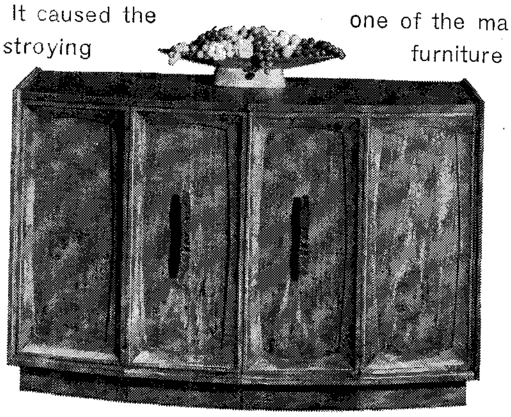

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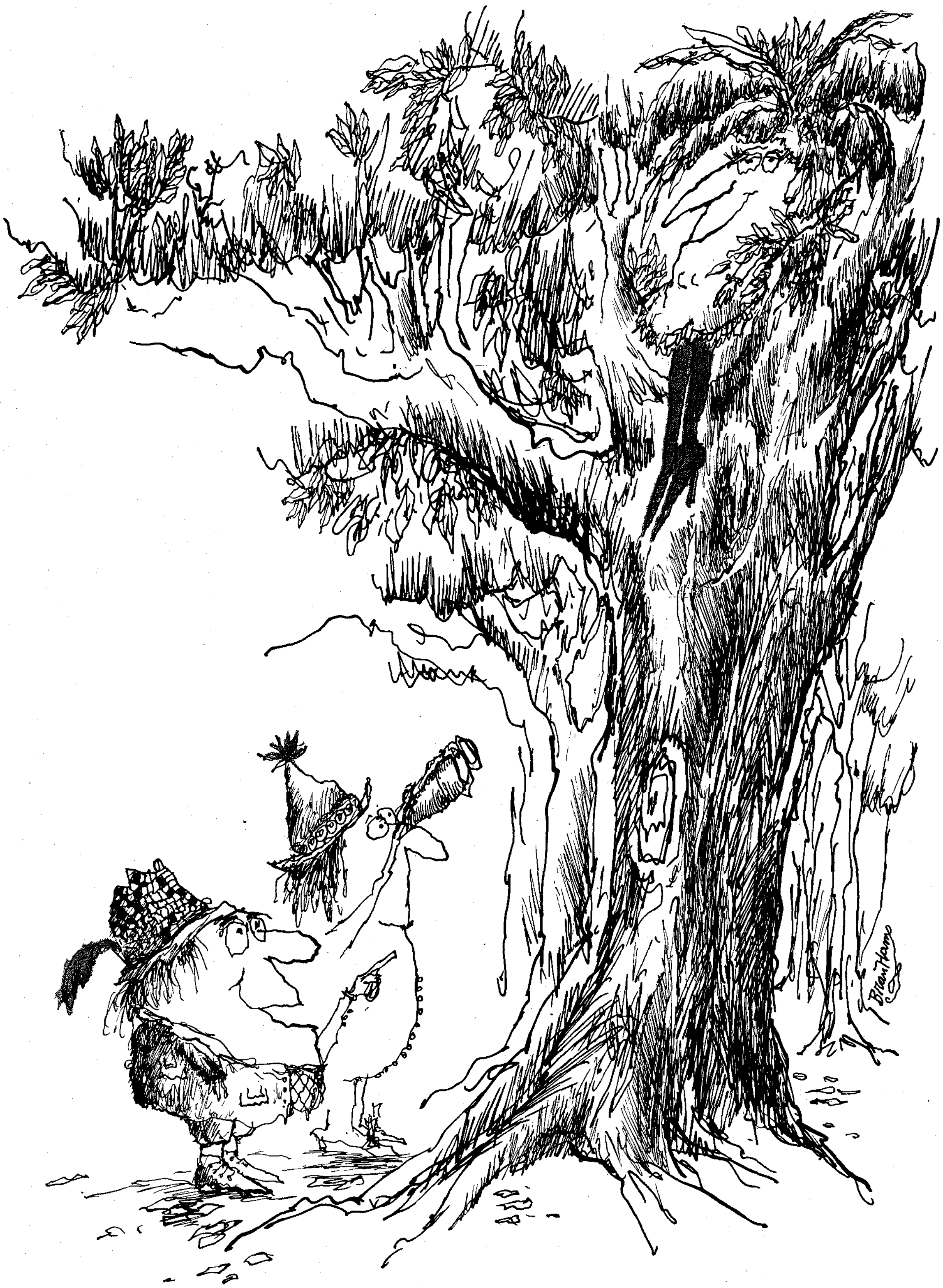

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Sundays at 8:30.)

MOON ON A RAINBOW SHAWL—A scruffy back yard in Port of Spain is the setting and the only unfamiliar element in this play, which is compounded of laughter and tears in fairly standard proportions. The performances by almost all concerned, though, are shrewd, lively, and refreshing. Vinnette Carroll, as a stalwart Trinidadian matron, and James Earl Jones, as a young bus driver determined to emigrate to Liverpool, head the cast. (East Eleventh Street Theatre, 206 E. 11th St. SP 7-8383. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

NATHAN THE WISE—A new English version, by Sydney Walker and Roy Franklyn, of Gotthold Lessing's eighteenth-century comedy. Opens Thursday, March 22. (78th Street Theatre, 52 E. 78th St. SC 4-9051. Opening-night curtain at 7:45; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

OH DAD, POOR DAD, MAMMA'S HUNG YOU IN THE CLOSET AND I'M FEELIN' SO SAD—A new playwright named Arthur Kopit has made a Surrealist comic strip out of the violent story of a hateful, possessive mother and her miserable son. The staging, by Jerome Robbins, is all that any playwright, new or old, could wish for, and the performances, by Jo Van Fleet, Austin Pendleton, Sandor Szabo, and especially Barbara Harris, are highly satisfactory. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS—An original musical drama by Edwin Greenberg. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

PLAYS FOR BLEECKER STREET—Thornton Wilder's triptych of new one-acters, directed by José Quintero. In "Childhood," a near triumph of sleight of hand for both playwright and players, a father assumes a role in his children's fantasy. "Infancy" is a serious farce, in which two grown men appear as raging infants in perambulators, and, not surprisingly, a Father Francis is the leading character of a rather frail work called "Someone from Assisi." (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

RED ROSES FOR ME—Sean O'Casey's play. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10: and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

THE THEATRE OF THE ABSURD—Final performances of a six-week repertory. Edward Albee's "The American Dream" and "The Zoo Story": Thursday, March 22, at 8:40. . . . ¶ Jack Richardson's "Gallows Humor" and Edward Albee's "The Sandbox": Friday, March 23, at 7:30 and 10:30, and Sunday, March 25, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Jean Genêt's "Deathwatch" and Fernando Arrabal's "Picnic on the Battlefield": Saturday, March 24, at 7:30 and 10:30. . . . ¶ Eugene Ionesco's "The Killer": Sunday, March 25, at 3. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951.)

THIS SIDE OF PARADISE—An impressionistic play, based on Fitzgerald's novel about undergraduate days at Princeton and post-graduate days among the débutantes, during and after the First World War. Paul Roebling, as Amory, and the other members of the cast perform ably under Herbert Berghof's imaginative and light-fingered direction. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

THIS WAS BURLESQUE—The return of Ann Corio, as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. Much of the material is funny in an earthy kind of way, but it is also awfully gamy for all but the most insensitive palates. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 11:25; Saturdays at 2:30, 8, and 11:25; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8:30.)

NOTE—Four characters in search of an author are meanwhile writing their own skits, often as they go along, throughout the casually entertaining potpourri at the Premise, an orderly little coffee-and-pastry shop at 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020). The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

MARK TWAIN TONIGHT!—Hal Holbrook's impersonation of the Missouri humorist at seventy. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, March 30, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

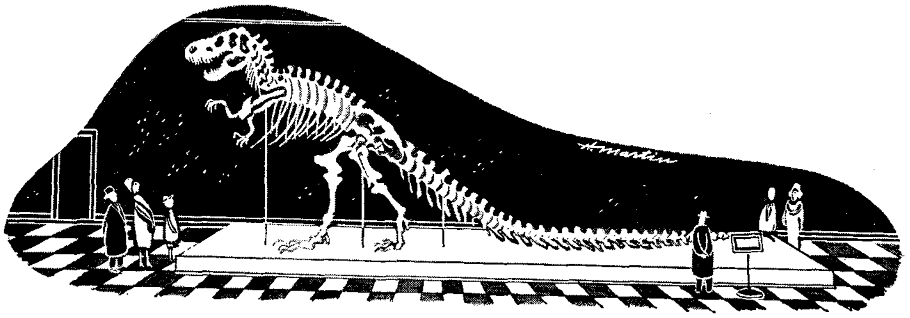
(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—An archeological museum wherein visitors from other nations can study the artifacts left behind by a vanished civilization. Shards of dance music are dispensed by Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room, a forum that has launched a thousand baby revues, is floating a leaky one this time. It will be sent off to drydock on Sunday, March 25. After a day of rest, the establishment will reopen on Tuesday, March 27, as a dance pavilion for Bill and Midge Haggett and a show shop for Betty Madigan, a pertinacious singer. They'll be around twice nightly on weekdays, at dinner on Sundays, at home on Mondays. Stanley Melba's orchestra and Phil Wayne's trio will keep on with the dance music. . . . ¶ The Café Pierre, from cocktails through supper, is a bustling spa in which Stanley Worth's minuscule group of musicians extends invitations to the dance all week long.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The dinner and supper hours in the Persian Room offer the drolleries of Phil Ford and Mimi Hines, who live a comfortable life in the rural comic strips and wouldn't move to the big city if you gave them the place. Emil Coleman's big dance band, which can lay great emphasis, and Mark Monte's set of eager beavers look after the customers' footwork. On Wednesday, March 28, Shani Wallis, yet another London soprano, will take over the Ford-Hines cornfield. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Tea-for-two piano, by Kurt Maier, is performed every afternoon but Monday in the Palm Court from four to six-



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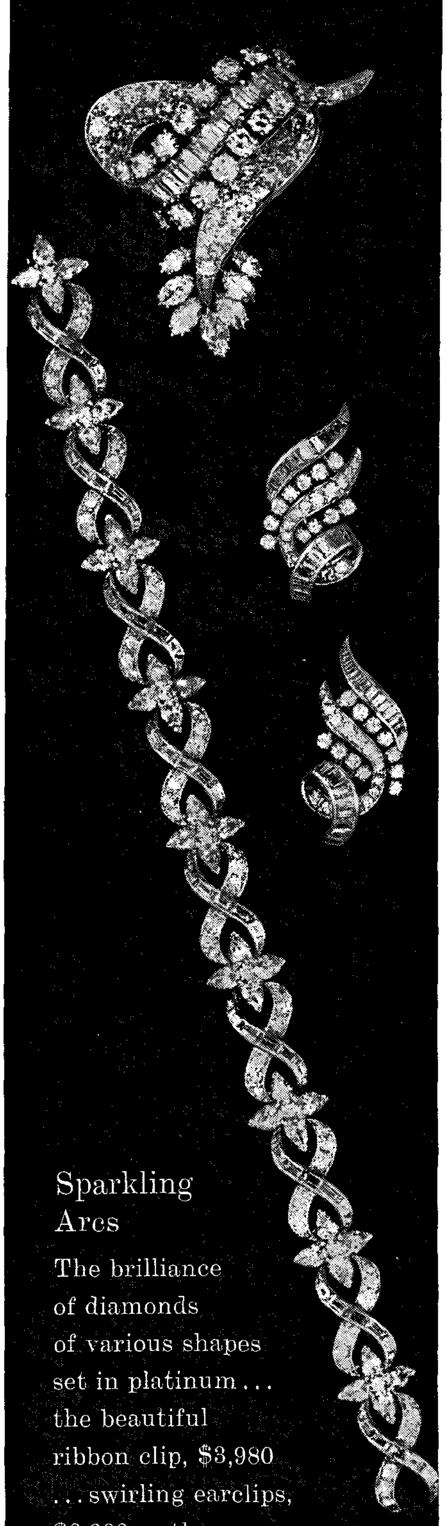

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

thirty and again in the Edwardian Room from seven-thirty to nine-thirty.... ¶ The pomp-and-circumstance Rendez-Vous is a playground for the small dance bands of Payson Ré and Nick D'Amico. Closed Mondays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Lenny Herman's dance band is uncorking like Old Faithful in the Grill. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Evelyn Knight, a gentle soul, sings with her heart on her sleeve twice a night in a setting that could hardly be bettered—the Maisonette. The rest of the time, the stately walls ring to the whirligig breathings of Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba swizzlers. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—After eight-thirty, the noble Columns (which affords only sitting-down tunes between seven and prancing time) offers sailing along on Moonlight Bay (which in this case could easily be the Bay of Naples) to the dance music of Gunnar Hansen's circumspect orchestra and a small Latin class conducted by Arturo Arturos. Closed Sundays.... ¶ In the Savoy Room, a dim and glorified forest of rosewood trees, Ray Hartley's piano parses the phrases of our favorite arias in a grammar that is pleasurably his own. He's around from cocktails through supper every night but Sunday.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The tomorrow-we-fly set, which is definitely not open stock, infiltrates the Embassy Club (where, from eight-thirty to two, Lazaro Quintero's orchestra speaks with a Latin accent and Roger Steele's orchestra sounds just plain *norteamericano*), and the Knight Box (where Jani Sarkozi's violin begins a vigil at eight). Both arenas are closed on Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Empire Room's dinner and supper amusement is Dolores Gray, who can intercept a song and run it back for a touchdown time and again. Milt Shaw's and Emery Deutsch's orchestras play on, play on for the guests' exercises. Miss Gray calls it a night on Saturday, March 24; on Monday, March 26, Alan King will report for duty with several hidebound volumes of jokes. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Joan Bishop, modest violet, toys with Peacock Alley's piano every night but Sunday between five and twelve-thirty.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): Doctors, lawyers, merchant chiefs, and the rest of us, shoulder to shoulder at bar and table. Budd Gregg is again playing piano after eight. Beware! Mondays are now Twist nights.... **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): This, the third of Mr. Hawkins' playgrounds for children, is providing its guests with the same fare as before: the romantic piano of Bob Printz from five-thirty to eight; the romantic piano of Wayne Sanders or Mr. Hawkins from eight until midnight; then busting-out-all-over double piano from Mr. S. and Mr. H. Closed Sundays.... **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): One end of the bower is presided over by a flourishing green bay tree, and the other by Cy Walter, who has an even-tempered clavichord at the tips of his eloquent fingers. His music is on tap at cocktails, dinner, and supper. Forrest Perrin is the Sunday and Monday handyman.... **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Puccini, Leoncavallo, and the rest of their mob dined here and wrote down tunes on the tablecloth, which is now ensconced on the music rack. The principal boy is Aldo Bruschi, who doubles on piano, concertina, oboe, and basso profundo. The resolute little opera company goes through hell and high water, Italian sector, every night, and Mr. B.'s dance trio operates after ten Thursdays through Sundays. Closed Mondays.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): An almost incurable case of flamenco, done from the heart. Dancing for the customers, too. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Cast out the moat in the eye of the beholder as he crosses the drawbridge into this toyland, and you have an up-to-date restaurant, whose tables are circumnavigated by Norbert Faconi's Casanova violin. No music Sundays.... **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A companion piece to the Château Henri IV (q.v. *supra*) and—like it—decorated in a fashion that is full of the oddest bodkins. From throne room to pavilion and back again, a violinist, a singer, and a pianist are steadily on the go. No music Sundays.... **WALLDORFKELLER,** Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): A hunting lodge in the Austrian Tyrol, staffed all evening by a chef who believes that calories can be fun, by a zither man who loves to pull strings, and (after ten) by Greta Keller, whose songs and manner are both *echt Wien*. Closed Sundays.... **MALMAISON,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Any number of three-hours-for-dinner clubs are apt to be in conference. To help the talk along, Jules Kuti plays conversational piano from five to eleven in the bar. Closed Sundays.... **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Midsummer nights in a long-lost but awfully happy Budapest, where silence is a vacuum abhorred not only by the singers (one is the feminine, feminine Lili France) but by the massed voicings of fiddles and zimbalons. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): The minstrels, due at ten, are Andy Hamon, who lends a lush-life tenor to his ballads, and Ronnell Bright's trio. Until then, one may study the roguish gallery of art on the walls. Closed Sundays.... **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A seat of the mighty, and suitably upholstered. The Cinzano-with-lemon-peel is interlaced, between eight-thirty and maybe two, by George Feyer's pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey piano. Closed Sundays.... **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Somewhere within a forest of Moorish arches and columns is a piano that's casually stroked by Conrad Monjoy. In addition, on Fridays and Saturdays, Eddie Lane's trio plays for dancing from ten until one. Silence on Sundays.... **RITZ BAR,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): On the quarter-deck of the ship-of-state bar in the Carlton House sits Victor del Monte, who placidly addresses his piano between cocktails and one in the morning. No music Sundays.... **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): A good deal of this particular Vienna is simply travelogue by people who couldn't fight their way out of a paper guidebook. On Wednesday, March 28, the situation will be immensely improved by the arrival of the soprano known as Vicky Autier, a bit of French allspice. Closed Mondays.... **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Appian as the day—or, rather, the night—is long. Up and down the Way wanders a stream of earnest violinists, trailed (at a respectful distance) by a triad of guitarists. Closed Sundays.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country.... **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The eighth hill of a famous city on the Tiber. The music, which (like the cuisine) is wholly regional, comes from a closely knit group of melodists who operate from six until two. Closed Sundays.... **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The vast acreage embraced by the Casino-on-the-Park offers, between cocktails and supper, Steven Weltner's piano, a judicious mixture of sentiment and science. His night off is Sunday.... **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Hard-core but soft-pedal Madrid, which doesn't really come to life (i.e., guitar, piano, song, and flamenco footwork) until long after sunset. Closed Sundays.... **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): No Spanish moss grows under the feet of the Andalusian singers and dancers who find their way to the tiny stage now and then. Between their eruptions, a piano muses in a corner. Saturdays and Sundays there's tea dancing from two to seven.... **CAFÉ PICARDIE,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Fasts can be broken here in elaborate surroundings from six in the evening until one, and often to the tune of Marty

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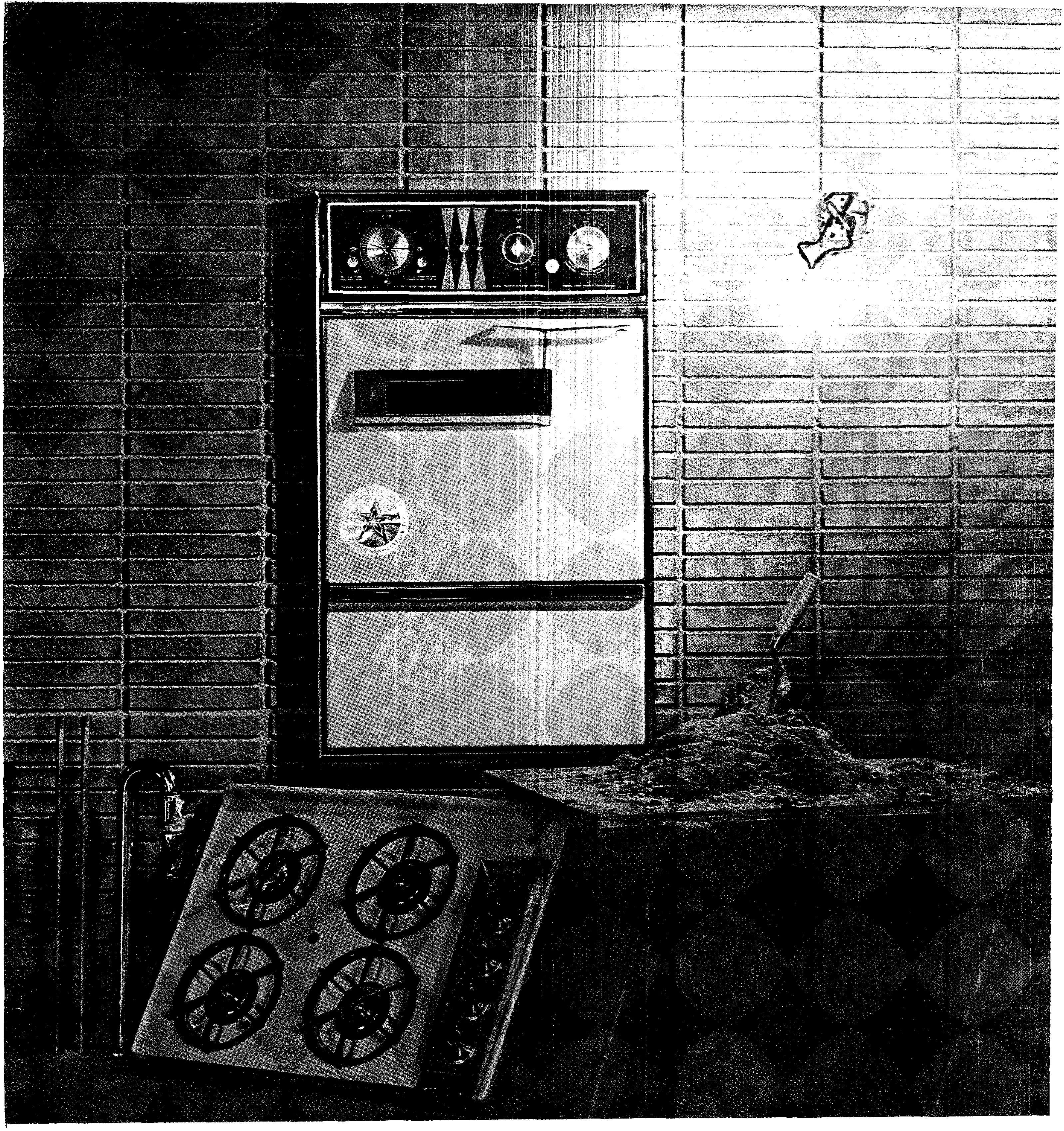
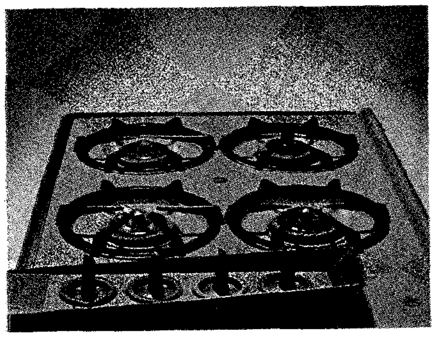


the man who installed it stayed for dinner



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): *La dolce vita* in a climate so salubrious that the young ladies can go about in whatever they happen to have, or not have, on. They're in league, to an extent, with the Latin Quarter's customary display of excelling European variety acts—everything from trained dogs to an aerial ballet—and with Liberace, a veritable diamond horseshoe. Dancing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Some of the humor is crashing (the Treniers' glee club), some of it is bore (the jokes of Redd Foxx), but the reward is Frances Faye, who—the mill-end remnants of her songs tell us—has really had it but would like to have it again. Closed Sundays.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The songs of rebellion that Oscar Brown, Jr., writes and sings are often lit by an antic humor; the songs roared by the Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem are occasionally real rebel yells. Don Sherman simply discusses the funny things that happen to us all. The adept Mr. B. and Mr. S. check out on Wednesday, March 28; their successor, due next evening, is Phil Foster, a conversationalist who has nothing to say. . . . ¶ After ten, the lounge is devoted to the we're-all-friends-here soirées of Bobby Short, whose ballads and piano are full of abiding joy until dawn's early light. He stays home Saturdays so that he can do a Sunday matinée from five to eight. Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are the valiant participants in his trio. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Julius Monk's newest report to the nation, the revue known as "Seven Come Eleven," covers a multitude of sins, human and inhuman, in the course of an extremely sly ninety-minute catechism. The leading narrators are Ceil Cabot and Mary Louise Wilson, both of them sharp as needles; their new and brisk aides are Rex Robbins, William Bogert, Donna Sanders, and Steve Roland. It goes on at nine-fifteen and midnight. William Roy and Carl Norman are the life-giving piano accompaniment. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Julius Monk's left hand, which knows perfectly well what his right hand is doing. This smaller revue happens twice a night, too, and three times on Fridays and Saturdays. The central heating is the work of a girl gazelle named Freddie Weber; the touch of Venus is the work of a doe named Lovelady Powell; the efficient male hustle-and-bustle comes from Jim Sheridan and Dick Riddle. Double piano is set forth by Robert Colston and Robert Milrad betweentimes, and this music begins around nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB,** 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): The second folio of "Time, Gentlemen Please!," a splendidly mounted re-creation of Victorian London night life, mingles respect for tradition with the proper amount of archness. A perfect master of ceremonies, Fred Stone, is supported by a cast, all from London's Players Theatre, in which Sheila Bernette and Archie Harradine are exceptional. There are performances Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine; Fridays and Saturdays at eight-forty-five and eleven-forty-five; and Sundays at seven-thirty. In the bar, there is piano from seven until nine and from ten-thirty until closing. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): In the back room, Roberto Iglesias and his Ballet Español explode like so many firecrackers, and they're all on a very short fuse. The dancing of the customers, which is practically compulsory when Pupi Campo's band really warms up, is an extra dividend. The Sunday *thés dansants* defy both description and the law of gravity. . . . ¶ Off the bar is a retreat so tiny that thirty's a crowd, and herein Juan de la Mata's guitar does flamenco music and Domingo Alvarado's tense voice does flamenco songs so persuasive that half the audience joins in. . . . **SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St. (AL 4-0480): The triumph of mind over matter of the gravest import is accomplished by a troupe of mimes (Alan Arkin, Eugene Troobnick, Lynda Segal, Andrew Duncan, Howard Alk, and—for the late shows—Barbara Harris) who are delegates at large representing Chicago's Second City, and their turn of wit is often supernal. They perform above and beyond the call of duty twice Tuesdays through Fridays; thrice on Saturday nights; and twice Sunday nights. The late shows Tuesdays through Thursdays are spur-of-the-moment. Mondays are their vanishing points. . . . **ROOM AT THE BOTTOM,** 23 W. 8th St. (GR 5-5388): Meditation and prayer (for the future of womanhood) are the pursuits of Jorie Remus, whose songs are at once foreboding and spitfire; Chris Rayburn, the season's perkiest new soprano, sings her pretty head off. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Edmond Hall, of the sweet-and-low-down era, is the principal tootler and ornament of the moment. His band is in charge during the week; the Twist is done on Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Sunday, March 25, is the last night for the quartet of Gerry Mulligan, who extracts a lot of power and glory from his horn, and for the duo of Bernard Peiffer, whose imagination runs riot when he sees a keyboard. On Tuesday, March 27, an inquest into the demise of civilization will be opened by Lenny Bruce, coroner extraordinary. Bill Rubenstein's expressive trio will do the music. An extra session meets on Sundays from four-thirty to seven, but nothing doing Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Old Home Week, by such nineteenth-century monuments as Danny Barker, Lee Blair, and Joe Thomas. Don Frye is the intermission pianist, and every Monday night he, Tony Parenti, and Zutty Singleton sign on to offer counterpoint to the other incumbents. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Wild Bill Davison's horn, a magnificent ordeal by fire, rouses his band (Vic Dickenson, Dick Wellstood, and Buster Bailey are three of its reliables) to the defense of music as it was in the beginning. Closed Mondays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Bill Evans, who plays piano in the trio now behind the big old bar, finds the *mot juste* for every turn of phrase that makes up his modernist vernacular. Chuck Israel is his bassist. No sound on Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Grand slam every night. Woody Herman and one of his countless Herds close out on Thursday, March 29; Dizzy Gillespie's picadors arrive the next evening. Guests work this street on Sundays. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday nights, there's Twist music, and the tribal rites that go with it, upstairs in the haymow. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The reason for coming to attention is the sextet of Charlie Mingus, who is not given to expressing himself in clichés. Junior Mance's trio bounces, the quintet run by Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis and Johnny Griffin thrashes. Extra-curricular sessions Mondays, when the regulars cut out. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Charlie Shavers' foursome stops driving rivets into this convention hall on Saturday, March 24. On Monday, March 26, Erskine Hawkins' band comes back in. Sundays offer potluck bouts between extra hands. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A family affair in which Toshiko Akiyoshi and Charlie Mariano do neat counterpoint while their two sidemen help out. They move away on Sunday, March 25. On Tuesday, March 27, Phil Woods' quintet replaces them. Closed Mondays. . . . **JAZZ GALLERY,** 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (AL 4-4242): Count Basie's band is testing to their limits the excellent acoustics of this music hall; Jimmy Giuffre's trio leaps from shadow to substance and back again. There are, for those who are behind in their nightwork, extra sessions Sundays from four to seven. Mondays are for visiting musicians. On Tuesday, March 27, there'll be a change of cast: Chico Hamilton's armful of hustle and bustle—five men in all. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): A manual for the instruction of the young in the ways of tradi-

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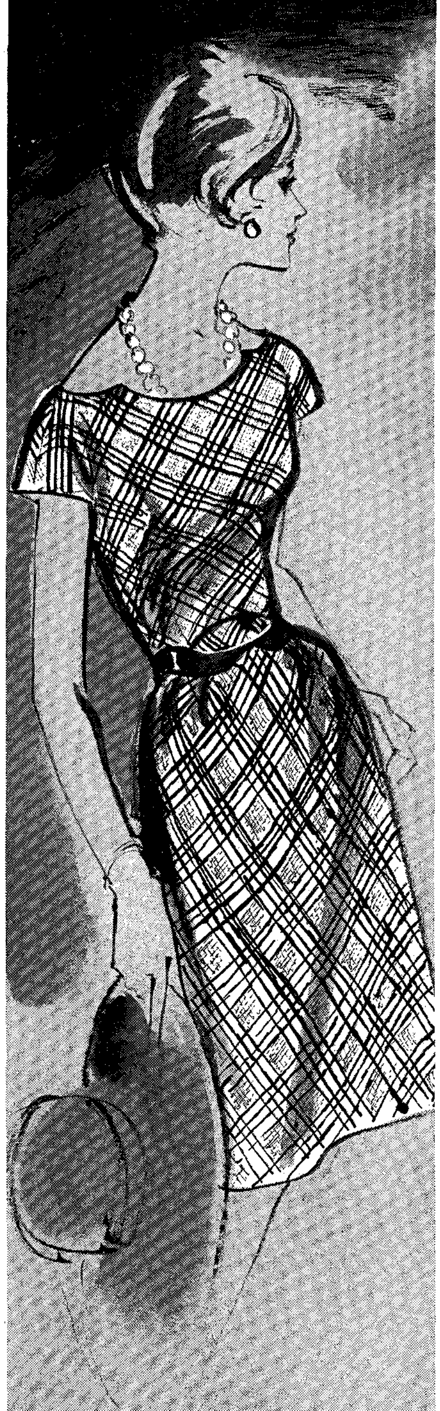

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tional thinking and playing. On Friday and Saturday, March 23-24, the crew of instructors should include Red Allen, Russell Moore, Eddie Barefield, Tony Parenti, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, and Panama Francis. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

John Angelini—Paintings of Italian scenes; through April 10. (Highgate, 827 Third Ave., at 50th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 12:30 to 5:30.)

Kenneth Armitage—Bronzes by a leading British sculptor; through Saturday, March 31. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Balthus—Paintings (1929-61) by a French romantic-realist; through Saturday, March 31. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Boyce, Marcia Marcus, and Reuben Tam—Figure sculptures by the first, figure paintings by the second, and seascapes and landscapes of Maine by the last; through Saturday, March 24. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

Colleen Browning—Figure paintings and landscapes; through Saturday, March 24. (Isaacson, 22 E. 66th St.)

Alexander Calder—Mobiles and stabiles; through April 21. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lovis Corinth (1858-1925)—Expressionistic landscapes and still-lifes by the German artist; through April 7. (Frumkin, 32 E. 57th St.)

Roberto Crippa—Assemblage-paintings and two sculptures by a young Italian artist; through Saturday, March 31. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Leon Dabo (1868-1960)—A retrospective of paintings and drawings; through April 21. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Willem de Kooning—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, March 31. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Seymour Franks—Large abstract oils; through Saturday, March 31. (Bleecker, 16 E. 52nd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)

Robert Goodnough—Abstractions done in a variety of techniques; through April 7. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St.)

Maxwell Gordon—Paintings; through Saturday, March 31. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

Cleve Gray—Abstract canvases; through Saturday, March 31. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Balcomb Greene and David Hare—Landscape and figure paintings by the former, figurative metal sculptures by the latter; through April 21. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Chaim Gross—Bronzes and drawings, in his first exhibition in five years; through April 14. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Léon Hartl—Still-lifes and landscapes; through April 7. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Marsden Hartley—An exhibition of oils, drawings, and pastels that is running simultaneously with his show at the Whitney Museum; through Friday, March 30. (Valente, 119 W. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

Childe Hassam, John Whorf, and David Fredenthal—Water colors; through Saturday, March 24. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

Henry Henghes—Abstract sculptures by a British artist. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, March 24. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

Irving Kaufman—Abstract Expressionist oils; through April 14. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

Tom Kendall—Sculptures; through Thursday, March 29. (Area, 80 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Jonah Kinigstein—Paintings by one of the younger American Expressionists; through Saturday, March 31. (Grippi, 905 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.)

Guitou Knoop—A first showing of paintings by a Frenchwoman known for her sculptures; through Saturday, March 31. (Trabia, 14 E. 95th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lee Krasner—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Friday, March 30. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

André Lanskoy—Abstract paintings by a member of the contemporary Paris school; through Saturday, March 31. (Loeb, 12 E. 57th St.)

Alfred Leslie—Abstract Expressionist and hard-edge paintings; through Saturday, March 31. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Landès Lewitin—Semi-abstract paintings, based on human and animal figures, done in 1952; through April 7. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Mallary—Sculptures; through Saturday, March 24. (Stone, 18 E. 82nd St.)

Henry Moore—A ten-year survey of fifty-nine bronzes by the British sculptor; through April 21. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Armando Morales—Paintings by a Nicaraguan artist; through Saturday, March 24. (Angeleski, 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Reuben Nakian—Terra-cotta and bronze sculptures; through April 14. (Egan, 313 E. 79th St. Closed noon to 2.)

Robert-Louis Nicoïdski—Charcoal drawings on canvas by a Swiss-born Paris artist. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, March 31. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Sidney Nolan—Landscapes, figure paintings, and still-lifes by an Australian artist; through Saturday, March 24. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

Kenzo Okada—Large, bland abstractions by a Japanese-born artist; through Saturday, March 31. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Henry Pearson—Paintings; through Saturday, March 31. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gregorio Prestopino—Oils and drawings on cloth; through April 7. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 10; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

James Rosati—Abstract sculptures, plus a selection of reliefs, cardboard collages, and drawings; through Saturday, March 31. (Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jason Seley—Welded-metal sculptures; through Saturday, March 24. (Kornblee, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Patricia Sloane—Abstract paintings; through Thursday, March 29. (Camino, 89 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Kumi Sugaï—Paintings by a Japanese abstractionist who lives in Paris; through Saturday, March 24. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Frederic Taubes—Semi-Expressionistic landscape and figure paintings; through Saturday, March 24. (Selected Artists, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

Jack B. Yeats (1871-1957)—Landscapes and figures by the Irish painter; through Saturday, March 31. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Thomas Sears Young—Technically exquisite abstract welded-metal sculptures; through April 7. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Marguerite Zorach—Paintings; through Saturday, March 31. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Masters of Seven Centuries—Oils, water colors, and drawings lent by alumnae of Wellesley College, their immediate families, and former and present faculty members. Dating from the fourteenth century, they include works by such artists as Tintoretto, Corot, and Klee. For the benefit of the Wellesley College Faculty Salary Advancement Fund. Through Saturday, March 31. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At **hirschl & adler**, 21 E. 67th St.: Part I of a show entitled "The Continuing Tradition of Realism in American Art," with paintings and sculptures by, for instance, Leonard Baskin, John Koch, and Milton Hebald; through Saturday, March 24. . . . **midtown**, 17 E. 57th St.: Paintings of Barabbas by William Thon, Robert Vickrey, and four other artists; through

April 7. . . . **SALPETER,** 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Jules Kirschenbaum, Charles LeClair, August Mosca, and other members of the gallery group; through Saturday, March 31. . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER,** 32 E. 57th St.: "Five Americans Before Mid-Century"—Will Barnet, Oscar Bluemner, Marsden Hartley, Morris Kantor, and Alfred Maurer; through Saturday, March 31.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Rowlandson's England," an exhibition of prints, water colors, and book illustrations (from the Museum's collection) by the satirist Thomas Rowlandson and his contemporaries, depicting English life in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of paintings, assemblages, drawings, and sculptures by Jean Dubuffet, one of France's leading artists; through April 8. . . . ¶ Two hundred and fifty drawings by Frank Lloyd Wright—perspective renderings, elevations, designs for automobiles and coffee cups, and so on—make up a retrospective of his work from 1895 to his death in 1959; through May 6. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The Thirteenth National Print Exhibition, comprising examples by about a hundred and twenty-five artists, from every section of the country; through June 3. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—Paintings, sculptures, and ceramics from the period of Southern Sung China (1127-1279); through April 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—Paintings by artists of Bologna during the baroque period, ranging from Denis Calvaert (1540-1619) to Ubaldo Gandolfi (1728-81), on loan from New York collectors; through April 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Five large canvases by the French Cubist Fernand Léger, together with some hundred preliminary and related paintings and drawings; through April 29. . . . ¶ Large abstract paintings by Antonio Tàpies, one of the younger Spanish artists; through April 29. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 33 E. 36th St.—"Seventeenth-Century Bookbinding Styles," a survey of changing fashions in design on the European continent; through April 7. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

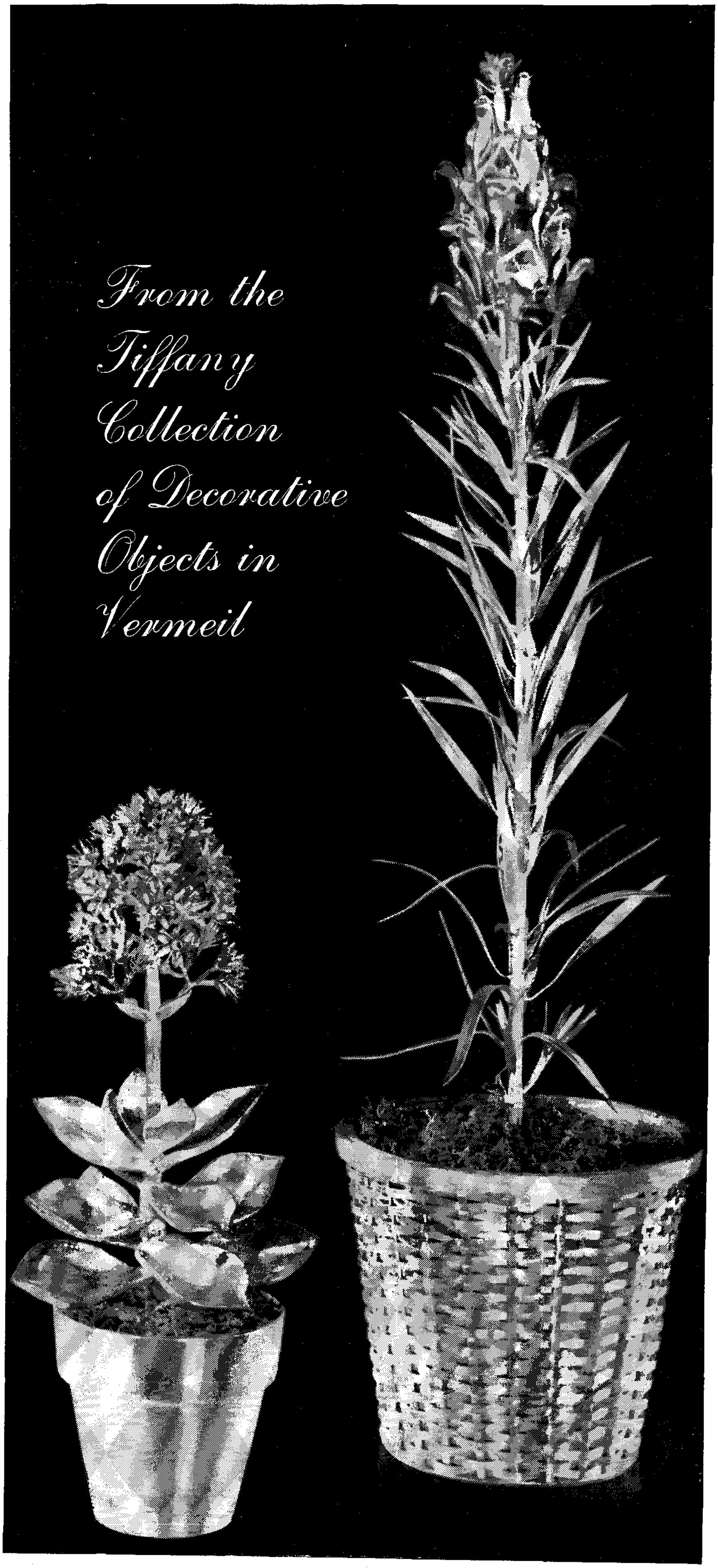
MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Collaboration: Artist and Architect," an exhibit of contributions to present-day American architecture through sculptures, tapestries, mosaics, stained glass, and wall panels. Richard Lippold, Isamu Noguchi, and Costantino Nivola are three of the artists represented. Through May 13. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—"Gods with Fangs," a display of stone sculptures, textiles, gold ornaments, ritual vessels, and ink rubbings of stone reliefs, from the Chavin empire that thrived in the Andes about three thousand years ago; through May 6. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—An exhibition of the works of forty American painters and sculptors who are candidates for awards. Among the artists invited to participate are Fairfield Porter, Syd Solomon, and Dimitri Hadzi; through Sunday, March 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The twenty-first annual of the League of Present Day Artists, with paintings and sculptures by, among others, Nancy Dryfoos, Emma Ehrenreich, and Domenico Facci; through April 1. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective of paintings by Marsden Hartley, pioneer modernist and Expressionist, covering his career from 1908 to 1943, the year of his death; through April 8. A good complement to this exhibition is the Hartley showing at the



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Alfredo Valente Gallery, 119 W. 57th St. . . . ¶ "Geometric Abstraction in America," an exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and hanging constructions by seventy artists, including Stuart Davis, I. Rice Pereira, and Sidney Gordin; through May 13. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, March 22: "Tosca," with Licia Albanese, Franco Corelli, Walter Cassel, and Ezio Flagello. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 23: "Rigoletto," with Laurel Hurley, Mignon Dunn, Cornell MacNeil, Dino Formichini, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 24: "Macbeth," with Leonie Rysanek, Anselmo Colzani, Carlo Bergonzi, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 24: "La Gioconda," with Zinka Milanov, Nell Rankin, Franco Corelli, Robert Merrill, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Monday evening, March 26: "Elektra," with Gerda Lammers, Jean Madeira, Frances Yeend, Walter Cassel, and Albert Da Costa. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 27: "La Forza del Destino," with Zinka Milanov, Carlo Bergonzi, Mario Sereni, Giorgio Tozzi, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 28: "Turandot," with Mary Curtis-Verna, Licia Albanese, Franco Corelli, and William Wildermann. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 29: "Orfeo ed Euridice," with Kerstin Meyer, Gabriella Tucci, and Laurel Hurley. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 30: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Roberta Peters, Ferruccio Tagliavini, Mario Sereni, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 31: "La Gioconda," with Eileen Farrell, Nell Rankin, Franco Corelli, Robert Merrill, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 31: To be announced. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera Company—Opening performances of a season of contemporary opera, which will continue through Sunday, April 8—Thursday, March 22, at 7:30: The première of Abraham Ellstein's "The Golem." . . . ¶ Friday, March 23, at 8:15: "The Ballad of Baby Doe." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 24, at 8:15: "The Golem." . . . ¶ Sunday, March 25, at 2:30: "The Crucible." . . . ¶ Sunday, March 25, at 8: The company's première of Benjamin Britten's "The Turn of the Screw." . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 27, at 8:15: "The Golem." . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 28, at 8:15: "The Consul." . . . ¶ Thursday, March 29, at 8:15: "The Crucible." . . . ¶ Friday, March 30, at 8:15: "The Consul." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 31, at 8:15: "Porgy and Bess." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall—William Steinberg conducting on Thursday, March 22, at 8:30; Friday, March 23, at 2:15; Saturday, March 24, at 8:30; and Sunday, March 25, at 3 (all with Malcolm Frager, piano). . . . ¶ Leonard Bernstein conducting on Thursday, March 29, at 8:30; Friday, March 30, at 2:15; Saturday, March 31, at 8:30; and Sunday, April 1, at 3 (no soloists).

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Nathan Milstein, violin. The final concert of the season. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 24, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna—Frederic Waldman conducting an orchestra, with Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano. The last two in a series of concerts. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, March 24, at 8:30, a Schubert-Mozart program; and Saturday, March 31, at 8:30, an all-Mozart program.)

Penn State Glee Club—Frank Gullo directing. (Town Hall. Thursday, March 22, at 8:30.)

Vienna Choir Boys—Roman Zeilinger directing two different programs. (Town Hall. Friday, March 23, at 8:40, and Saturday, March 24, at 2:40.)

Schola Cantorum of New York—Hugh Ross directing, with Lucine Amara, soprano; McHenry Boatwright, baritone; and an orchestra composed of members of the New York Philharmonic. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 27, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

The Festive Pipes—A program of Elizabethan music, performed by the Krainis Consort, with Betty Wilson, soprano; Joseph Iadone, lute; and Barbara Mueser, viola da gamba. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, March 22, at 8:30.)

Leon Fleisher and Leonard Rose—Piano and cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, March 23, at 8:30.)

Michael Rabin—Violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 24, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Van Cliburn—Piano. A benefit for the Benno Lee Graduate Scholarship in Music. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, March 24, at 8:30.)

William Clauson—Folk singer. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, March 24, at 8:30.)

The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem—Folk singers. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 24, at 8:40.)

Birgit Nilsson—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 25, at 8:30.)

Andres Segovia—Classic guitarist. (Town Hall. Sunday, March 25, at 8:40.)

Ann Schein—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 28, at 8:40.)

Original Piano Quartet—Adam Garner, Edward Edson, Frank Mittler, and William Gunther. (Town Hall. Thursday, March 29, at 8:30.)

Music of Lester Trimble—A program of Trimble works performed by Adele Addison, soprano; Zita Carno, piano; Robert Conant, harpsichord; the York String Quartet; and others. (Town Hall. Friday, March 30, at 5:45.)

Ernst Haefliger—Tenor. (Town Hall. Friday, March 30, at 8:30.)

New York Pro Musica—Music by early Renaissance masters. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, March 30, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Same program; Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 31, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Igor Oistrakh—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 30, at 8:40.)

Joseph Wolman—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 31, at 5:15.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concert—Chris Connor and her company. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, March 31, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, March 24: Benny (Kid) Paret vs. Emile Griffith, 15 rounds, for the World Welterweight Championship. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 31: Dick Tiger vs. Henry Hank, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Chicago. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, March 25, at 7.)

Indoor Polo—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Thursday, May 31. The Paumonok Handicap, Saturday, March 24. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Thursday, March 29. The John B. Campbell Handicap, Saturday, March 24.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Saturday, May 19. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 6:43 and 7:06, and Saturdays at 6:43.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concerts—By the **New York Philharmonic**: Leonard Bernstein conducting an all-Stravinsky program. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, March 24, at noon.) . . . **Little Orchestra Society**: Thomas Scherman conducting, with George Kleinsinger, narrator; Pamela Paul, twelve-year-old pianist; and members of the Metropolitan Opera Ballet School. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 60th St. Saturday, March 31, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.)

Stage Shows—By **Cavkap Productions**: "The Adventures of Highjump." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Saturdays at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **Children's Fine Arts Guild**: "Beauty and the Beast." (Midway Theatre, 420 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2355. Saturdays at 1 and 3.) . . . **Merri-Mimes**: "The Littlest Tailor." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . **Merry-Go-Rounders**: "The Celestial Elephant," "1, 2, 3—Follow Me," and a new untitled work. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, March 25, at 2:30.) . . . **Music Box Theatre for Children**: "Tom Sawyer." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 4.) . . . **Peppermint Players**: "Ali Baba and the Thieves." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.) . . . **Pilgrim Productions**: "Hansel and Gretel." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, March 24, at 11.) . . . ¶ "Puss in Boots." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 24, at 2:30.) . . . **Vera-Dee Productions**: "Petey and the Pogo Stick." (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Sunday, March 25, at 2 and 4, and Saturday, March 31, at 1 and 3.) . . . **Gia Wallace Puppet Theatre**: "Cinderella," Saturday and Sunday, March 24-25. . . . ¶ "Punch and Judy" and "The Circus," Saturday, March 31. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. Afternoons at 2. For tickets, call WA 9-0485.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Sculpture," an exhibit of more than a hundred works, dating from early Egyptian times to the twentieth century, together with displays demonstrating the sculptor's basic materials and techniques. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

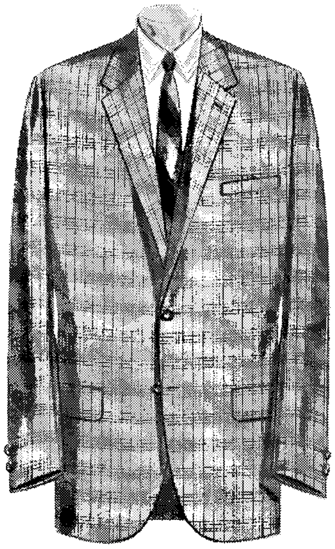
Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Astronomy in Color." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, March 24, at 1:45: French and other furniture, linens and laces, English table porcelains, German steins, bronzes, Oriental rugs, and decorative objects; the property of various collectors. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 27, at 1:45: Americana, including broadsides of the American Revolution and a complete set of Davy Crockett's Almanacks, 1835-41, plus incunabula and Latin-American imprints, maps, and serials; from the libraries of Stuart W. Jackson and others.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

A Cold Wind in August—A short, blunt, occasionally unpleasant, and always nervously alive account of an affair between a frustrated stripper (Lola Albright) and an innocent boy (Scott Marlowe). Not altogether successful, but among the few recent American pictures that one can speak of with respect, and brilliantly photographed. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through March 27, tentative.)

La Dolce Vita—Each of the dozen or so sequences of this movie tells a separate story, and deals with a separate aspect of present-day Roman life—high, low, or café—as seen through the satiric eyes of Federico Fellini. His direction is masterly, his cast is splendid, and his picture, which runs for about three hours, is handsome and exciting from start almost to finish. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408.)

The Joker—Nothing is rarer these days than comedy, especially comedy based on neither sadism nor overwrought nerves. "The Joker" is immensely funny and immensely wholesome, celebrating the thesis that the pursuit of women is a fit occupation for grown men. The setting is Paris, and among the happy inhabitants are Jean-Pierre Cassel, Anouk Aimée, and an elderly scene-stealer named Palau. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through March 27, tentative.)

Judgment at Nuremberg—Stanley Kramer has produced and directed a slam-bang inquiry into the meaning of justice, as practiced directly by Nazis judging Jews and Americans judging Nazis, and indirectly by young post-Nazi Germans judging their American conquerors. Spellbinding, and with crafty performances by Spencer Tracy, Richard Widmark, Burt Lancaster, Marlene Dietrich, Maximilian Schell, Judy Garland, and Montgomery Clift. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Nightly at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:15. Reserved seats only.)

Last Year at Marienbad—Alain Resnais, who made "Hiroshima, Mon Amour," is apparently trying to find out how far you can go with a camera in depicting states of mind, and the evidence of this exquisite film is that you can go pretty far. Delphine Seyrig is the lovely heroine, and the man who either is or is not her lover is played by Giorgio Albertazzi. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Les Liaisons Dangereuses—A high-spirited translation into modern speech and dress of a famous and shocking eighteenth-century novel. Jeanne Moreau and Gérard Philipe are the couple who corrupt, and the victims include Jeanne Valerie and Annette Vadim. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

The Lower Depths—A pitiful assortment of outcasts quarrel, steal, get drunk, and make love in a hovel in the slums of Tokyo. Thanks to Akira Kurosawa, who directed it, this picture is as beautiful as it is sad. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; March 22.)

The Mark—An unsparing account of the return to society of a man who has spent three years in prison for committing a crime against a child. Hard as it may be to believe, the picture is heartening as well as grim, due in part to superior performances by Stuart Whitman, Rod Steiger, and Maria Schell. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; March 22.)

Murder She Said—Homicide is practically a parlor game in the Agatha Christie country, where this extremely funny comedy is laid. Margaret Rutherford makes an incomparable sleuth, golfer, and housemaid. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

The Night—Michelangelo Antonioni tells us, in a thousand accumulated images, that life is stale, flat, and unprofitable. He is convincing enough, but at the expense of making his own art flat, if not unprofitable. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

One, Two, Three—James Cagney huffing and puffing and driving everybody crazy in a truly comic picture about West Berlin, Coca-Cola, and young love. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; starting March 28.)

Only Two Can Play—Peter Sellers is a very funny fellow, and he makes this English import seem a good deal livelier than it really is. The setting is Wales and the problem is sex, and Welsh sex is no doubt more hilarious than other kinds. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Purple Noon—A French thriller, laid in Italy, about a group of well-heeled young American wastrels, one of whom carelessly murders a couple of the others. Well acted and pretty to look at. Alain Delon is the wicked hero. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1600; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting March 28, tentative.)

Through a Glass Darkly—Tolstoy's celebrated dictum about unhappy families is spelled out in bleak beauty by Ingmar Bergman, who wrote and directed the picture, and Harriet Andersson, Gunnar Björnstrand, Max von Sydow, and Lars Passgård, who enact it. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Tomorrow Is My Turn—Two French prisoners of war resolve their personal dilemmas on the far side of the Rhine, which, for one of them, turns out to be the right side. Charles Aznavour is superb as a sad little pastry cook, and Georges Rivière is equally good as a bold and jaunty journalist. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

A View from the Bridge—The poor can be as wretched as the rich, especially where sex is concerned, and in this very satisfactory adaptation of the Arthur Miller play the suffering is something to behold. With Raf Vallone, Maureen Stapleton, Carol Lawrence, Jean Sorel, and Raymond Pellegrin. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431.... ¶ Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411; through March 27.)

Viridiana—A powerful and sometimes shocking Spanish picture, written and directed by Luis Buñuel and featuring Silvia Pinal as a young girl who wishes to become a nun and is destroyed by the perfection of her innocence. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Albert Hubbell

West Side Story—Lots of young men in tight pants leaping over fences and caterwauling to beat any band. Far too loud and long, but the New York settings are wonderful and so are the songs, which you no doubt remember from the Broadway show. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall in the Raymond Chandler tale of blackmail and murder. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 22.)

The Big Store (1941)—The Marx Brothers taking over a department store. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; March 22, tentative.)

Diary of a Country Priest (1954)—A French film about the tribulations of a cleric. Claude Laydu plays the priest. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 22.)

Ivanhoe (1952)—Robert Taylor is Ivanhoe, and Elizabeth Taylor and Joan Fontaine are the ladies in his chivalrous life. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; through March 27.... ¶ R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; March 25-27.)

The King and I (1956)—Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner in the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through March 25, tentative.... ¶ Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; starting March 26.)

The Magnificent Ambersons (1942)—Orson Welles' treatment of the Tarkington novel. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 27-28.)

Masters of the Congo Jungle (1960)—A survey of native and wild life in Africa, which was put together under the aegis of the Belgian International Scientific Foundation. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; March 25-27.)

Me and the Colonel (1958)—Danny Kaye as a Jewish refugee fleeing the Nazis after the invasion of France. Curt Jurgens and Nicole Maurey give him a hand. (Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; March 25-27.)

Night Must Fall (1937)—A murder sketch, with Robert Montgomery as a lurking assassin, and Dame May Whitty as a victim. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; March 22, tentative.)

On the Double (1961)—Danny Kaye as a nervous G.I. who is forced to impersonate a British general. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through March 27.)

Rocco and His Brothers (1961)—A study of a poor Italian family that comes to Milan to make good. Directed by Luchino Visconti. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting March 28.)

The Walls of Malapaga (1950)—An aging fugitive, Jean Gabin, having a final romantic fling in Genoa. A French-Italian film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 22.)

The Wave (1937)—The Gulf of Mexico, its fisherfolk, its beauties, and its problems. A Mexican picture. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 23-26.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series of films directed by Roberto Rossellini—Through March 24, showings at 3 and 5:30: "Fear" (1956), with Ingrid Bergman.... ¶ Starting March 25, showings at 3: "General Della Rovere" (1960), in Italian, with Vittorio De Sica and Hannes Messemer. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Children's Hour," Audrey Hepburn, Shirley MacLaine.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through March 27: "Sergeants 3," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin.
From March 28: "Sweet Bird of Youth," Paul Newman, Geraldine Page.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Walk on the Wild Side," Laurence Harvey, Capucine.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
March 22: "Victim," Dirk Bogarde, Sylvia Syms.
From March 23: "Satan in High Heels," Meg Myles, Grayson Hall.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Rome Adventure," Troy Donahue, Rossano Brazzi.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
LA DOLCE VITA (in Italian).

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
Through March 27: "Satan Never Sleeps," William Holden, Clifton Webb.
From March 28: "Madison Avenue," Dana Andrews, Eleanor Parker.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
WEST SIDE STORY.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," Glenn Ford, Ingrid Thulin.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Day the Earth Caught Fire," Janet Munro, Leo McKern.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"El Cid," Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through March 28 (tentative): "Loss of Innocence," Kenneth More, Danielle Darrieux.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through March 25: "The George Raft Story," Jayne Mansfield, Ray Danton; and "Look in Any Window," Paul Anka, Ruth Roman.
From March 26: **THE KING AND I**, revival; and "Carousel," revival, Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through March 27 (tentative): **A COLD WIND IN AUGUST**; and **THE JOKER** (in French).
From March 28 (tentative): **PURPLE NOON** (in French); and "Next to No Time," revival, Kenneth More, Betsy Drake.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Walk on the Wild Side," Laurence Harvey, Capucine.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"The Children's Hour," Audrey Hepburn, Shirley MacLaine.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through March 27: **A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE.**
From March 28: "Sweet Bird of Youth," Paul Newman, Geraldine Page.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through March 24: "The George Raft Story," Jayne Mansfield, Ray Danton; and "Look in Any Window," Paul Anka, Ruth Roman.
March 25-27: **IVANHOE**, revival; and "Knights of the Round Table," revival, Robert Taylor, Ava Gardner.
From March 28: "Satan Never Sleeps," William Holden, Clifton Webb; and "Womanhunt," Steven Peck.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
ONLY TWO CAN PLAY.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Black Tights," a dance film, with Cyd Charisse, Moira Shearer, Zizi Jeanmaire, and Roland Petit, narrated by Maurice Chevalier.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY (in Swedish).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
MURDER SHE SAID.

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				22	23	24
25	26	27	28			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 25 (tentative): **THE KING AND I**, revival.
From March 26 (tentative): "Forever My Love," Romy Schneider, Karl Boehm.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Day the Earth Caught Fire," Janet Munro, Leo McKern.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through March 27: "The George Raft Story," Jayne Mansfield, Ray Danton; and "Look in Any Window," Paul Anka, Ruth Roman.
From March 28: "Satan Never Sleeps," William Holden, Clifton Webb; and "Womanhunt," Steven Peck.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through March 27: **IVANHOE**, revival; and "Knights of the Round Table," Robert Taylor, Ava Gardner.
From March 28: **ONE, TWO, THREE**; and "Saintly Sinners," Don Beddoe.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
March 22: **THE LOWER DEPTHS** (in Japanese).
From March 23: "L'Atalante" (in French), revival, Michel Simon; and "Zero for Conduct" (in French), revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through March 24: "Summer and Smoke," Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey; and "The Black Orchid," revival, Sophia Loren, Anthony Quinn.
March 25-27: **MASTERS OF THE CONGO JUNGLE**, revival; and "Tender Is the Night," Jennifer Jones, Jason Robards, Jr.
From March 28: "A Majority of One," Rosalind Russell, Alec Guinness; and "The Great Adventure," revival, Dennis Price, Jack Hawkins.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
March 22 (tentative): **NIGHT MUST FALL**, revival; and **THE BIG STORE**, revival.
From March 23 (tentative): "Min and Bill," revival, Wallace Beery, Marie Dressler; and "The Passionate Plumber," revival, Buster Keaton, Jimmy Durante.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through March 28 (tentative): "Victim," Dirk Bogarde, Sylvia Syms.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through March 27: **IVANHOE**, revival; and "Knights of the Round Table," revival, Robert Taylor, Ava Gardner.
From March 28: **ONE, TWO, THREE**; and "Saintly Sinners," Don Beddoe.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through March 27 (tentative): **A COLD WIND IN AUGUST**; and **THE JOKER** (in French).
From March 28 (tentative): **PURPLE NOON** (in French); and "Next to No Time," revival, Kenneth More, Betsy Drake.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
TOMORROW IS MY TURN (in French).

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
March 22: **THE MARK.**
From March 23: "Victim," Dirk Bogarde, Sylvia Syms.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES (in French).

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
THE NIGHT (in Italian).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD (in French).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
VIRIDIANA (in Spanish).

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through March 24: "Sail a Crooked Ship," Robert Wagner, Dolores Hart; and "The Hellions," Richard Todd, Anne Aubrey.
March 25-27: **ME AND THE COLONEL**, revival; and "The Goddess," revival, Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges.
From March 28: **ONE, TWO, THREE**; and "Saintly Sinners," Don Beddoe.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
March 22: **THE BIG SLEEP**, revival; and "King Kong," revival, Fay Wray.
March 23-24: "Frantic" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau; and "Rashomon" (in Japanese), revival.
March 25-26: "Gold Diggers of 1933," revival, Ruby Keeler, Ginger Rogers; and "Dr. X," revival, Fay Wray.
March 27-28: **THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS**, revival; and "Childhood of Maxim Gorky" (in Russian), revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through March 27: **ON THE DOUBLE**, revival; and "The Errand Boy," Jerry Lewis, Brian Donlevy.
From March 28: **ROCCO AND HIS BROTHERS** (in Italian), revival; and "The Most Wanted Man in the World," Fernandel, Zsa Zsa Gabor.

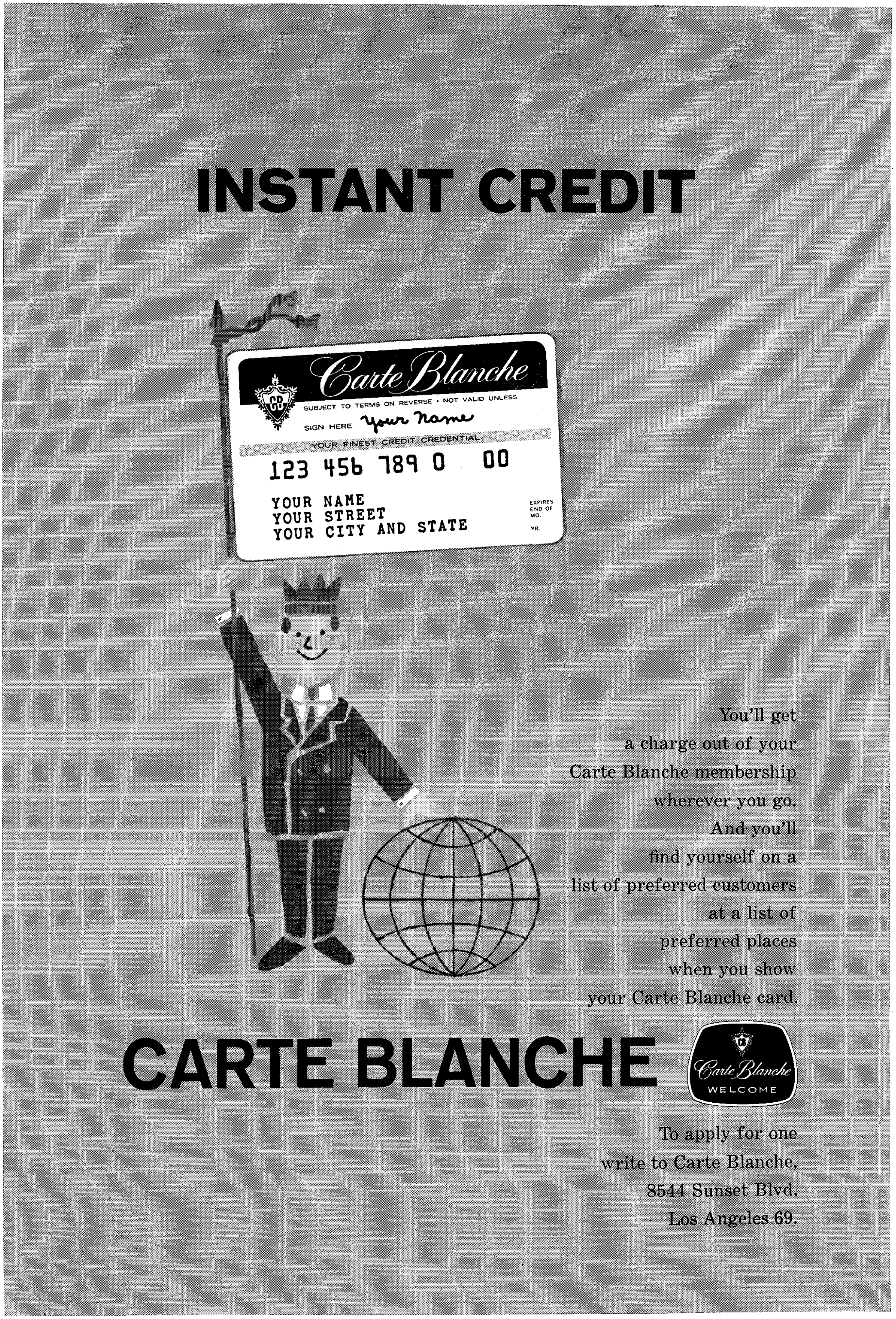
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
March 22: **THE WALLS OF MALAPAGA** (in French and Italian), revival; and **DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST** (in French), revival.
March 23-26: **THE WAVE** (in Spanish), revival; and "Child of Man" (in Danish), revival.
From March 27: "Amphitryon" (in French), revival, Henri Garat; and "Time in the Sun," revival, a documentary film of Mexico.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through March 27: **IVANHOE**, revival; and "Knights of the Round Table," revival, Robert Taylor, Ava Gardner.
From March 28: "Satan Never Sleeps," William Holden, Clifton Webb; and "Womanhunt," Steven Peck.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through March 27 (tentative): **A COLD WIND IN AUGUST**; and **THE JOKER** (in French).
From March 28 (tentative): **PURPLE NOON** (in French).

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through March 24: "Sail a Crooked Ship," Robert Wagner, Dolores Hart; and "The Hellions," Richard Todd, Anne Aubrey.
March 25-27: "Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea," Walter Pidgeon, Joan Fontaine; and "North to Alaska," revival, John Wayne, Stewart Granger.
From March 28: **ONE, TWO, THREE**; and "Saintly Sinners," Don Beddoe.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through March 27: "The George Raft Story," Jayne Mansfield, Ray Danton; and "Look in Any Window," Paul Anka, Ruth Roman.
From March 28: "Satan Never Sleeps," William Holden, Clifton Webb; and "Womanhunt," Steven Peck.



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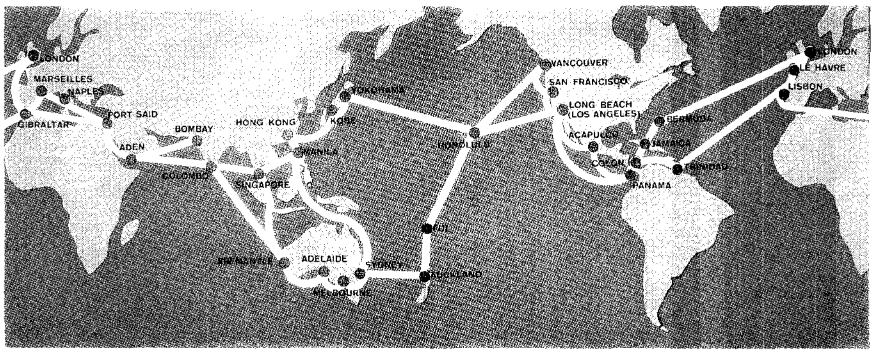
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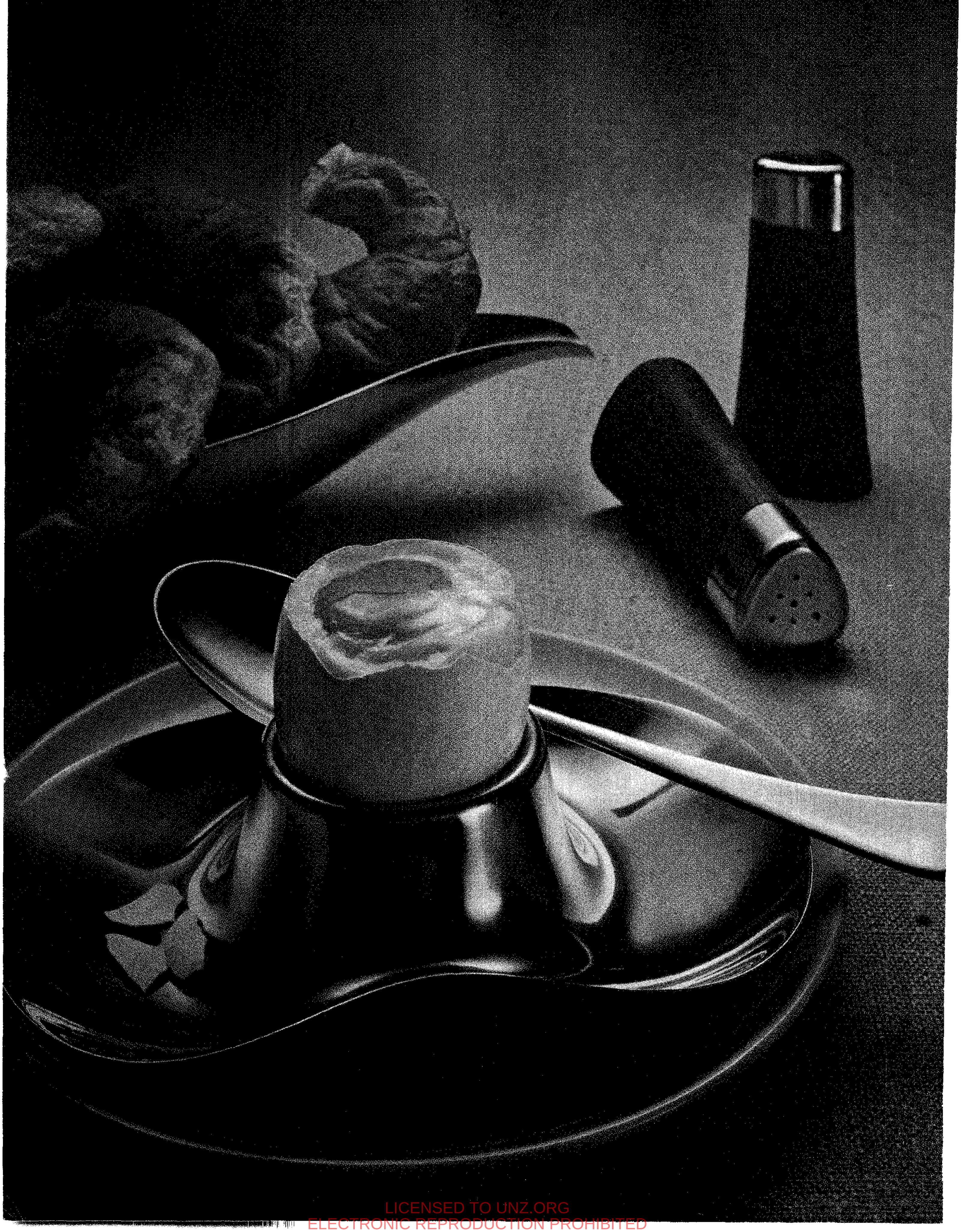

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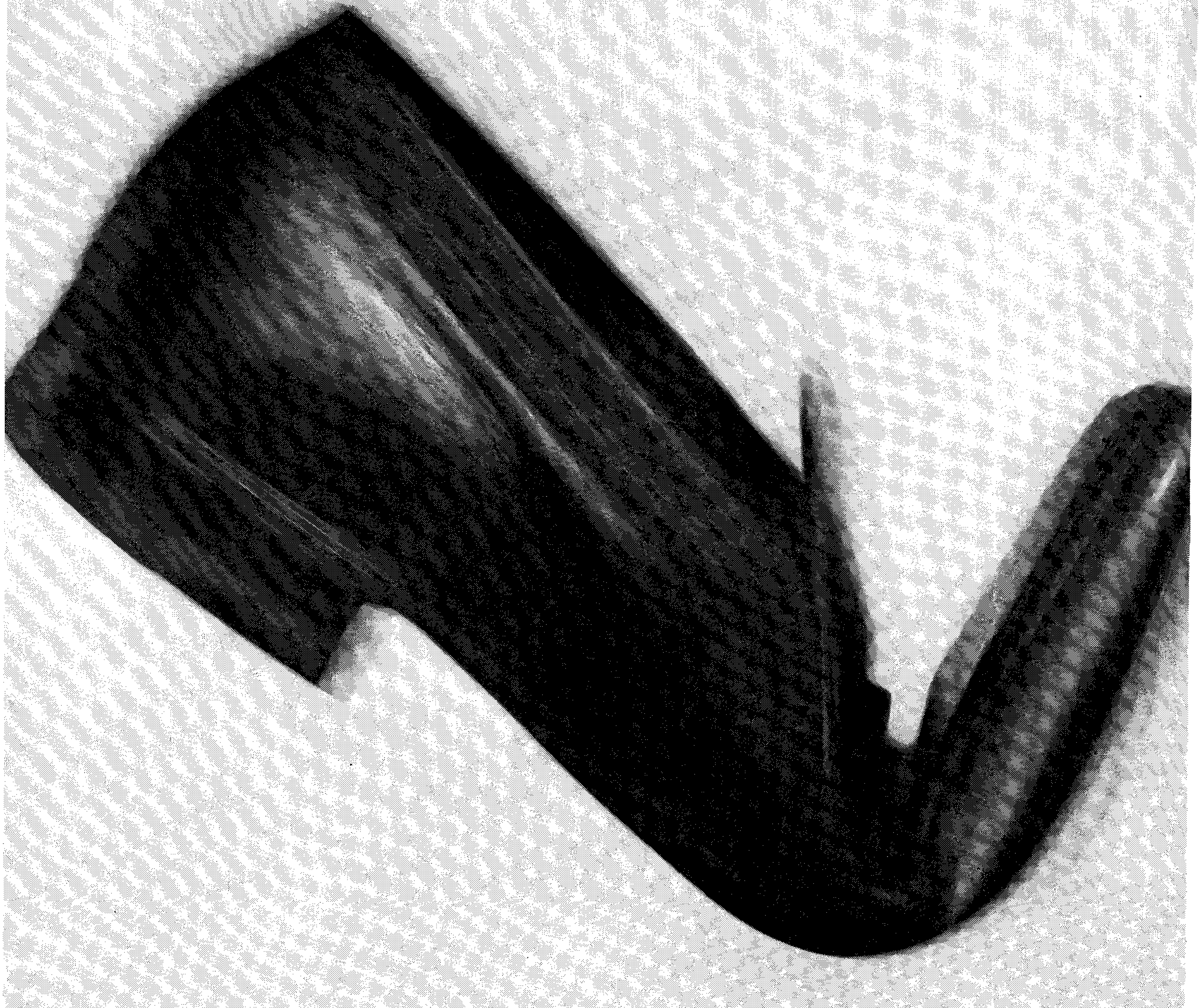

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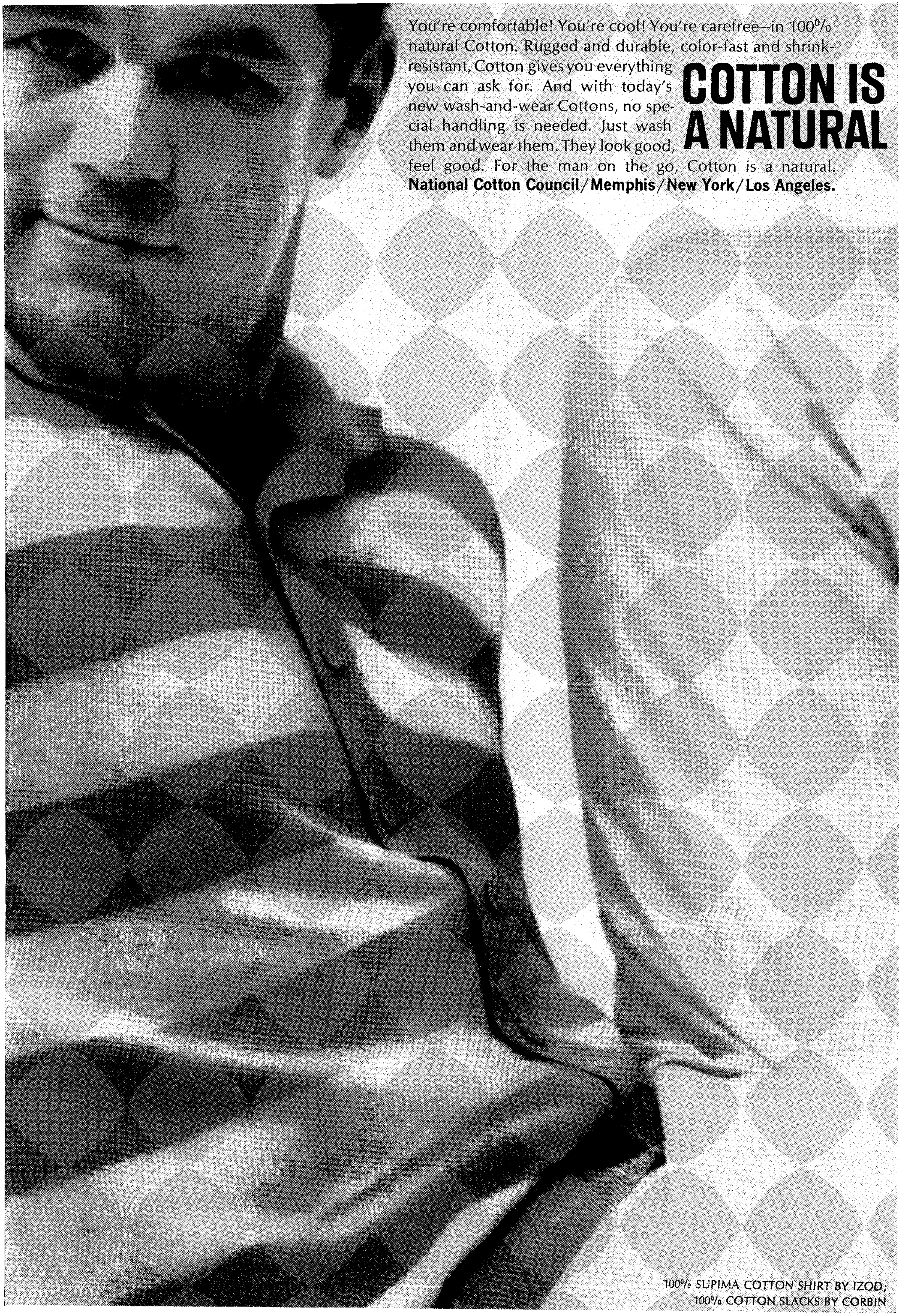

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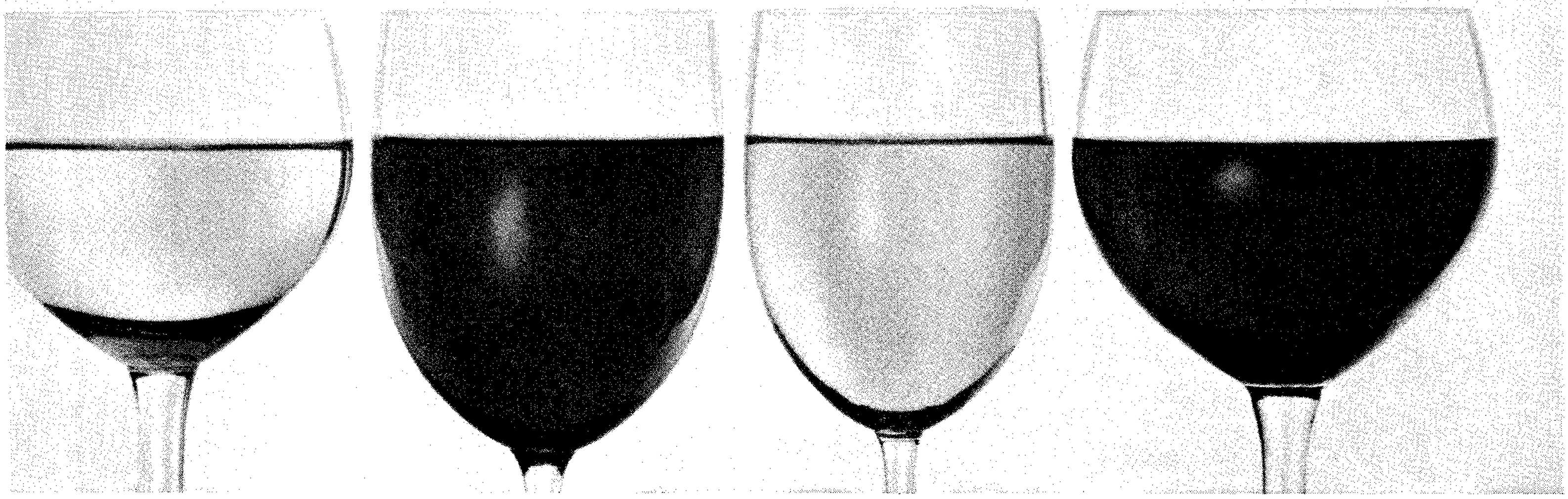

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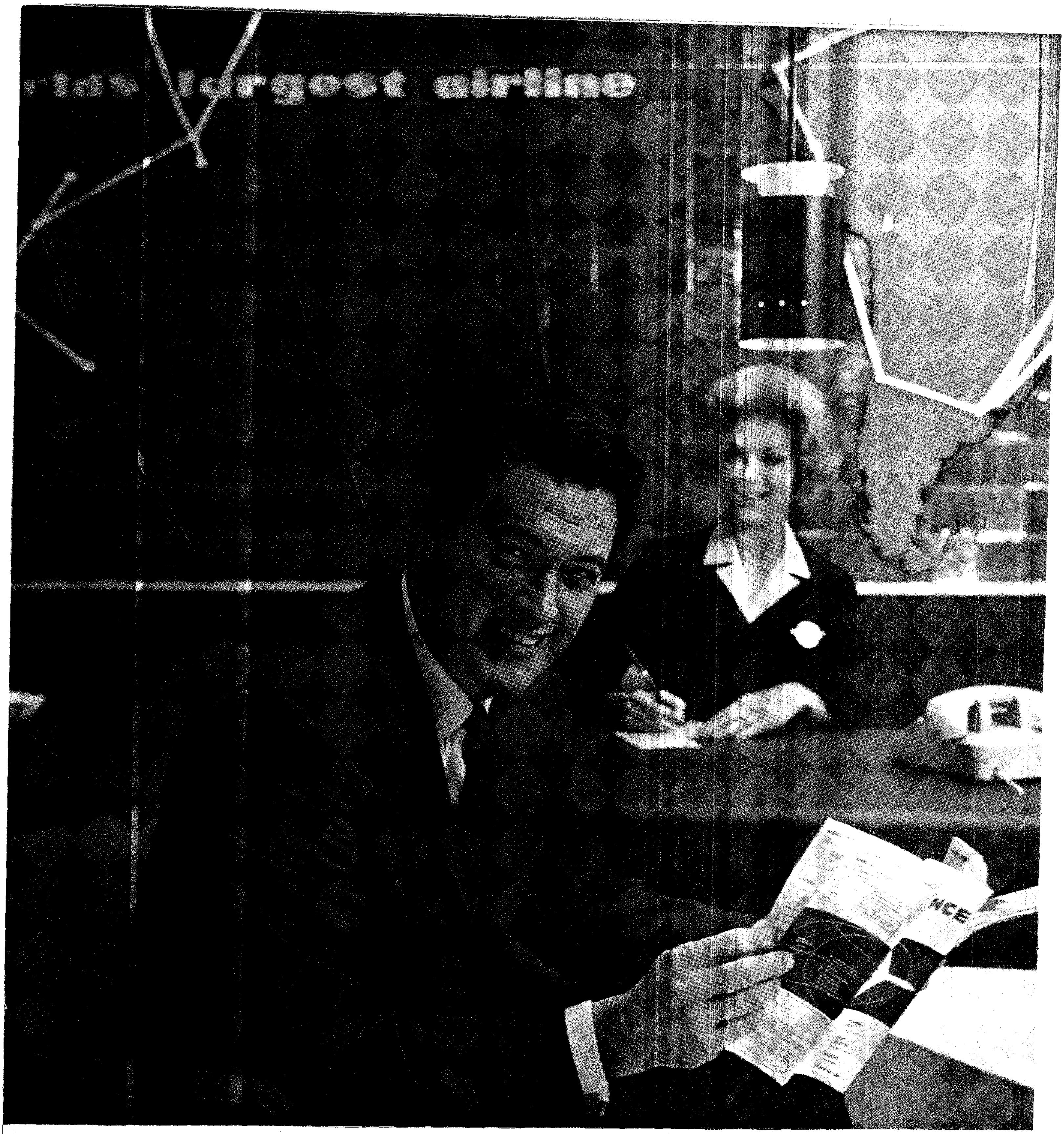

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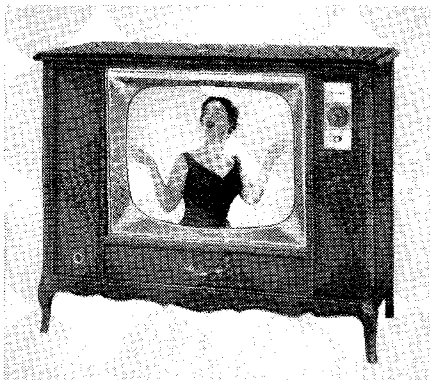
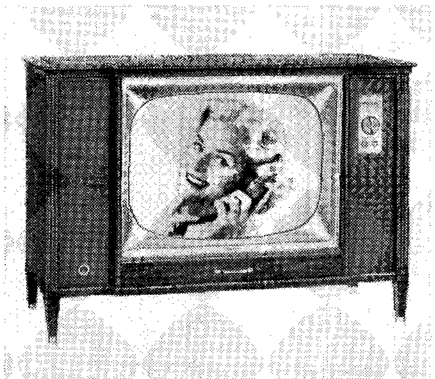


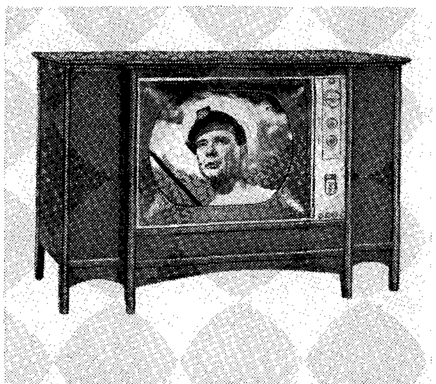
A Magna-vision 330 fully Automatic TV in Normandy Provincial.

Twice as large as 19" screens—the chromatic screen is 330 sq. in. big! Fifteen models priced from only **$247.**



A Magna-vision 400 fully Automatic TV in Classic Traditional.

Biggest, most spectacular picture of all with chromatic 400 sq. in. screen. Sixteen models priced from only **$298.50.**



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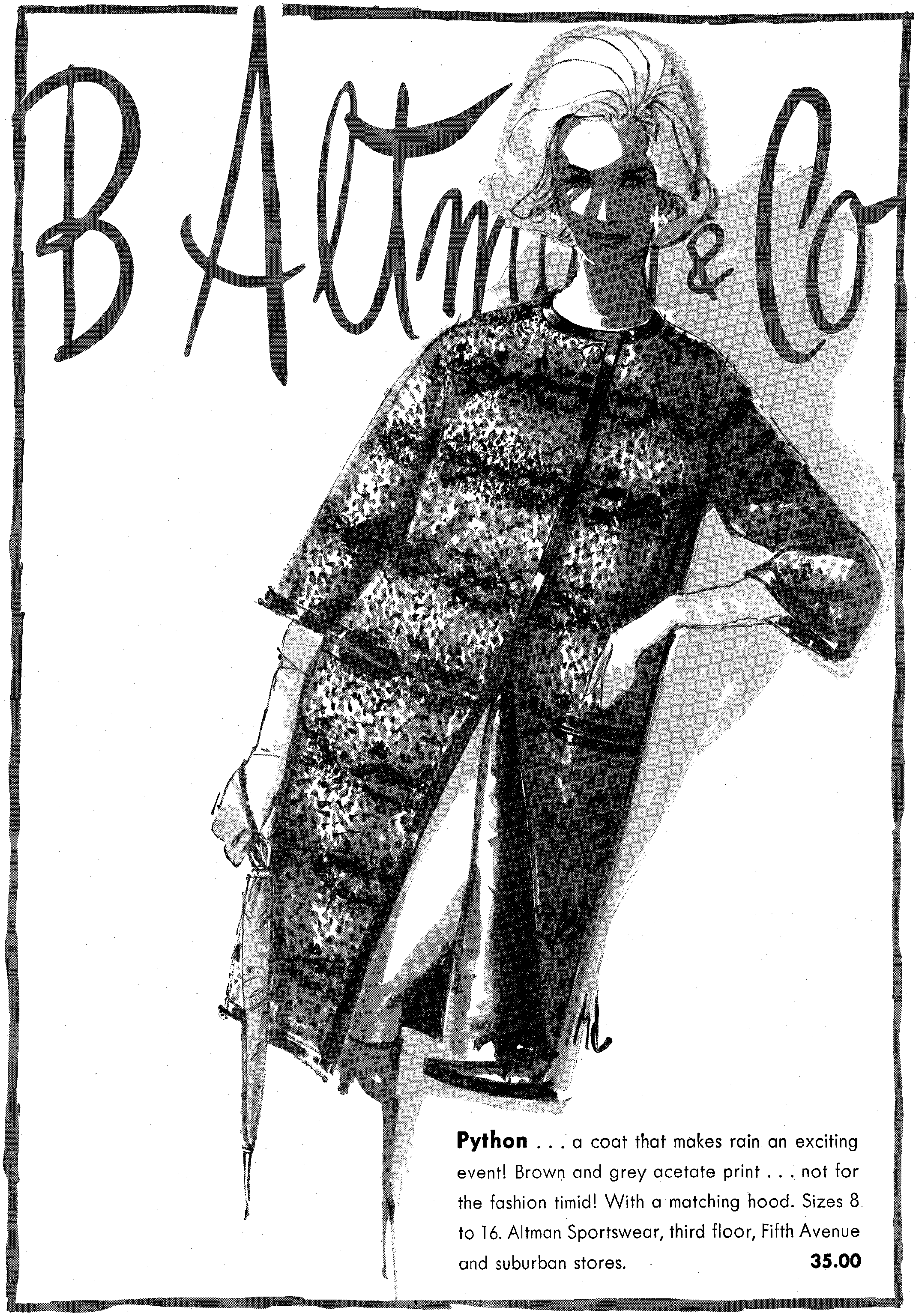


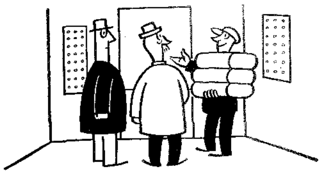
Python . . . a coat that makes rain an exciting event! Brown and grey acetate print . . . not for the fashion timid! With a matching hood. Sizes 8 to 16. Altman Sportswear, third floor, Fifth Avenue and suburban stores. **35.00**

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

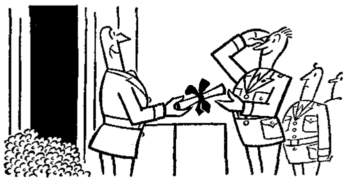
ONE thing about automation, it doesn't fool around. Strictly business. No time for the amenities. This was demonstrated to our entire satisfaction early the other afternoon in one of the automatic elevators with which our office building is now efficiently equipped. We boarded the elevator at the eighteenth floor, and found ourself alone. At the fifteenth floor, we were joined by an elderly gentleman. The next stop was the fourteenth floor, where a laden delivery boy got on. We then dropped without a pause to the lobby floor, the elevator came to rest, and the door elaborately opened. The delivery boy stepped politely aside to let the elderly gentleman depart. But the elderly gentleman, noting the boy's considerable burden, as politely indicated that *he* go first. The boy then turned to us. We shook our head and, not to be outdone in this Alphonse and Gaston revival, waited for the elderly gentleman to leave the car. He hesitated. And then it was too late. The door elaborately closed, and the elevator shot swiftly aloft.

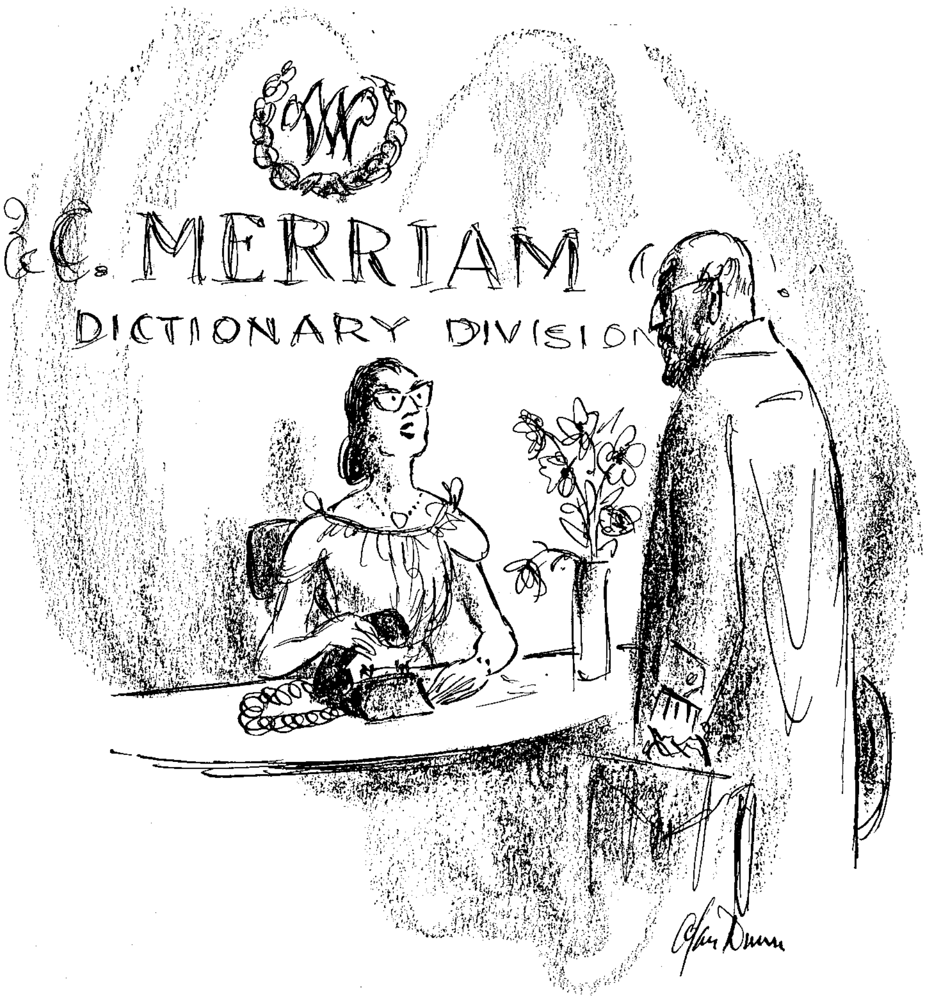


New President

STRIKE while the iron is hot. Exhilarated by our recent institutional chat with Dr. Richard F. Humphreys, the new president of Cooper Union, we pressed on to a presidential powwow, a few blocks to the west, with Dr. James M. Hester, the new head of New York University. "It's the largest private university in the world," Dr. Hester said when he had received us at his office, on Washington Square. "There are fifteen entities—five undergraduate schools, nine graduate or professional schools, and one adult-education division. Counting the ten thousand adults in our Division of General Education—which, however, somewhat distorts our image—we have forty-three thousand students; around twenty thousand of them are full-time. Our Institute of Fine Arts, in the James B. Duke House, on Fifth Avenue, is among the best in its field, and so are our School of Medicine and our College of Dentistry, on First Avenue, south of the United Nations; our Courant Institute of Mathematical Sciences, on Washington Square; and our School of Law, in whose Vanderbilt Hall you and I are now sitting. Our Graduate School of Business Administration, on Trinity Place, near Wall Street, is the largest of its kind, and so is our School of Education, here on Washington Square, which prepares people for teaching. We have two liberal-arts colleges on the undergraduate level—the College of Arts and Science, on Washington Square, where Thomas Wolfe once taught English and to which he referred enthusiastically in 'Of Time and the River,' and the University College of Arts and Science, on University Heights, in the Bronx, which shares a campus with our College of Engineering, and also with several Stanford White buildings and the Hall of Fame. The atmosphere on the Heights is like that of a small college in Ohio, and, in fact, we have an Ohio Field there. We have a School of Commerce, Accounts, and Finance, a Graduate School of Retailing, a Graduate School of Public Administration, a Graduate School of Social Work, and a Graduate School of Arts and Science, all on Washington Square. We're developing a thousand acres in University Valley, in Sterling Forest, near Tuxedo, for a major research and educational center, and we own and operate Town Hall as part of our Division of General Education. We give courses in everything from oceanography to criminology."

The chief of this academic empire (which, we subsequently ascertained, has sixty-four listings in the telephone book) is an alert-looking man of thirty-seven, with a sudden laugh, who was born in Chester, Pennsylvania, the son of a Navy chaplain. Thanks to his father's assignments, his early days were spent in Pennsylvania, Samoa, Rhode Island, North Carolina, South Carolina, Hawaii, and California. Having graduated from high school in Long Beach, California, he went on to Princeton, where he joined the V-12 program and graduated, in 1945, with a second lieutenant's commission in the Marines. Next, he went to Japan, as a civil-information-and-education officer with a military-government team. "We exercised surveillance over the demilitarization and democratization of the schools," he said. "While I was there, I received a Rhodes scholarship, which took me to Oxford for three years." On his return here, he became assistant to Dr. Frank Aydelotte, the American secretary to the Rhodes trustees, but left this post in 1951 for seventeen months of renewed duty with the Marine Corps, as adjutant of a training battalion at Quantico, and eight months of research in the National Archives, in Washington, for a doctorate of philosophy at Oxford, after which he joined Handy Associates, a Manhattan firm of management consultants. "A year or two later, Gallup & Robinson, an advertising-research firm in Princeton, offered me a job that combined intellectual activity and a good income, so





"Sorry. Dr. Gove ain't in."

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I took it," he said. "I stayed with them three years, including a six-month leave of absence in 1955 to finish the dissertation for my Oxford doctorate. Then, when I was thirty-three, Long Island University asked me to become provost of its Brooklyn Center. That was too exciting an offer to turn down, though it meant a fifty-per-cent cut in salary."

After three years in Brooklyn, the Provost was tapped by N.Y.U. to be its Executive Dean of Arts and Science and Dean of its Graduate School of Arts and Science. "A tremendously exciting prospect," he said. "Impossible to turn down." The presidency followed, at the first of this year. "I think I'm in one of the most exciting positions in higher education in the world," its occupant said. "I have a penthouse in an apartment building across the Square, and I try to keep weekends free for family life in Princeton, where my wife and I and our three daughters are staying temporarily. The oldest daughter is seven and the youngest is one. Saturday mornings, I play squash in the Princeton gym with the dean of the Princeton chapel, and Sunday afternoons I paint. My works are very representational, very relaxing, and not really very successful."

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WEST COAST INTELLIGENCE (CINEMATIC DIVISION): To the stage-version cast of one actress and one actor the movie version of "Two for the Seesaw" added, during the first day's shooting, seven actresses, twelve actors, and seventy extras.

Starry

WE have just attended a monthly meeting of the Astrologers' Guild of America, in the South Columbia Room of the Hotel Astor—a sombre tomb of a room, painted deep green. Twenty-odd women, some of them colorfully dressed, gypsy fashion, and four men, dully upholstered in non-gypsy tweeds, were present. The main event of the evening, a lecture on the horoscope of New York City, was preceded by a short business meeting, and we arrived in time to hear one of the lady members say, in a tremulous voice, "Madame Chairman, I wish to announce that I still have a few birthday cards left for Pisces and Taurus."

The chair was occupied by the Guild's vice-president, Miss Ruth Goodstein, silver-haired and wearing an ungypsyish dark dress, and when the meeting recessed she told us that the group, which is mainly a professional one, had been started on April 9, 1927, by the noted astrologers Evangeline Adams and George McCormack, who carefully selected the proper natal day by horoscope. "Miss Adams legalized astrology in New York," Miss Goodstein went on. "In the twenties, she was taken to court for practicing astrology, but after she presented a horoscope of the judge's wife, the judge ruled that astrology was not fortune-telling, which *is* illegal. All we do is state probabilities."

"In 1555, Nostradamus correctly predicted the persecution of astrologers in 1607, but he didn't say anything about difficulties in the twentieth century," put in Mr. Stewart Robb, an imposing, bushy-haired Nostradamus expert. "He predicted other troubles for the next fifty years, though—the rise of an Arab Antichrist, more terrible than Hitler, within the next two decades, and a major war for 1999."

"I just looked up the planetary positions for July, 1999," said a diligent lady, newly arrived. "Everything's fixed very dangerously, with an eclipse in Leo."

As we pondered this unhappy intelligence, Miss Goodstein resumed the chair and presented the evening's speaker, Mrs. Hazel McEachern, who produced a circular chart divided into a dozen pie-shaped wedges, or "houses," and covered with mystical astrological scribblings. This was the horoscope of New York City, cast for midnight of January 1, 1898, the moment at which the five boroughs came together under one mayor.

"Venus and Jupiter are prominent," began Mrs. McEachern, a pert lady with a high voice. "Libra is rising, and Libra rules the arts. The ninth house rules over the ports and commerce, and when Neptune and Pluto are there—Pluto rules gangsters—there is trouble on the docks. When Saturn opposes Pluto, there is *big* trouble. If the sixth house, Pisces, is afflicted, there are food scandals. The sun is on the fourth-house cusp, so we will always have excitement in politics; when the moon squares the sun, there are scandals involving the mayor's office. The moon is in Aries, the seventh house, and when it's afflicted, the governor is making trouble for the mayor. The tenth house is properly the mayor's, and whenever the moon is there, the mayor is on the go; that's when you'll see him in the papers or on TV. The way things are set up, though, it doesn't look as if New York would have many vigorous mayors."

Just when we thought the stars would lapse into a discreet silence (it struck us that they'd said quite enough as it was), Mrs. McE. bounced back with another horoscope of New York—a detailed one cast for this year. "Venus squares Neptune from the sixth to the ninth houses," she said glumly, and we braced ourself for more bad news. "Looks like an epidemic of respiratory infections. In the fifth house, of children, there is Mercury square Saturn, and, on July 23rd, an ascendant parallels Uranus. Probably a change involving children. Oh, oh!" she exclaimed, dismayed. "Square Saturn, too. Mercury and Saturn are for thieving. Children! Young thieves! There'll be an outbreak of juvenile delinquency this summer." She scanned the chart a moment longer, but evidently the stars had clammed up. "Has anybody the chart for Los Angeles?" she asked before sitting down. "I'd like to know how last month's eclipse fell there, in view of the floods on the West Coast then."

A young astrologer handsomely gowned in olive green rose and reported crisply, "For the founding chart, the sun was in Virgo square Saturn in Sagittarius."

We joined the lady with the instant eclipse information, who proved to be Mrs. Ruth Oliver, a resident of Los Angeles and an expert on Mesopotamian astrology. "I've just deciphered the Phaistos Disc, from Crete, seventeenth century before Christ," she told us proudly. "All along, archeologists thought it was written in hieroglyphics, but actually the symbols are astrological. On one side there's a hymn to the planetary god of the sun, and on the other a hymn to the planetary goddess of the moon."

Up came a tall, willowy astrologer in flaming orange, Mrs. Irys Vorel, who has a horoscopic studio in Carnegie Hall. If anyone present knew all about eclipses, we thought, she would be the one, so we asked why there had been no major catastrophes hereabouts after the stellar fireworks last month. "Eclipses don't work that way," she said in a sonorous voice, with a slight foreign accent. "Eclipses are like time bombs. The powder barrel is ready, but the explosion need not be that day. Sometimes an eclipse works fast. Eclipses are apt to bring good luck mixed with bad. There was an eclipse on Mrs. Simpson's birthday the year she married the Prince of Wales. There was an eclipse the day Truman was nominated for the Vice-Presidency, in 1944. I predicted President Eisenhower's election in 1952, by the way. In the horoscope I published then, I said, 'The American people want a change.' Ike adopted this as his campaign slogan, perhaps because of Mamie, who is highly occultly attuned. I'm an astrologer because of my own horoscope, which Evangeline Adams cast for me. My chart was friendly to hers, and my Jupiter was good with her sun, so I became her disciple. What decided me most, though, was my rising Mercury. That meant I was a mental instrument."

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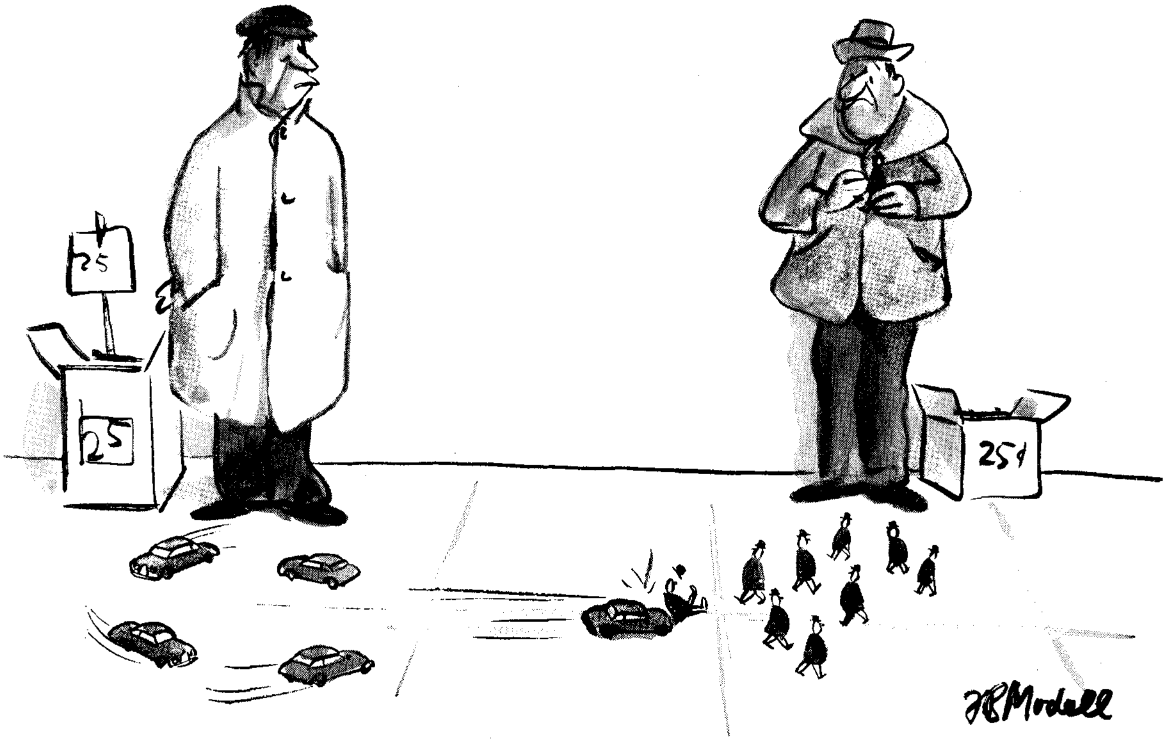
NOTICE affixed to the door of Holy Trinity Church, Blythburgh, Suffolk, England: "Visitors are asked to close the door so that birds cannot get in and die of thirst."

Hall

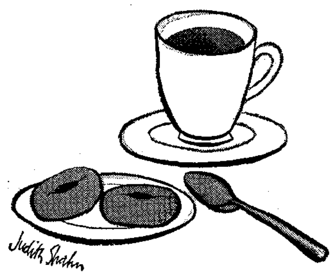
OUR impatience to catch a glimpse of the new Philharmonic Hall, now about three-fourths completed, and scheduled to open next September as the first unit of Lincoln Center, got the better of us a week or so ago, and we called up Max Abramovitz, the architect of the hall, and asked him if we might visit the site and poke around. "Take you through myself," said Mr. Abramovitz briskly. "Are you good at climbing?" We assured him that although we are no Tenzing, we are sure-footed, and he arranged to meet us at a side entrance of the hall the following Saturday afternoon. "Saturdays are quiet and peaceful," he said. "The workmen will be gone, and the great spaces of the hall will, I hope, speak for themselves."

At the appointed hour, Mr. Abramovitz was waiting for us, dressed in gray slacks and a gray sweater. He is a trim, swift-moving, medium-sized man in his early fifties, given to quick, penetrating glances from beneath thick salt-and-pepper eyebrows. "As you see, the entire scaffolding is still surrounded by canvas enclosures, to keep heat inside and help dry the concrete," he said. "All that people on the street can see are these enormous canvases, often flapping in the wind, and I'm told they create quite a sense of mystery. Come along."

Pushing through a small door, we followed Mr. Abramovitz down a silent corridor until we came to a vast interior space, fully a block long, and punctuated by six massive concrete central supports that rose from floor to ceiling. What appeared to be the outside wall consisted of a series of travertine-faced columns. "We are on the plaza floor, and this area will connect with the central Lincoln Center plaza," said Mr. Abramo-



vitz. "Huge windows will be placed between the travertine columns. This travertine comes from between Tivoli and Rome. Isn't travertine stunning? I love to work with it. It is soft and warm, and when the sun shines on this travertine—we are facing south—it will glow and establish a mood. I want this area to flow into the plaza, and the plaza to flow into it. What I have wanted to create here is the perfect concert hall, the pure concert hall. Mostly, I have wanted space—space for people to move freely about in, to breathe easily in. In most halls, people sit in an inside place, the auditorium, and then, during intermissions, step out into another inside place. No freedom. Too cramped, too enclosed. I want a large percentage of open space in which the spirit can flourish. I am a positive bug on space. You would be amazed at the number of people who accuse architects of wasting space. Especially lawyers. Space bothers lawyers. They feel that space must serve some demonstrably useful purpose. I have often pointed out that in the Royal Festival Hall, in London, the public space amounts to 26.1 square feet per person, while the public space in Carnegie Hall amounts to 3.6 square feet per person. Here we will have 15.1 square feet of public space per person. As you will see when we go upstairs, I'm going to have large spaces running around three sides of the building. People can look out through the big windows, people can look in through the big windows. I want the building to be a pageant for the whole community. I have never got over the thrill, when I was a student in Paris, of walking through the wonderful open spaces of the Paris Opéra. My premise has been that ears haven't changed and music hasn't changed, and that this must be the perfect hall. I have often changed my ideas. I have made thousands of sketches—in taxis, on planes, at my desk—scratching them in with pencil or red ink. Many of the new halls just haven't worked, just aren't right, and I have travelled to many places: to the Royal Festival Hall; to Symphony Hall, in Boston; to the Lyric, in Baltimore; to the Liederhalle, in Stuttgart; to the Mann Auditorium, in Tel Aviv; to the Musikvereinssaal, in Vienna; and to La Fenice, a bijou of an opera house in Venice. La Fenice was closed when I was there, but after a good deal of muted telephoning back and forth between the concierge of my hotel and a mysterious stranger I was suddenly ushered into La Fenice one dark night, to glimpse its beauties."



Mr. Abramovitz stopped and looked around. "I am getting carried away," he said. "My whole building will be floating on lead pads—no vibration from passing trucks. Every one of our insulating ducts is insulated from every other duct. No noise can be transmitted. This floor will have a café, operating before, during, and after concerts. Concertgoers do not become concertgoers until they reach the second floor, either by two escalators or by two grand staircases. The escalators aren't installed yet, but the staircases are in. Let's go."

We followed him up a broad staircase that seemed to float in air, and came out upon another long promenade. "As people reach the top of the stairs, they will see, hanging above them, a striking space sculpture by Richard Lippold, done in sheets of polished brass," said Mr. Abramovitz. "This will have the impact on space of an old chandelier. It will be dazzling. From here, too, one will be able to look down on the plaza. And now, the auditorium!"

We passed through a door into an enormous rectangular room whose floor sloped gently downward. Billowing sheets of canvas hung everywhere. The place looked like a deserted circus tent. Along the floor we spotted metal salamanders, spitting gas flames. "Stick them around to cure the concrete on the orchestra floor," said Mr. Abramovitz. "They create quite a bit of heat." Sloping tiers of what looked to us like balconies ran along the sides, as well as the back, of the auditorium, narrowing to a surprising thinness as they approached the stage.

We asked Mr. Abramovitz about his balconies.

"No balconies in Philharmonic Hall," he said. "We call them terraces, and there will be a loge terrace and two terraces above, designed so that a concertgoer will have an unobstructed view of the stage from any seat without doing anything more than slightly shifting his eyes either to the right or to the left. Some of our terraces narrow, at the stage end, to a width of one seat. You would be stunned at the number of people who are clamoring for those seats—the loners, who want to listen to music in independent splendor. Those lozenge-shaped objects you see lying about have steel frames covered with wire mesh. We call them clouds. There will be a hundred and seven of them, and they will be hung overhead for a distance of a hundred and seventeen feet down the center axis of the hall. Basically, they will serve as a ceiling beneath a ceiling, and will not only control a large part of the hall's lighting but properly reflect sound as well."

We were interrupted by a tense young Burns detective, who scrambled through the door we had just entered by and asked Mr. Abramovitz for identification. "We are closed today," he said nervously.

"I am the architect," said Mr. Abramovitz, producing an identification card, "and I am just showing someone around."

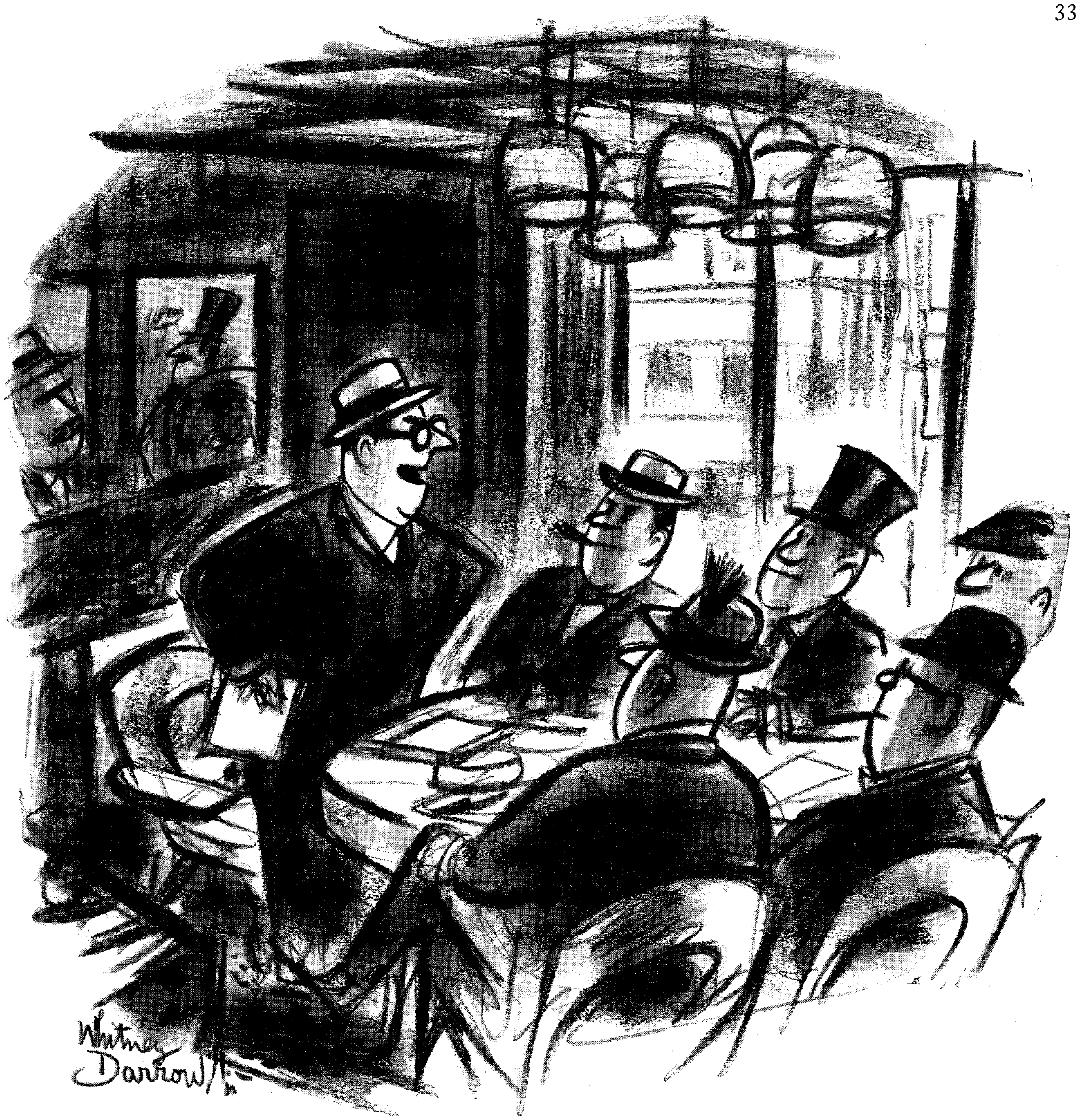
The guard appeared relieved. "Just checking up," he said, and departed.

Mr. Abramovitz ignored the interruption. "The hall will be a deep, deep blue, with a gold-leaf trim throughout," he said. "A rich combination of colors. A standby color combination for old Napoleon, by the way." Mr. Abramovitz headed toward the stage. He swung across several precariously placed boards and walked, one foot ahead of the other, over several more with the ease of a gazelle.

We urged him to slow down.

"Oh, I forgot," he said. "You've probably never walked girders. Well, here's where the orchestra will sit, and there is where the podium will be placed. No proscenium, by the way; everything flows into everything else, and I have tried for a sense of intimacy, even in a hall holding two thousand six hundred and twelve people. There will be a drop elevator for the raising and lowering of pianos right here, in front of the point where the conductor will stand—we don't want to lose a conductor, though—and two more elevators directly in front of the stage, which can be raised for additional platform space when a chorus is called for. Every wall in this building will be alive, vibrant, working for better sound, and an acoustical grill of shimmering gold behind the orchestra can be adjusted by the moving about of dampening panels."

Philharmonic Hall will be seven stories high. In the next half hour or so, we climbed up and up, to the first terrace and to the second terrace, and finally walked across a scaffolding from which we could reach up and touch the ceiling of the auditorium. "Still so much to be done," said Mr. Abramovitz, poised at the pinnacle. "Clouds to be installed, seats to be installed, greenrooms to be finished, promenades to be furnished with comfortable long-cushioned bench-


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"It's as simple as this, gentlemen. Either we get J.F.K. to wear a hat or we're in serious trouble."

• •

es, great glass windows to be put in, tunnels to the subways completed, and tunnels to the other Lincoln Center buildings, and underground driveways. But I feel I can see it now." Mr. Abramovitz was reflective for a moment. "Little things," he said. "I must remember to lower the railing on the loge-terrace level overlooking the orchestra promenade. It's too high and it's too wide. Must be thinner, so that ladies will not be tempted to place their purses on it and have them fly overboard. Little things! But won't it be wonderful to hear the first note of the first piece of music come through the hall! I know where I want to be—just about a third of the way down the left side of the loge terrace. The perfect location—my spot—and I hope I am there when the conductor raises his baton."

Regimen

A YOUNG suburban matron whom we seldom see drifted into our ken again at a cocktail party the other afternoon, and we were agreeably struck by the change that six months or so had made in her appearance. We remembered her as being a bit on the pale and peaked side, but now she was fairly blooming—the image of health and vigor. We sought her out and remarked on how wonderfully well she was looking. "I know," she said. "Isn't it marvellous? And the only way I can explain it is that it's thanks to our eldest son. Peter is twelve, and the big fad in his crowd this winter is weight-lifting. You know, bar bells. Peter has a full set of them—five-pounders, ten-pounders, fifteen-pounders, and all the way up to a monster of thirty pounds. Well, Peter comes home from school every afternoon and drags the whole set down to the living room and goes through his routine until one of his friends comes by and off they go somewhere to play. Then I carry his bells back up to his room and put them away."

THE PET

GRADWELL worked for some people called Morgan. Their house in Johannesburg was a small house with a large garden, three cypresses, and a splendid view. The plates were always hot and the ice was plentiful; the sheets smelled of sun, and the fires burned brilliantly on any day of year that Erica Morgan felt like having one lit. The Morgans had no children and were happier and more prosperous than many of their friends who did have them, which somehow did not seem to those friends entirely fair. Still, there it was; the Morgans went to Europe every two years, bought books and records and even an occasional picture, and lived with their dogs in their delightful little house, attended by excellent servants.

Gradwell vacuum-cleaned the carpets, polished the silver and shined Reg Morgan's shoes, and changed into a white drill suit twice a day to serve lunch and dinner. He was a Nyasa with a face so black that the blackness was an inverted dazzle—you couldn't see what he was thinking. He was deft and quiet about the dining room, and on those nights on which the Morgans went out, he sat up with the dogs to keep watch over the house. Erica Morgan (she sometimes had educated Africans to lunch) told him that he could sit in the living room and listen to the radio if he liked, but he never did. He sat in the kitchen at the table and wrote to his wife. The two dogs, pretty Scottish terriers with tartan collars, snored at his feet. In the four or five years that he had been writing letters to his wife to this accompaniment, he had never mentioned the dogs to her; he wondered as little at the fact that it was his duty to sit up with them as he did at the incomprehensible ritual of the order of dishes that he served so efficiently at the Morgans' dining table.

He did not know his wife very well. He had married her four years before, when he went home to Nyasaland on leave for six months. He had not been back since then, not only because of the money—the train fare for a journey of nearly three thousand miles ate up a disproportionate amount of his wages—but because he was working in Johannesburg illegally anyway. He was an immigrant without a permit, and he was afraid that if he went out of the place he would not be able to get back in again. It was impossible to stay at home in Nyasaland, of course. How could he consider working for two pounds a month there, when in Johannesburg he could earn eight? He sent money home to his wife every month—or, rather, to his uncle, to keep for his wife—and he had bought himself a waterproof watch, as well as a set of the sort of well-cut clothes a man wears in a city.

Not that he went into the city itself very often. As he had no papers, it was risky for him to hang about the streets. He was safer at home, in Dauchope Road, in the anonymous apron of domestic service. He had long ago stopped even going out to the suburban post office or the shops; he always asked Mrs. Morgan to buy the stamps and envelopes that he needed, and the tobacco with which, with paper from the pantry, he rolled his own cigarettes. On his days off, he went to sit in the rooms of other exiles like himself, men from his own village who worked in the suburbs, foreigners who kept a wordless fellowship beneath their conformity of Stetson or starched uniform. At first, he sought them out because he was lost—in all the world, only the Nyasaland village was familiar to him—but later, as the years went by, he went to them out of habit. There are always, even in the most cosmopolitan of cities, little groups of men who have forgotten the old country but who continue to meet because of it.

When he had first come back to Johannes-

"As someone said on 'Have Gun, Will Travel' the other night, a life finds its meaning in living."

"Oh, my God, Emily! What's happened now?"

burg after he was married, he had been moody for a while. He, who Mrs. Morgan said was the "nicest, most docile person in the world," quarrelled with the cook and then took offense at the first word of reproach from Mrs. Morgan. He even ran the risk of going out to get drunk at a shebeen one night, but all the luxurious, painful pleasure of a debauch was lost because he could not sit in the sun and recover, next day, as they did at home in Nyasaland, but had to be in attendance at a luncheon party. "I'm sorry, Gradwell," Mrs. Morgan said, firmly, humorously, "but you must go through with it today. These guests are people we stayed with at the Cape last year, and this lunch has got to be decently served. Here, take this, and you'll cope. Anyway, if you feel awful, it'll teach you not to get into the habit of drinking, which is just as well." And she gave him two Alka-Seltzer tablets in a glass of water. It was true, of course, that if he began to drink he would be much more likely to be picked up by the police. The Morgans, too, ran a risk with him; while he would be packed off back to Nyasaland or drafted to farm labor if he were found out, they would be fined a few pounds for employing an illegal immigrant from another territory. "It's a sort of little conspiracy we're in together," Mrs. Morgan would explain to friends who complimented her on Gradwell's efficiency.

But soon the awareness of the eighteen-year-old girl, his wife, wore away—faded off his mind and his skin. He had come home again, to Johannesburg, to Dauchope Road, to sleep alone in the European bed and the decent European outbuilding that the Morgans provided. His passions hibernated. He never thought to acclimatize them; this was not home for them. There was a child, born to the girl in Nyasaland some months after he had gone. He felt responsible, jaunty, and somehow accepted into the world of men when the letter came telling of the boy's birth. Mrs. Morgan sent the child toys at Christmas, and wondered that Gradwell did not at least have a photograph of the boy. He explained that there would be no one in the village with a camera. Two years later, there was a letter from his uncle saying that the child had died. He did not know what to feel; he had never seen it. For his wife—well, next time he went back he would make another child. What else could he do? He had a post-office savings book now (Mrs. Morgan deposited his money for him), and he drew out some money and bought his wife a dress.

He was even quieter than usual as he went about his work. The Morgans thought he was depressed, and made signs of understanding and commiseration to each other behind his back, but the truth was that he was listening—listening to himself. Listening for something to sound, some note from within; there was a place there, at his breastbone. But nothing came. He simply went on, waiting at table, cleaning the silver, even wiping up after the dog—there was a new dog in the house, a bulldog puppy. In the afternoons, he sat in the yard outside his room in the sun, wiped a piece of bread round his dinner plate, and was content. There was no use the Morgans' denying it.

"Next year, when we go to Europe, we must take a chance and you must go home to Nyasaland while we're away," Mrs. Morgan said. "We'll have to try and work something—some sort of pass that looks right." When she tried to talk to him about Nyasaland, she was always a little embarrassed to discover that he knew absolutely nothing of the interesting political developments among the Africans there.

AT this time, Mrs. Morgan was much preoccupied with the bulldog. It was her dog—she had admired bulldogs as a child, in a fascinated, horrified sort of way—and Reg Morgan had consented to buy it chiefly because there had been such an outbreak of burglaries in Johannesburg that he felt it was time they had a really good watchdog around the place. The Scotties were alert little chaps, but one couldn't expect anybody to be deterred from entering the garden by the sight of them. When the bulldog came, he was a squat, shambling puppy, terrified by his own ability to knock things flying. He seemed to sense the world of inanimate objects cowering before him, and his power appalled him. He messed all over the house and ate with uncontrollable gluttony, often disgorging his food again as fast as it went down. Mrs. Morgan adored him; her childlessness took revenge on her at last, and she cradled a beast. She loved and petted and spoiled the Scotties, but for the bulldog she had hopes—the mark of the real maternal passion. "Wait till I train him," she would say. "To us he'll be the nicest, the most docile thing in the world—a handsome, dignified, well-behaved, *clean* bully boy. And to those wicked burglars—murder!"

The dog grew up. He slept about the house all day, but the muscles of a pugilist grew on his thick shoulders and his barrel-bellied body; his huge, hard head, with its giant nutcracker jaw under the flapping, dribbling chops, could push you downstairs if he wanted to pass you on the top step. Gradwell and the other Morgan servants hated him from the moment they set eyes on him. They had hated him even before then, for the bulldog was the symbol of all the white man's savage glee in turning the black man from his door. The dog felt their hatred and showed the obscure shame of a beast, flattening his little hippopotamus ears on his ugly head as he went past them, crouched low to the ground.

But there was nothing else that he understood, it seemed. Erica Morgan did succeed in teaching him to be clean, though he left his snail trail of saliva wherever his snout brushed by, but all her sensible patience and quiet, controlled commands could not teach him the simplest obedience. And as for being a watchdog, he slept through all warnings of intruders given by the Scotties, and allowed strangers to walk past him up to the front door without so much as a bark. It had proved impossible to anthropomorphize him into a handsome, dignified, well-behaved bully boy, and somewhere along the unsuccessful process he had lost the instincts of a dog, into the bargain. Erica Morgan was disappointed in her pet. The final touch came when she found a lovely mate for him, a beautiful, brindle bully girl for her bully boy. The bitch was brought to the house in Dauchope Road, because the Morgans thought he was "too highly strung" to be sent to the kennels. But though the bulldog and the bitch were given carefully supervised privacy and were shut up in the garden shed together for three days, the poor bulldog would not mate. When he was released at last from the shed, he ran away and sat with his fat, miserable back hunched against the door of Gradwell's room—Gradwell, who always put the dog's food down before him with repugnance.

"It's no good, Gradwell," Erica Morgan said that day, with irritation and exasperation, clipping the lead onto the bitch's collar. "I'll take her back to the kennel. Really, I *am* fed up. If at least we'd had a pup from him . . ." She felt she could say anything to Gradwell; he was rather a favorite of hers among her servants. He and she were, as she put it to herself, two human beings, and never mind the color or the master-servant thing.

Gradwell opened the garage doors and the gates and closed them again behind her as she drove away with the bitch. It was just before three o'clock in the afternoon. He went into the kitchen and fetched his lunch, which was in the oven, keeping warm. The other servants were already in their rooms, and he sat down on a barrel in the yard outside his room, making a threatening movement with his foot toward the bulldog as he did so. But the beast, unaware, as usual, of what he had done wrong, but always conscious of wrongdoing, of failure, only shivered with appeal along his thick back, and pressed against the closed door of the room.

The man sat eating bread in the winter sun, a man who had no child, who slept with no woman, who scarcely ever went outside the gate of Erica Morgan's yard. At last, something moved there at his breastbone, but dully—a depression. He broke off a piece of bread and threw it, saying in his own language to the dog "Here!" And startled, changing swiftly from the expectation of a blow, the dog snapped the morsel into its great mouth.

—Nadine Gordimer

THOU METS

(WHO WILL PLAY BASEBALL IN THE DISUSED POLO GROUNDS FOR ONE SEASON ONLY)

The worst of playing the Polo Grounds this year
Will be the memories to be met out there—
A problem like Hamlet's father's brother's,
Or anybody's stepmother's.

Thou Mets, the Polo Grounds abound in ghosts
Of players gone (some on San Francisco posts),
Throwing fast with ancient hands
Before those fanless, famous stands.

Ectoplasmic shouts will echo
From the dugout stair—
Phantom Giants in attendance
Watching you, Mets, fan the air.

Round the cooler spectral clinking—
Mel Ott's and Gus Mancuso's spikes.
From the bat rack ghostly woodnotes:
Dark and Thompson find their pikes.

Ah, from jetless skies and Metsless days,
When McGraw was more than Hill
And less than kind, the voices fade and sigh—
"Remember," adieus and re-adieus a Tesreau, invisible to see,
"Remember, Mets, remember me!"
(Tesreau, pitcher, N.Y. National League, 1912: G 36, IP 243, ERA 1.96.)

Thou Mets, darling buds of April, we bid ye welcome,
And hope to stop your ears
With gigantic figures of attendance
And mighty, loving cheers.

—Donald Stewart

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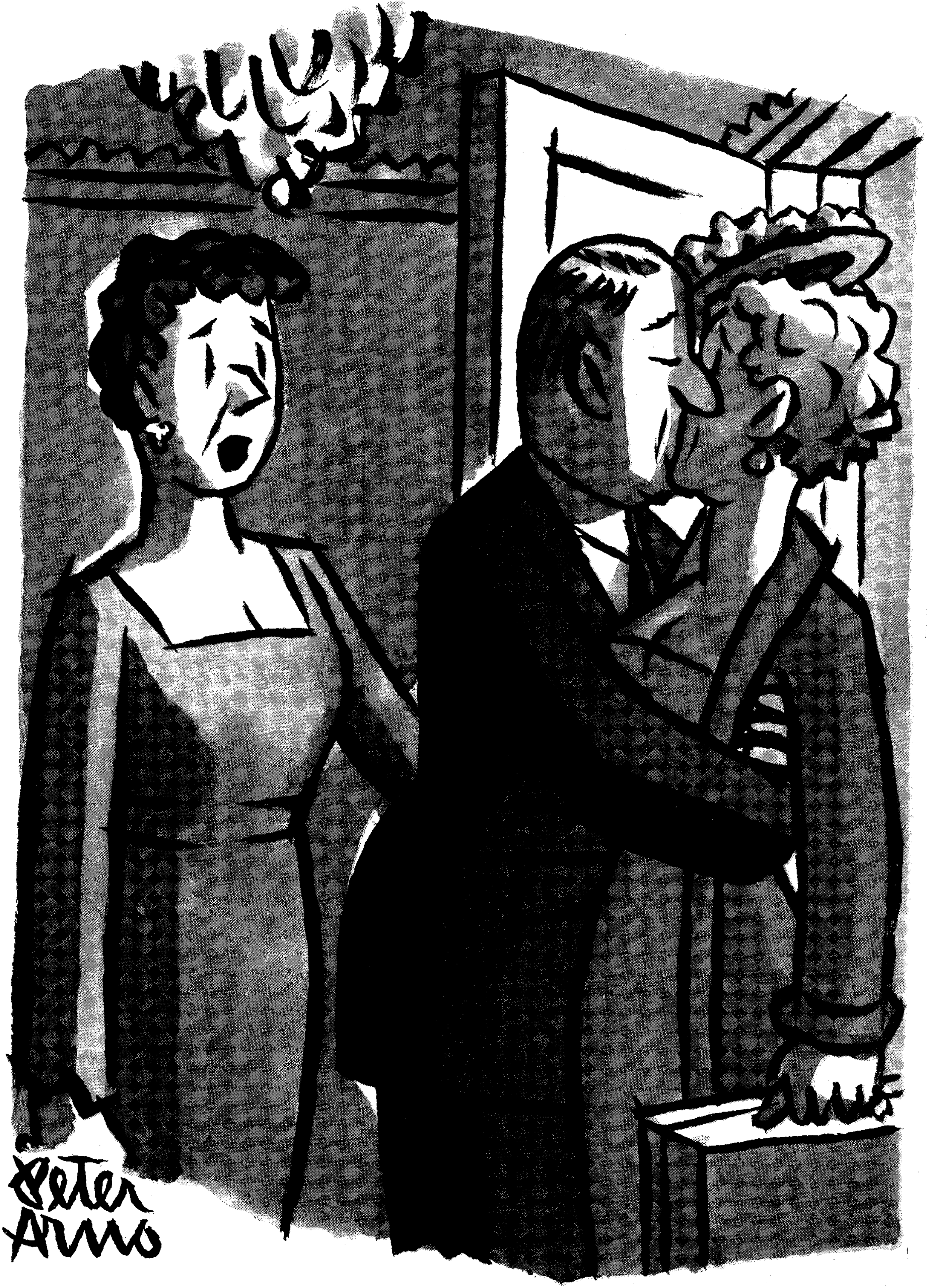


"Fred! Grace is my old friend—not yours!"

MONEY

THE money was divided three ways: Ellen Brosnan got her widow's share, and as soon as possible she left town and went back to Buffalo, New York, where she had originally come from; the remaining two-thirds was split between Nan Brosnan and her sister Marietta Brosnan Kelly. The whole thing amounted to about two hundred thousand dollars, quite a sum in those days, but the distribution did not cause much talk in the town. A few said Ellen Brosnan was lucky to get anything, but they were quickly reminded by the knowledgeable that under the law it was almost impossible to cut Ellen off. It could be done, they said, but she would have had to agree. All were unanimous that the way Clete disposed of his estate was the best way: give Ellen her third and let her go back to her Buffalo, New York, without any excuse for making a fuss, and let the Brosnan girls enjoy life in peace and quiet, gratefully remembering their brother with Month's Mind and Anniversary Masses said for him and a simple urn of Indiana limestone to mark his grave. He had not had much peace and quiet during the latter portion of his life, but at least he could rest in peace now—that was what "*requiescat in pace*" meant, wasn't it, after all?—with Ellen back in Buffalo and Nan and Marietta home and keeping the name up. All were unanimous that Clete had managed to bring about in death the kind of order and dignity that he had so longed for in life.

They got a good price for the house in Oak Road. The house was only five years old, well built of the best materials and with all the latest modern conveniences. Electricity everywhere, and two full-size bathrooms. A high antenna for the Stromberg-Carlson so that Ellen could get Kansas City and Chicago as clearly as other people could get Pittsburgh and Schenectady. The garage door lifted easily with one hand instead of being a swinging door that had to be swung outward into the driveway. The Vic was an Orthophonic, and Ellen was the only housewife on Oak Road who had a telephone extension in her kitchen—although for the time she spent in her kitchen it seemed like a waste of money. Ellen even had an electric contraption for polishing the hardwood floors, although no one thought for a minute that Ellen was the one who pushed the contraption around. That was a job for her maid. A maid—for a house containing eight rooms and no children, where there were seldom any visitors to take care of but always fresh candy in the cut-glass jars, where there was a baby-grand piano with no one who could play a note. Completely furnished, rugs and all, the house brought twenty-eight thousand dollars, which had to be divided up three ways under the terms of Clete's will. "I'd as soon let her have the whole thing," said Nan Brosnan.

"Well, not me. I wouldn't. I'd as soon she got none of it," said Marietta Kelly. "She's already got more than she's ever entitled to."

"Yes, but she's going to get all's coming to her or we'll have some shyster lawyer hauling us into court."

"I didn't mean we should try any funny business. What Clete wanted we have to conform with. But if she got what she was entitled to, a roll of toilet paper'd be sufficient."

"It doesn't come by the roll in that house," said Nan Brosnan.

"Just a figure of speech," said Marietta.

"I know. And don't think I was having generous thoughts, lamb. If I let her have the whole thing, it'd only be to get rid of her, to have nothing more to do with her whatsoever. . . . I'll say this for her. You'll hardly find a mark on any of the furniture, not a scratch, and in some ways the stuff is better than new."

"Why shouldn't it? At our place it's just the opposite, but I brought up my three children in our place. Why shouldn't her stuff look new? A hired girl with nothing to do but clean and dust—and run that electric floor polisher. You'd think she was getting ready to give a ball."

"And it's what killed Clete, too. Those slippery floors," said Nan Brosnan. "That spill he took the summer before last, Clete was an old man after that. Never the same."

"Oh, we can't blame her for that, Nan. Clete was delicate from as far back as I can remember. True, he got a bad shaking up, but when was Cletus Brosnan ever a Gene Tunney? You or I could always put him down, as children."

"He wasn't a muscular man, but he made up for it in brains," said Nan.

"With only the one blind spot, but men are easily swayed. I ought to know, with a husband and three sons."

"You don't have to be married to know that," said Nan. "I didn't enter the convent at some tender age."

"I wasn't inferring anything, Nan. Don't always have a kind of a chip on your shoulder when the subject comes up about men."

"I didn't think you were inferring, lamb. But it's you with your husband and three sons that sometimes you act a *little* superior. I see all kinds of men at the office, away from their women, and many's the time I'm glad I never married. A woman in an office sees an entirely different side of things. I know I wouldn't want to be talked about the way some men talk about their wives, or have my husband say the things I've had married men say to me."

"Well, the more credit to you, Nan."

"Thanks. Just don't feel sorry for me."

"I don't. There've been times I envied you, and you know that."

"Well, we're not dependent on anyone now, you or I," said Nan Brosnan. "We can do as we please now, if we want to."

"Yes, and I hope you stick to it, your decision."

"To quit my job? Nothing'll shake me now, lamb."

"Oh, that I'm sure you'll do. I was thinking of your other decision."

"To give up my room? Well, if you still want me."

"Still *want* you?"

"You didn't say anything these last couple of weeks. I thought maybe you talked it over with Luke and he was against it."

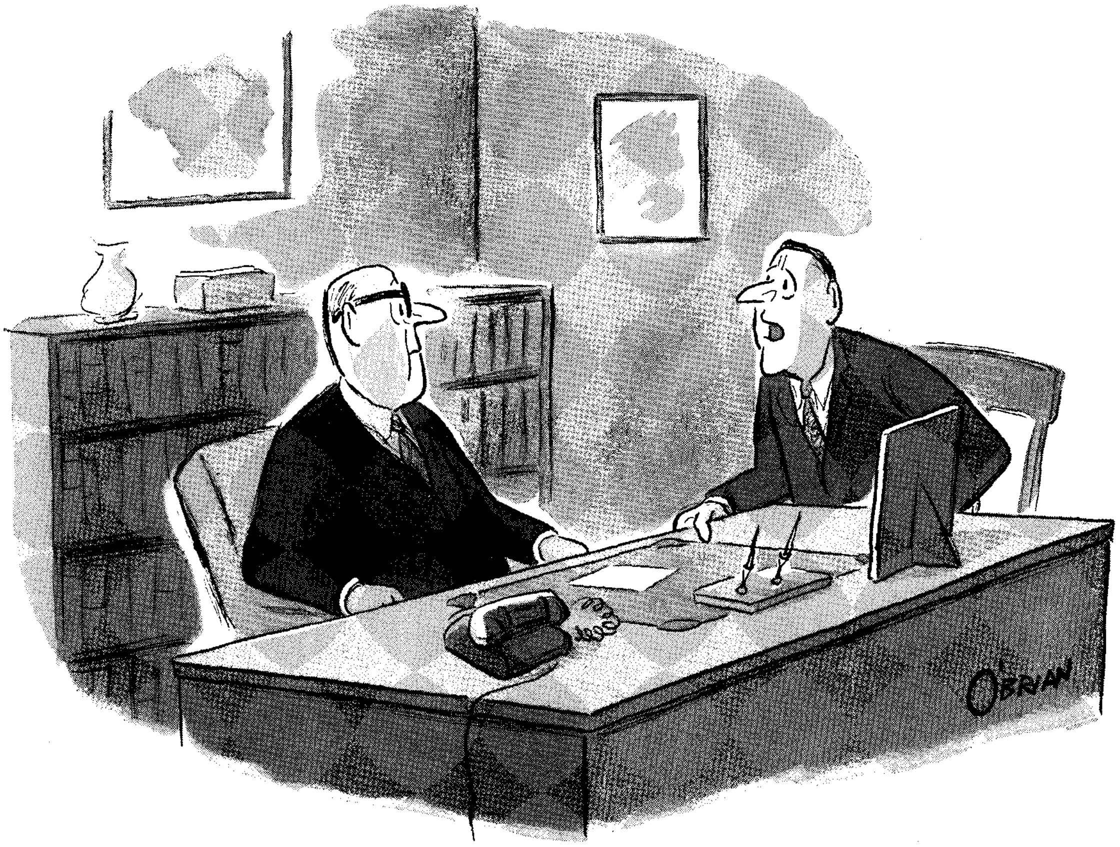
"Good heavens, no. We got all that extra room, what's the use of you paying room rent when we have all that extra room?"

"Well, I was thinking it over."

"Oh, Nan, there you go again with that chip on your shoulder. In other words, why didn't we ask you to stay with us before? Well, the only answer I could give to that question is the truthful one. We never thought of it before. You seemed content boarding at Bess Stauffer's, a few minutes' walk to your office. Me asking you to come live with us has nothing to do with your legacy, Nan, if that's what worried you."

"I'm not saying it did."

"No, but it stands to reason that's what you were thinking, your remark about thinking it over. After all, Nan, I have as much as you have from Clete, so don't start conjuring up some ulterior motive. It never would have occurred to me to ask you to live with us, only you said you were giving up your job, and then I thought why does Nan go on living at Bess Stauffer's, downtown? It was too far a walk from our place as long as you had your job, but if you're



"Give it to me straight, Doctor. Am I middle-aged?"

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not going to an office every day, why not keep me company? I get lonesome for someone to talk to. I sound like another Ellen but it's true. You devote your whole life to making a home for a husband and three boys and then the boys all go off and get married and all those years you didn't make any friends of your own."

"You? You have a lot of friends, friends by the dozen."

"No. I have neighbors and acquaintances but not a single close friend. Don't confuse me with Luke, Nan. Luke has the Knights and the Legion he goes to and always some kind of a political thing, but I never could join the Daughters or the Auxiliary when they wanted me to, and now I don't want to."

"They want you now, surely."

"Since the news of Clete's will, indeed they do. But I was always careful who I made friends with, and this is the time to be more careful than ever. That's a good thing for you to keep in mind, too, Nan."

"Oh-ho! Don't think I don't."

"Especially look out for men, Nan."

"The fortune-hunter type of man I can see through a mile away."

"I'm glad to hear that, Nan. Very glad to hear it. There's no more pitiful a figure than a woman suddenly come into money and no one to ward off the leeches and sponges."

"I can spot one of them a mile off. Don't forget, I've been a bookkeeper since I was seventeen years of age."

"I know, but with we Brosnans the heart often rules the head. Look at Clete and Ellen. Suddenly at almost forty-five years of age one of the cleverest businessmen in the county, Cletus Brosnan, J. Cletus Brosnan, what does he do but become infatuated with a pretty face in a nurse's uniform. If he could have seen her the first time dressed in something else there might be a different story to tell. But I had to sit there one day and listen while he told me about this angel of purity."

"Angel of purity is what he said to me, too. Did you ever think she was that?"

"Her? You're not seriously asking me that question, Nan. That kind of a bust development, I was sure she had one or two children."

"Oh, you can't tell anything by that. Remember Sister Mary Alexandra?"

"I do. But in a black habit she still looked more like an angel of purity than Ellen in her white nurse's uniform. Could you ever picture Ellen in a nun's habit?"

Nan laughed. "No, that I couldn't."

"We have fun together, Nan. You come and stay with us. You'll get used to Luke, if that's worrying you. Once in a month of Sundays he comes home stewed to the gills, but he always has enough sense to sleep in the cellar those nights. 'If you come home in that condition,' I tell him, 'you don't deserve better than the dog. Sleep it off in the cellar,' I tell him. But that's only maybe once or twice a year."

"I've never seen Luke with one too many."

"That's the Legion. The brewery sends them good beer, a couple halves at a time, and they don't stop drinking till the barrels are empty. At that I'd rather have him get drunk on good beer than take a chance on going blind from bootleg hootch."

"Oh, any day. And if not blind, I heard of some that died of convulsions."

"Luke won't often take a drink of whiskey. He likes his beer, but the hard liquor he leaves for the younger fellows. He has that much sense, and that's something to be thankful for."

"You got the best of the Kelly boys. Clete always had only the nicest things to say about Luke. And I remember during the war people saying Luke didn't have to go, but he went."

"Well, there'd always been a Kelly in the Civil War and the Spanish-American, and our boys weren't old enough, so he went. He couldn't have gone if we didn't have Clete to help out, but Clete was glad to. You remember."

"I do. Clete was mortified when they wouldn't take him, but at least he could make some contribution."

"Mind you, it wasn't much. Two thousand, and Luke paid it all back. It took him five years, but he paid back every cent. Oh, yes. Every red cent. Luke was bounden determined he wouldn't go through life owing money to his brother-in-law."

"I never knew that. I never knew that at all."

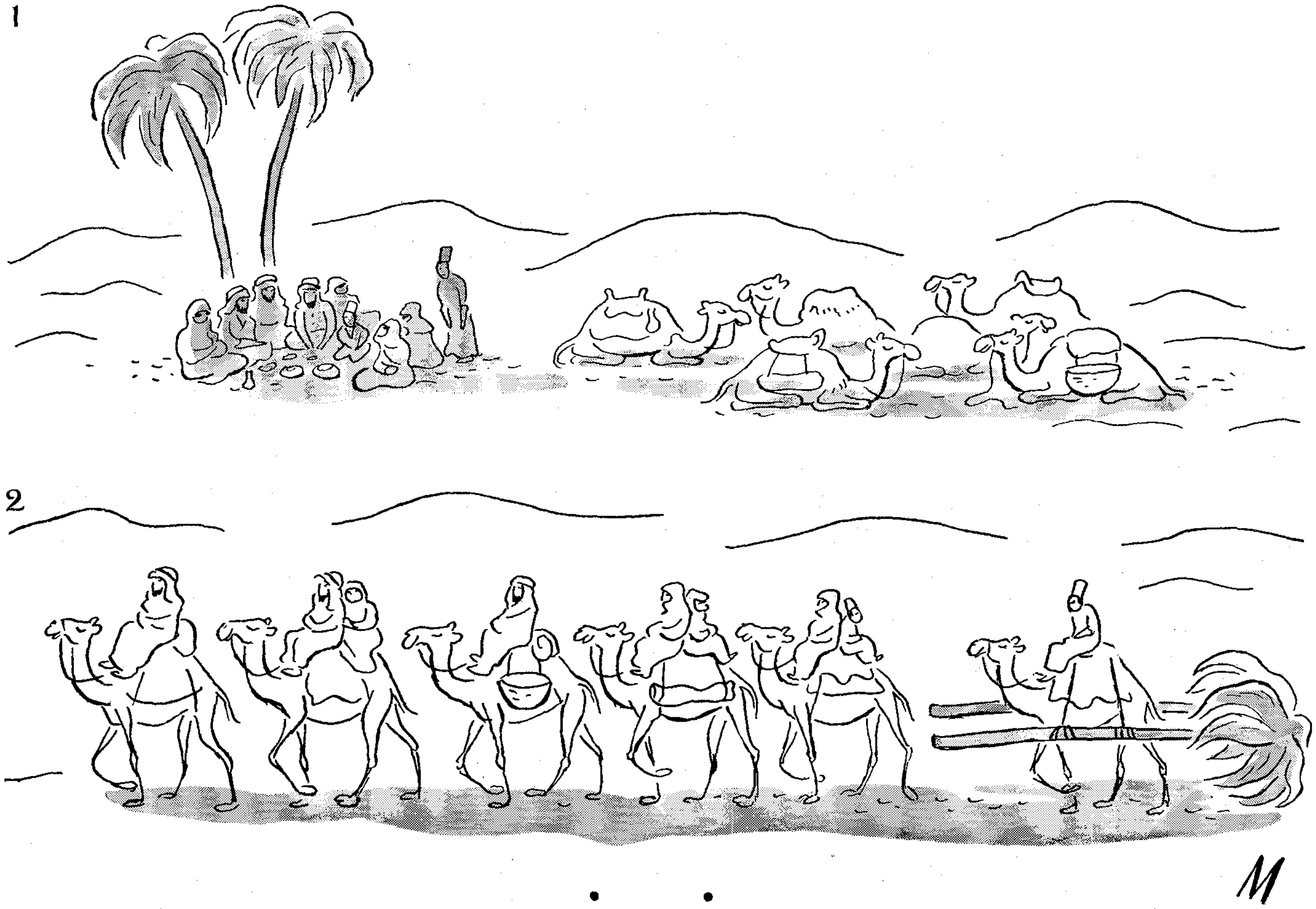
"See? Here we are, sisters, living in the same town all our lives, and there's so many things we don't know about one another." Marietta Kelly was abruptly silent.

"What, lamb?" said Nan Brosnan.

"*Please* come and live with us, Nan."

"What's the matter? Is there something wrong? Tell me."

Marietta nodded. "I'd tell you, but



I took my oath. You'll find out soon enough, God help us.”

Nan Brosnan, in the weeks of accustoming herself to her new surroundings and leisure and to the constant close company of her sister, respected the mysterious oath Marietta had given. There were times when she had the guilty suspicion that Marietta had invented a crisis in order to persuade her to become a member of the Kelly household. But against that was the genuineness of Marietta's entreaty; it was not like Marietta to show any sign of weakness. In years gone by, Marietta had taken things from her older sister, taken them without permission, stolen them on occasion; and when she asked favors she had always managed not to say please. Nan Brosnan could not remember ever hearing Marietta say please, and if she had actually uttered the word, the implication that the word carried was never in her tone. The word “please,” and its significance as a sign of weakness, convinced Nan that Marietta had taken an oath and that the oath was necessary to hide a real, a desperate, secret. Marietta was cheerful and chatty, sarcastic and revealing, but in those early weeks she did not again refer to the oath. It took weeks, but Nan Brosnan discovered that among all the persons and things that Marietta was so eager to talk about, one topic was omitted: not once, not ever, did Marietta tell a story that had Luke Kelly for the principal character. She told wonderfully funny stories about school days and the eccentricities of some of the nuns; stories about departed curates that she would never have told in front of a third person; anecdotes about her three sons growing up, and hearsay gossip about the inside maneuverings and machinations in the Legion Post and the Knights of Columbus Council. But Luke Kelly was never made the principal character of these reminiscences, and once Nan Brosnan discovered this omission she realized that the thing that troubled Marietta surely concerned Luke. Her mind leaped to a suspicion that it concerned Luke and Ellen, but as she listened further to Marietta's criticisms of Ellen, Nan Brosnan dismissed the suspicion; Marietta despised Ellen, but she was not jealous of her for any reason that had to do with Luke.

Nan grew fonder of Luke. Living in the same house with him she surprised herself with her quick acceptance of Luke as a sort of living substitute for Clete. He would never be Clete; he was too jolly and careless about everything; his manners, his appearance, his outlook on life made him totally unlike Clete. Clete was hardly out of bed in the morning before he was shaved and wearing collar and tie, and if you ever saw Clete in his shirtsleeves it was only because he was doing some handyman chore about the house. His coat went back on the minute he finished the chore. But Luke would come down in the morning needing a shave, carrying his coat and vest and collar and tie, rubbing his whiskers, scratching himself wherever he felt the need and without regard for Nan's presence. “Hello, girls. You got the old man's breakfast ready?” he would say. “Nan, what are you doing up at this hour? You're supposed to be a lady of leisure. Go on back to bed.” He would put an elbow on the table and rest his head on his hand as he spooned up big globs of Cream of Wheat, and while waiting for his eggs and bacon he would sit and smile sadly at Nan. “No rest for the weary, Nan,” he would say. Sometimes in the interval between cereal and eggs he would stand up and put on his collar and tie. He would finish his breakfast and say, “Goodbye, girls. Anybody phones, I'll be at the barbershop.” He was a collector for a furniture company, which allowed him to bring a Dodge coupé home at night, and he would be out of the house by half past eight, although he seemed to be dawdling and delaying. It was just that his way of doing things, unlike Clete's way, made him seem to be wasting time when he really wasn't. One morning the sisters were in the kitchen, and at eight-fifteen he had not made his appearance. "Will you go up and see if he went back to bed?" Marietta said. "He wasn't up when I came down."

"I thought I heard him moving around," said Nan. "I'll call him. I don't feel right about going up."

"If he went back to bed, calling won't waken him."

"Then you go up. I'll fry the eggs," said Nan.

Marietta was gone about five minutes. She returned to the kitchen and looked at her sister. "I can't move him. He's lying on the floor in the bathroom."

"Who do you doctor with?" said Nan.

"Young Michaels. The number's one three five oh. But I think it's too late."

"They'll know where he is."

"Too late for Luke, I mean. I think he's gone."

"*No*, lamb. I'll phone Michaels and maybe he'll bring a pulmotor. You go on up with Luke."

Nan admired Marietta's calm without understanding it, but she understood it better when Marietta said, "It's what I've been expecting. What we both been dreading."

"The oath you took?"

"He had the one stroke, but he made me swear to keep it secret. He wanted to be Post commander and he was afraid they wouldn't vote for a man'd had a stroke."

"Go on up with him, lamb."

Marietta shook her head. "I can't, Nan. It isn't him," she said. "You can put the eggs back in the icebox, unless *you* want them."

"Oughtn't somebody to be up there with him? You phone Michaels and I'll go upstairs."

"Will you, then? You can wait out in the hall. But I just can't go up there, Nan."

Everyone said what a brave woman Marietta was throughout her ordeal of the next few days. When they compared notes they found that no one had seen her break, although some noticed that at the Requiem Mass, while Joe Denny was singing "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere," she put her handkerchief to her eyes under her heavy veil. But that was the closest to a display of emotion that anyone saw during those days. "A brother and a husband in less than a year's time," they said. "It's lucky she's got her three boys."

"And Nan. It isn't as if she was all alone in the house."

"And at least they won't have any money worries."

Luke's insurance and the house and his savings came to nowhere near the size of Clete's legacy, but Marietta for the first time in her life could be considered comfortably well off. The boys were all self-supporting in more or less distant cities, and before they returned to their homes Marietta spoke to them about money. "Thanks to your Uncle Clete and your father, you won't have me to worry about. Aunt Nan and I'll be living here and sharing expenses. So you don't have to support me. Use your money to raise your own families."

The two older boys nodded silently, but the youngest, Bob, spoke up. "I was counting on a thousand dollars from Dad," he said. "I was *counting* on it, Mom. He as much as promised it to me."

"He didn't say anything in his will," said Marietta.

"I know, but when I married Polly Dad said he was sorry he could only give me a hundred bucks for a wedding present. He told me he was paying off Uncle Clete and a hundred was all he could spare. He said he'd make up for it some day."

"I don't hear the others claiming a thousand dollars," said Marietta. "And as far as that goes, I don't hear *anybody* offering to chip in for the funeral expenses."

"Oh, wait a minute, Mom," said Gerald, the oldest brother. "The funeral expenses come out of his benefits from the Knights."

"Partially only," said Marietta. "If you want to see the bills, I'll show them to you when they come in. Are you going to say Dad promised you a thousand, too?"

"Well, he told me the same as he told Bob," said Gerald.

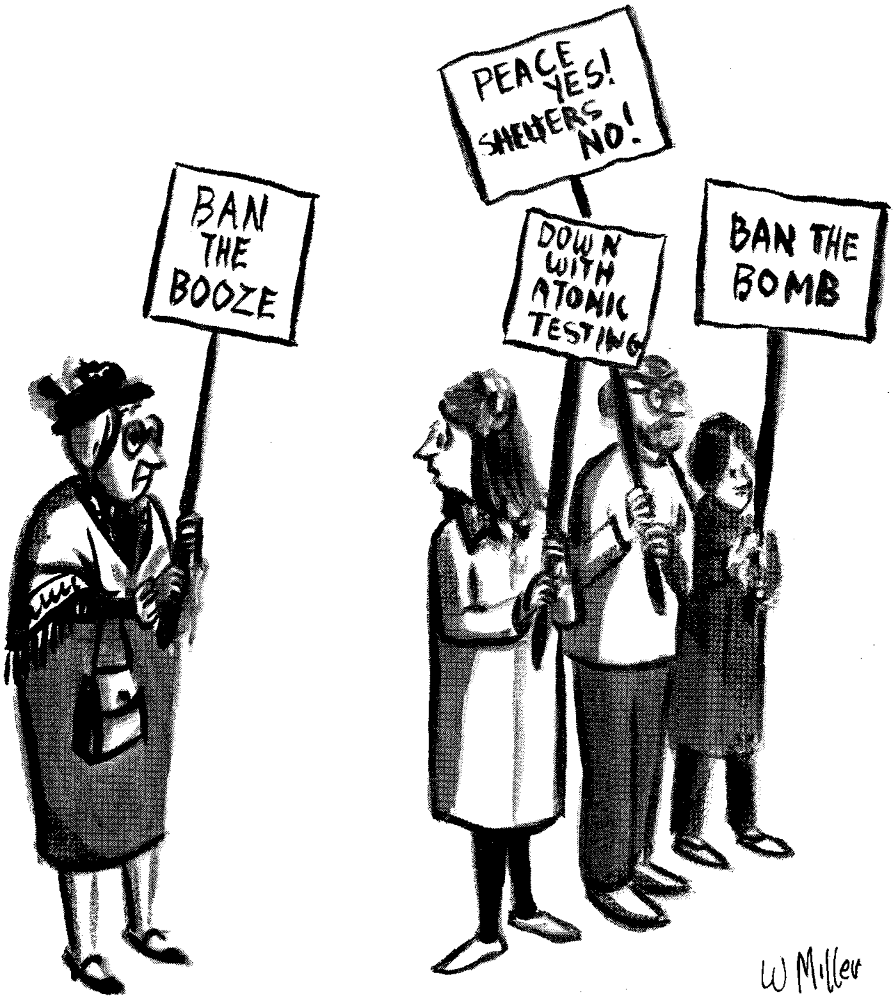
"And me," said Ray, the middle son.

"It's funny I never heard about any of these big promises, although Dad and I never had any secrets from one another. Especially about financial matters. And you, Robert, you're a strange one to bring it up, considering how we scraped and pinched to send you to pharmacy school."

"If I had a thousand dollars I could use it for downer money to open my own drugstore," said Bob.

"A thousand dollars to open a drugstore?" said Marietta.

"And Polly's father willing to go on



"Please, Lady, you're making it very difficult!"

my note, and the little I managed to save."

"If it wasn't for your Uncle Clete I'd have to sell this house and you'd all have to chip in to support me. Or I hope you would. It certainly would look nice if I had a son owner of a drugstore and another son a telegraph operator for the United Press and another son making carpenter's wages, and not enough from the three of them to keep me out of the poorhouse."

"Poorhouse? Bushwah!" said Bob. He stood up. "Dad made me a promise, and Jerry and Ray, too, and Dad always kept his promises. But I promise *you* something, Mom. This is the last time you'll see me in *this* house."

"Sit down, Bob," said Gerald.

"Don't have a fight over money with Dad hardly—" said Ray.

"Oh, go to hell," said Bob. "Stick around, maybe she'll give you my share."

"That calls for a—" Gerald began, but Bob went out.

"Sit down, Gerald," said Marietta. "I won't have any rough stuff in the house of the dead. Let him go, and I hope he keeps his promise, because I don't want any son of mine in my house that talks that way to his mother."

"He was telling the truth, though, Mom," said Ray. "Dad said the same thing to me he said to Bob."

"I don't doubt it for a minute, that Dad would say those things. But where the money was going to come from, that was another matter entirely. All the years we were married he used to say he was going to take me on a trip to Ireland. Five years from now, ten years from now, he used to say, we'll go back and pay a visit to Roscommon and Waterford and look up the Kellys and the Brosnans and the Dooleys. But the only trips anybody ever made was when Dad was delegate to the Legion conventions. I never held him to any of those promises, although dear knows I'd of welcomed a trip anywhere. You'd a wonderful father, you boys, but he had a forgetful habit of saying we were going to do this and going to do that and then the whole thing would completely pass from his mind. He'd mean it at the time, but I soon found out it was like playing some kind of a game. 'Sure,' I'd say, 'we'll visit Ireland five years from now,' but when the five years were up I had more sense than to remind him. I'm surprised he didn't promise you *five* thousand, but it shows how little you understood your father if you took those things seriously. Paying back your uncle, getting rid of the mortgage on this property—it cut him to the quick that the only money I ever had of my own had to come from my brother, not from him."

"Oh, let's drop the subject of money," said Gerald.

"Well, if you two honestly believe I'm holding on to money that rightfully belongs to you—if you honestly believe that? I'll give each of you five hundred as soon as Lawyer Phillips finishes with the legal end, and five hundred apiece next year or the year after. But not Robert. Robert's behavior in this house today puts him beyond the Pale. Let him and his Polly and her father start their drugstore, and luck to them. Is that agreeable to you?"

"Whatever suits you, Mom," said Gerald.

"You, Ray?" said Marietta.

"The same for me," said Ray.

"I'll do the best I can for the two of you," said Marietta. "And don't forget, I'm not going to live forever, either. Just remember, no man knows the day or the hour."

Nan Brosnan joined her sister in double mourning. "As long as you wear black I'll wear it too," said Nan.

"Not you," said Marietta. "I'll always wear black, but a year's plenty long enough for you. You won't be criticized."

"I wasn't afraid of that. It's the way I felt about Luke. The next thing to a brother."

"Well, when the year's up for Luke I'll wear a little white in my hats, and you can start wearing colors."

"Well, we'll see," said Nan.

"I'm sure if you took a trip to Buffalo, New York, you wouldn't find a certain Mrs. J. Cletus Brosnan in widow's weeds. Oh, did I tell you? She sent Monsignor fifteen dollars for Masses for Luke. Imagine the gall! Never a word to me, never as much as a bunch of forget-me-nots for the funeral. But fifteen dollars for Masses."

"Well, it's one way of showing spite, if you want to look at it that way. Or maybe something's come over her since Clete passed on. Maybe she's finally learning to appreciate him, now that it's too late."

"Yes, and maybe she's having a high old time with poor Clete's money

AQUARIUM

The old fish fiddle with their fins and glide.
As if I had their water in my eyes,
  My body skates from side to side
Before the glass square that defines their motion,
  And wonders how they moralize
The evened edges of their narrowed ocean.

What rich escapes, through black walls greenly weeded,
From pirate shark, flounder, or captain squid,
  Must plank the brain no longer needed!
Nights—to give plausibility, even ground,
  To what in fluider days they did—
They flee in one-eyed angles round and round.

Once the sly currents of the Gulf flowed cool
And fanned their gills with luminous information;
  The wit of drains in a heated pool
Alone selects them now. All's bright and blank
  In the captive phase of evolution.
Ecology is different in a tank.

Here, in asparagus light, schooled to the turns,
The management providing every dish,
  They drill their fins around the ferns
And take a gurgling pleasure in the glare.
  They know: the style, it is the fish.
Their side of the glass, water is everywhere.

—George T. Wright

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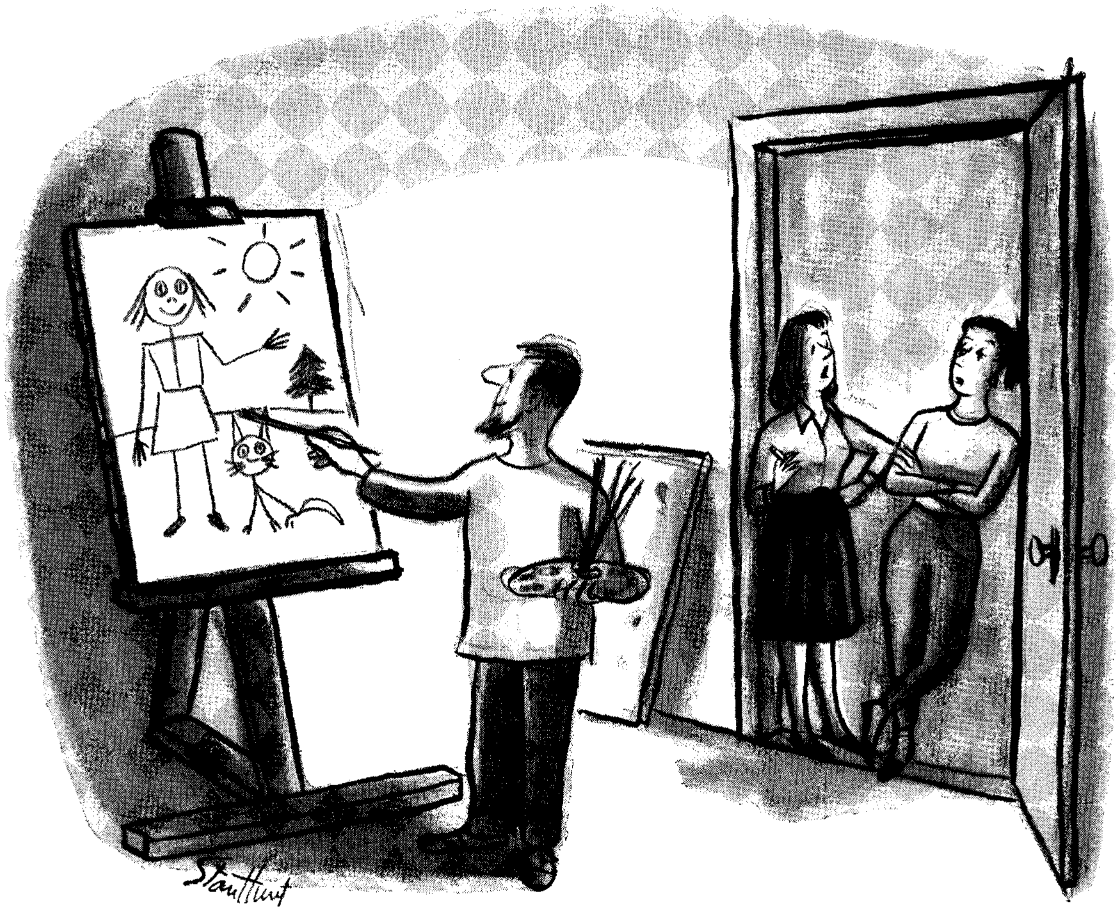

"For years he's been struggling to find himself, and now I'm afraid he has."

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and what's fifteen dollars?"

"For me it's a lot of money when I think of how much you have to have in capital to get fifteen dollars income."

"How much?" said Marietta.

"Well, fifteen dollars is three hundred dollars at five per cent."

"Yes, I guess it is," said Marietta. "It doesn't seem like much, does it, to only get fifteen dollars from three hundred."

"You don't get anywhere near that much from the bank."

"You hear about so many that are making money hand over fist in the stock market. Oughtn't we to go in the stock market, Nan?"

"I've been thinking about it. I was always afraid to when I only had my salary and my building-and-loan."

"Well, find out more about it. You're better at business than I am. Who do you go to for advice on such matters? Who did Clete go to?"

"A fellow named Ralph Fexler."

"Who's he? I never heard of him."

"He manages the local office for Westmore and Company. That's a New York stockbroker firm. Fexler goes around with the country-club outfit. He's a young fellow in his early thirties, I'd say."

"Oh, you know him?"

"I know him to say hello to, from coming in the office. He knew me as Clete's sister. Don't worry, you'll be hearing from him."

"Clete trusted him?"

"Oh, he's honest. Westmore and Company's a big firm, and a lot of the country-club outfit buy their stocks through Fexler. He'll be around to see us one of these days."

"Maybe we're losing money by not going to see him," said Marietta.

"Well, I had the same thought, but I didn't want to say anything till things got more settled. But now don't get the idea that everything you put money in guarantees a hundred-per-cent profit. You don't hear as much about the ones that lose money in the stock market."

"Oh, I know that much."

"Well, as long as you do. It's taking a chance when you buy a stock, lamb. If I lost all my money I'm pretty sure I could get a job, but I was a head bookkeeper. I wouldn't go in too deep if I were you. A little at a time. Risk five hundred or a thousand, and if you make a profit reinvest it. If you lose it, well, you learn by experience."

"That sounds like a very sensible idea, Nan. But don't you think maybe we ought to get started? Couldn't you go to see this Fexler man?"

"Not go to see him. He has a big office all full of men smoking cigars and watching the stock market."

"Watching the stock market?"

"A blackboard with the names of the stocks, and young Jimmy Shevlin—"

"Jule Shevlin's boy?"

"Uh-huh. Young Jimmy up there marking down the latest prices with a piece of chalk. I was never inside the place, but I often had to pass it and I could see in."

"Jule Shevlin'd never let her Jimmy work in a place if it wasn't reliable."

"Oh, I said it was reliable, and Clete did business with them for years, years. But I wouldn't just walk in and ask for Fexler. I'll write him a little note and tell him we were interested. If I put up five hundred and you put up five hundred it'd only be a thousand—small potatoes to Fexler, but he knows there's more. And remember this, lamb. He's a broker, and makes a little every time whether we buy or sell. He knows that between us there's over a hundred thousand dollars, and he'd love to have us for customers. You watch. When I tell him we're interested he'll come running, even if it's only a thousand to start with."

Marietta Kelly was quite taken with Ralph Fexler. "Did you notice his complexion?" she said to Nan. "Skin like a baby's. And isn't it nice to see a young fellow wear a stiff collar these days? I noticed his hands, too. He'd hands like Monsignor's. Clete had hands like that."

"And Ray, and Bob. Maybe Jerry would have, too, but a carpenter gets his hands banged up with a hammer, I guess," said Nan. "Anyway, we're in the stock market, lamb. Is it a thrill for you? It is for me."

"I feel as if it was the first day of school and Mom bought me a new dress," said Marietta.

They made money: their thousand-dollar investment grew to fifteen hundred in a year's time—"Makes bank interest look sick," said Nan—and along the way they learned about margin trading. They also overcame their

"*Aha! Voice of America!*"

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shyness about sitting in the big room surrounded by men smoking cigars watching Jimmy Shevlin. One day, Marietta was offered a cigarette by a man sitting in the next chair. "I believe I will," she said, and grinned at Nan.

"So will I," said Nan Brosnan.

They added another fifteen hundred to their fund. Although their accounts were kept separate, they bought and sold the same shares in the same amounts, and calculated their winnings and losses in terms of a joint account. They were at the office of Westmore and Company nearly every day, all day, and when the market was being particularly active they had sandwiches and coffee sent in, just like the big traders among the men. They were at the Westmore office one day and heard the town fire whistle blow five times. "Five times," said Marietta. "That's the Fourth Ward, our ward."

"Oh, good Lord," said Nan.

"What?"

"I'll be back in a minute," said Nan. She went to a telephone booth, and when she came back she was holding her hand over her breast and shaking her head. "It's our house, lamb. It's my fault. I'll pay you back, every cent."

"The fire? My house?"

"Maybe Mr. Fexler'd drive us there in his car," said Nan.

On the way to the house in Fexler's car she explained. As soon as she heard the alarm she remembered that on the way down to the office she was almost sure she'd left a cigarette burning in the kitchen. "I couldn't be altogether sure," she said. Marietta was very angry, but she did not want to say anything in front of Mr. Fexler.

"Fire must be out," said Fexler. "Here come two of the engines. The hook and ladder and the chemical."

The chief's car and another engine were standing at the curb. The house showed no damage, looked the same as usual except that the front door was open and a hose line ran from the fire plug, through the doorway, to somewhere inside the house. "Thank God," said Nan.

"Wait'll we have a look inside before thanking God," said Marietta.

"I'd be glad to wait for you ladies," said Mr. Fexler.

"No, no, that's all right. Thank you very much for being so accommodating," said Marietta.

"Well, let me know if I can be of any assistance," said Mr. Fexler.

Ed Sharp, the fire chief, was in the hall when the sisters entered. He shook his head. "Don't you know better than to leave a curling iron attached? For God's sake, if you're going to curl your hair, at least disconnect the thing when you're done with it. You got off easy this time, but—"

"How do you know it was the curling iron started it?" said Marietta.

"It's my job to know, that's how," said Ed Sharp. "Your goddam fire started in the bathroom and your goddam curling iron was the only thing hooked up. That was a dumb thing to do. Who do you insure with?"

"Joe Denny," said Marietta.

"Well, lucky he's a friend of yours."

"Do we get the insurance?"

"If it was up to me you wouldn't, anybody that would do a dumb thing like that. You got all that money, why don't you spend some of it on a permanent wave? Yeah, you'll get your insurance, this time. But I hope they make you pay double after this."

"Who discovered the fire, Ed?" said Nan Brosnan.

"The woman next door. Schrope. She noticed the smoke coming out the bathroom window, and she knew there was nobody home. Nobody home, I'll say. Nobody home." He made a revolving-wheel gesture with his finger over his ear. "Ten more minutes and this house would have been a vacant lot."

In her total humiliation Marietta could extract some consolation from the fact that even if the insurance company refused to pay, she had made enough money in the stock market to cover the damage. It was not as easy as that to take the blame away from Nan and assume it herself. "Well, why don't you say it? Say it was my fault," said Marietta.

"It could have been mine," said Nan. "I feel just as guilty."

"Like hell you do. You're standing there telling yourself I blamed you and all along it was my fault. Well, what if it was my fault? What's to stop me from putting a match to my own house if that's what I wanted to do?" Aloud, but to herself, she added, "We ought to had the whole house rewired years ago. Luke was right." Then, to Nan, she said, "Would you be willing to chip in to have the whole house rewired?"

"Well, being's you don't charge me

any rent, sure. But why do we put money in this house? Why don't you sell it instead of putting good money in it?"

"And live where?"

Nan shrugged her shoulders. "Depends. An apartment is big enough for just the two of us. Or, if you want to splurge, we could buy a house on Oak Road."

"Oak Road," said Marietta. "Oh, if we could get back Clete's house, wouldn't that be delicious, Nan? Nan, we're rich. The two of us worked hard all our lives. Aren't we entitled to enjoy ourselves with the time we got left?"

"Clete's house has gone up since we sold it. But we might be able to get it back, if we offered that young couple a quick two or three thousand profit. How high would you want to go? They paid twenty-eight thousand. We could offer them thirty."

"I'll go to thirty-five! It's an investment, isn't it?"

"Well—nobody's going to refuse a seven-thousand-dollar profit on a twenty-eight-thousand investment. That comes to a twenty-five-per-cent profit in less than two years. If you want it that much, it's all right with me. But there we get into a legal problem. Who takes title to it? You, or me?"

"I will. I have more money than you have."

"Oh. You want to buy the whole thing yourself?"

"As I think it over, yes. I'm not crowding you out, Nan, but I think I ought to be the one to own the house, and maybe you wouldn't object to paying me a little rent."

"Like for instance, how much?"

"What did you pay at Bess Stauffer's?"

"I paid Bess fifteen a week for my room and breakfast and supper. That's sixty a month, seven-twenty a year. You wouldn't have any trouble getting a mortgage."

"Well, what do you think of the idea?"

"Well, it isn't what I started out thinking about, but maybe it's better for all concerned," said Nan.

"You'll always have a home with me, Nan. You know that," said Marietta.

Lawyer Phillips strongly advised against it, but within two months the purchase had been made and the sisters took up residence in the house their brother had built. "They must be crazy," their friends said. But even Lawyer Phillips was forced to admit that luck was on their side. A woman paid ten thousand dollars for Luke Kelly's old house and immediately converted it into six apartments. "Maybe that's what you should of done," said Nan. "She's going to have between two and three hundred a month from Luke's house."

"I'm satisfied," said Marietta. "I'm not out of pocket, and I own Clete's house. That's the real satisfaction, us living in Clete's house. Wait till Ellen hears that. Us sitting in her chairs. Can you still play the piano, Nan?"

"I guess I could pick it up again if I practiced."

"Have a few lessons. I'll make you a present of them," said Marietta.

"No, I wouldn't take lessons at my age, but I'll practice and see if it comes back to me. I'll buy some music at the five-and-ten."

"You practice your piano, and do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to practice how to drive a car."

"Are you going to buy a car?"

"I am. An Essex coop. I told Jim Denny if I could learn to drive inside of a month, I'd buy one. I start tomorrow. Living out here one of us has to learn to drive a car, and I know you wouldn't care to."

"I might. I'm not as afraid of them as I used to be."

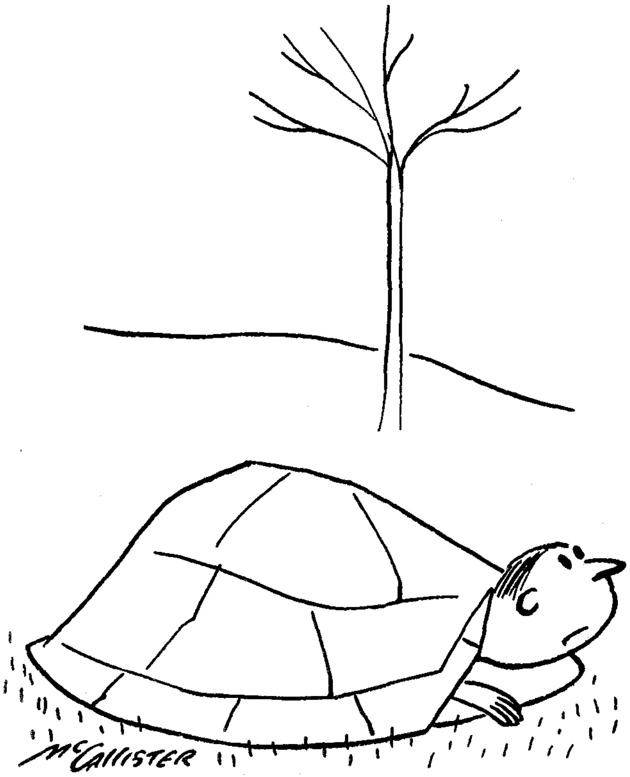
"Then so much the better. When Jim takes me for my lesson, you come along."

"No, you learn and I'll watch you."

"Yes, I can practically drive now, from watching Luke. He wouldn't let me drive, because the Dodge belonged to the store, but he showed me how everything worked. I understand the gearshift is different in an Essex, but the general idea is the same."

"You'll learn in no time," said Nan.

She began to feel deserted already. She would never learn to drive a car, and her eyesight was so bad that if anything happened to her glasses she would not be able to see the radiator cap. No matter what Marietta said to reassure her, Nan Brosnan felt far less at home in Clete's house than she had in Luke's. It was not only the mere act of paying rent in Clete's house—which she had not done while living at Luke's. Nan enjoyed spending money when she had it to spend. But her first mention of a house on Oak Road was a chance remark, not intended to interest Marietta specifically in Clete's house. She had not gone to the house very often while Clete was alive, not nearly as often as Marietta and Luke had been. The married couples had made a pretense of conviviality in the early years of Clete's marriage, partly because it was the right thing to do, and partly because Ellen had bought some, but not all, of her furniture through Luke, which meant a small commission for Luke even at reduced prices. In a sense, every article of furniture in the house meant something to Marietta, either as a chair that had been bought through Luke, or a rug that Ellen had bought at Wanamaker's, and thus an item that contributed to Marietta's hatred of Clete's wife. There was little in the house that Marietta did not, as it were, know personally. In the final two years of Clete's life, when Ellen was supposed to be carrying on with the manager of the hotel, nothing new was added to the house furnishings. But Nan was accustomed to living in surroundings that had been chosen by other women: her mother, Bess Stauffer, Marietta, and now Ellen Brosnan. In what would soon be fifty years she had never bought so much as a footstool for herself, and now that she could afford to furnish a whole house she had neither the inclination nor an established taste to express in purchases of sofas and tables and draperies. For more than thirty years she had been making her neat little figures in ledgers, under lighting conditions that were



not of the best, and now if she took off her glasses a picture on the wall was only a blurred square outline.

“Jim Denny says I'll be driving in a week,” said Marietta, returning from her first lesson.

“Then we can start going to Westmore's again,” said Nan.

“Well, I don't know about that, Nan,” said Marietta. “Do you want to?”

“Don't you?”

“Well, we don't have to, you know. And I don't think it looks right, two women going there every day.”

“We've been doing it, and we weren't the only women there.”

“No, we weren't, but I don't have to tell you who one of the women was.”

“But we never had to sit near her, and she never tried to get friendly or anything.”

“No, and a good thing she didn't. But she was there every day and for a long time we didn't even know who she was. But believe you me, all the men knew. The worst madam in the county.”

“Well, there was old Mrs. Lucas, she went every day.”

“As queer as Dick's hatband,” said Marietta.

“And Sylvia Levy.”

“Yes, but always with her husband. Levy was there most of the time, but she only came up a little while in the morning and just before the market closed. I don't want to start going every day.”

“Why? Since we're living on Oak Road?”

“All right, yes. Since we're living on Oak Road. We're not on a party line here, Nan. If Ralph has anything to tell us, like for instance a margin call, he can get us here almost as quick as if we were there in the board room.”

“We can't be watching the board from here.”

“Well, if you miss it that much, I'll take you down every day, but I won't promise to stay.”

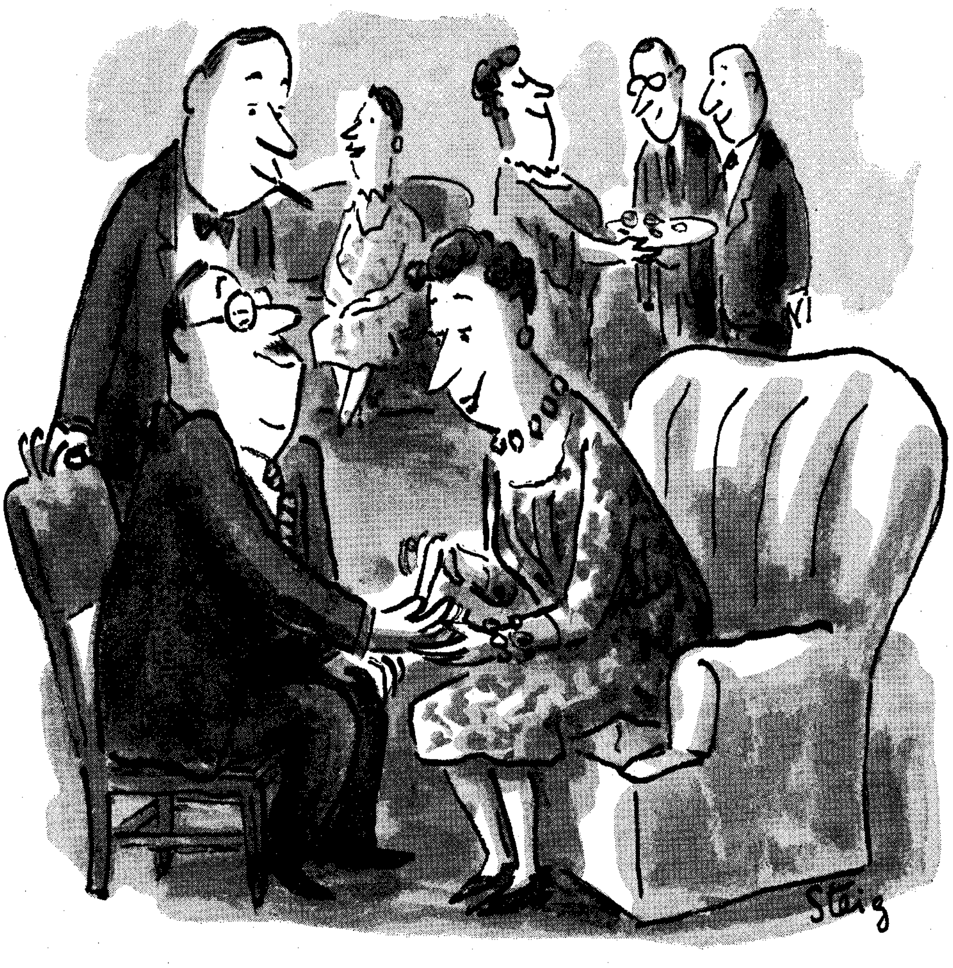
“What are you going to do?”

“I don't know, but one sure thing, I'm not going to spend the whole day sitting in Westmore's office.”

“Why don't you join the country club and learn to play golf?”

“Well, I'll tell you this much, sitting around a board room all day isn't going to get us in any country club.”

“You and I could sit on the *steps* of the country club and they wouldn't ask us in if it rained kangaroos. If that's what you're thinking.”



“There it is. Your biggest love is yet to come.”

“Nan, we don't have to have a fight over this. If you want to go, I'll take you down in my car. And I'll bring you back in the afternoon.”

“I can walk down to Market Street and take the trolley, and I can take the trolley home, thanks just the same.”

So it came about that for a few weeks Nan Brosnan every morning boarded the trolley, spent four or five hours at Westmore and Company's office, and took the trolley home. She went stubbornly, hoping that with the renewal of the habit the zest would return. But without Marietta it was not fun. It was only business. Work. And often there were stretches of hours at a time when nothing happened that was of interest to her financially. The men who once had made casual conversation now no longer chatted with her in that way they had of talking about the market while never taking their eyes off the board. Now they would bid her the time of day, but without Marietta she was left alone. Marietta was not very pretty; the most that could be said for her was that she was vivacious and had good legs. But whatever she had to offer, in the board room it was what had impelled the men to stop for a chat.

On a Friday afternoon, Nan Brosnan made up her mind to discontinue her visits to Westmore and Company. She got off the trolley and walked up the hill to Oak Road. The garage was empty, and she let herself in the front door. She was tired, and some of her weariness was caused by apprehension. Marietta had not stopped being cross with her. Her decision to abandon the trips to Westmore's was a victory for Marietta, but nothing pleased Marietta.

In the living room Nan took off her shoes and started to go to the kitchen, but she made only one step and the rug slipped away. For the briefest moment she had a sense of exhilaration while both feet were in the air, and even at the very moment that her leg was breaking the pain was slower in coming than her understanding of what was happening to her. The pain came fully and strong, and she forced herself to look at her leg, just above the ankle, where the blood was coming. “Mother Mary, Mother of Jesus, let me die,” she said. “Get me out of here.” Her prayer was not answered. —JOHN O'HARA

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Francisco Alfonso Hurtado has been appointed district passenger sales representative of the Grace Line. He will be in charge of sales of lower Manhattan and Staten Island.—*The Times.*

To some unwary Indian?

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE STRAGGLERS

II—OH, WHAT A MISERABLE LIFE THIS IS!

GUAM, the westernmost of all United States territories, is an unusual island, though not so unusual as it was sometimes reputed to be during the Second World War. Then American soldiers diligently spread, and occasionally believed, a rumor that the island consisted of a broad shelf of soil delicately balanced atop a slender underwater pinnacle, and that under the edges of the shelf Japanese submarines skulked in cozy safety. Such fantasies aside, the war brought Guam two bona-fide distinctions. First, the island, though it is only thirty-two miles long and from four to ten miles wide, became the biggest American possession ever to be conquered by the Japanese. Second, though none of its modest expanse of two hundred and nine square miles ever sheltered any subs, its tangled jungle topside did shelter, for sixteen years, until May, 1960, two Japanese soldiers who, as of now, can claim, for whatever it may be worth, to have surrendered last of all the millions of participants in the Second World War. This pair, Masashi Ito and Bunzo Minagawa, are (unless and until, that is, other claimants turn up) the kings of the *zanryūsha*, or stragglers, as this exceedingly hardy species—some of whom never knew the war had ended and some of whom, out of fear of death or torture, hid out anyway—has become known in Japan over the years since V-J Day, during which time surprising numbers of such veterans have returned from far-scattered hideouts on Pacific islands. And inasmuch as Ito held out two days longer than Minagawa, he could, if he wished, proclaim himself the straggliest straggler of them all.

The most southerly of the Mariana Islands, Guam is an isolated spot. It is more than fifteen hundred miles east of Manila and just about the same distance southeast of Tokyo and is the largest land mass in the enormous expanse of ocean between Hawaii and the Philippines. It first came to the attention of the Western world in 1521, when Magellan stopped by. The name its oldest settlers, natives called Chamorros, used for it—and continue to use—was Guahan. The Marianas were claimed by the Spanish, who named them in honor of Maria Anna of Austria, the wife of King Philip IV of Spain, and who established a mission on Guam in 1668. The Chamorros are still much in evidence, and their language is still much heard, but other cultures, imported chiefly from Hawaii and the Philippines, have fused with theirs. The Guamanians, who number forty-one thousand, are merry and hospitable people. They occupy nineteen villages, and each village has at least one bang-up fiesta a year. On festival days, a stranger may walk into any home and be warmly received and regaled. Toward the Japanese, however, Guamanians have been inclined since the war to be a bit less cordial, whatever the day. During the Japanese control of the island, the occupiers habitually addressed the Guamanians by the English word "company," intending it to be construed as something close to "companion." To the occupied, however, the word had intolerable connotations of both superiority and condescension. In Guam these days, to be addressed as "company" is not considered complimentary.

Guam's climate is so mild—the temperature fluctuates in a narrow range between seventy and ninety—that much of the island is covered all year round with dense foliage, capable of affording excellent concealment to anyone who wants to hide in it. Not long ago, it took a search party two days to find a couple of women who, with no intention whatever of hiding, had simply lost their bearings just outside the capital, Agaña, in what the residents sometimes call the boondocks. The island is dotted with caves, some of them big enough to shelter five hundred men at once. There are mosquitoes on Guam, but there is no malaria. Wild fruits and vegetables abound. Deer range the forests, and near the coast shrimp and crab are plentiful. The surrounding waters are so richly stocked that Guamanians like to say you can catch fish with your bare hands if you aren't too tired to bend over. Bounteous as nature has been to Guam, however, Ito and Minagawa were succored no more by the coconuts, breadfruit, papayas, and sweet potatoes that were theirs more or less for the plucking than they were by the prodigality of the American armed forces, which habitually throw away items that would sustain less splendidly endowed outfits in style. Most of the possessions the two Japanese had when they were nabbed had been picked up in an American dump.

GUAM came into American hands at the start of the Spanish-American War, when it was seized by the United States Navy, and the Navy has maintained a tight grip on the place almost ever since. (Visitors to the island are apt to be momentarily surprised when they hear that near Agaña the surf is curbed by something called a Glass Breakwater; it is named, they soon learn, after Captain Henry Glass, U.S.N., commander of the U.S.S. Charleston, which subdued the island on June 20, 1898.) Today, although the Air Force has a strategic-bombing base on Guam, the island is still primarily admirals' country, and the military orders that count

MENU
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"It's Williams! He's running amuck!"

• •

emanate from Nimitz Hill, where the resident admiral has his headquarters. From 1898 on, the Navy's control of Guam was unchallenged—except, of course, by Japan—until, in 1950, Congress made the island a full-fledged territory with its own civilian governor, appointed by the President and responsible to the Secretary of the Interior. The governor has some peculiar prerogatives—no one else on Guam may import fireworks, for instance—but the Navy has the bigger guns, the Navy furnishes the whole island with fresh water, and the Navy, which constructed all of Guam's roads, takes care of a large percentage of them. The Navy's roads are strikingly better than the ones it has turned over to the civilian government, and some of those responsible for the latter resent the Navy's habit of putting up signs at its jurisdictional limits, just before roads turn bumpy, that read, "Navy Maintenance Ends, GovGuam Maintenance Begins."

Over the last dozen years, there has been persistent, if low-pitched, disagreement between the Navy and a good many of the Guamanians about the island's destiny. The first civilian governor expressed the hope that Guam might someday become another Hong Kong, and quite a few local businessmen have been enthusiastically dreaming this free-port dream ever since. Others, however, have observed that if anybody has the resources and stamina to get to Guam, he might as well continue to the real Hong Kong. In any event, the Navy has frowned on all moves to open up the island, which it has tended to look upon as a ship—and, what's more, a ship that was not to be overcrowded except during emergencies, at which time it could be converted into a troopship. Until a few months ago, when long-standing Navy restrictions were lifted, it was impossible for anyone, of whatever nationality, to set foot on Guam without special Navy sanction, and the Navy did not customarily sanction tourists. The airlines serving Guam had—and still have—no landing facilities other than the Naval Air Base, and the penalty for debarking a passenger without a Navy clearance was a thousand-dollar fine. (The only hotel, with the exception of a motel that recently sprang up, is a ramshackle quonset-hut establishment, and its patrons are all too noisily reminded who runs the show; the establishment lies directly beneath the normal flight path of planes leaving the Navy airfield, a few hundred yards away.) It was the firm intention of the Navy to keep everybody off the island who had no business on it. By being strict about who got in, the Navy felt it could be somewhat more relaxed than it might otherwise be in its vigilance over those present. Local Navy regulations for a time forbade travellers who passed through Guam to take any photographs on, or even within sight of, the island. But aboard the palm-fringed ship of Guam, the rule was not severely enforced. Not long ago, an American salesman who passes through regularly to traffic with Navy Exchange buyers was riding along the crest of Nimitz Hill with a highly placed naval officer. They drove by two men in civilian clothes who were fiddling with a tripod, on which perched a camera focussed on the harbor of Agaña. "Be sure to mark your films 'Confidential'!" the officer called out gaily as he wheeled past them. His companion muttered something to the effect that he guessed the photographic pair must be fellow-officers in mufti. "Never saw them before in my life," said the Navy man, continuing serenely down the hill.

Some thirty thousand service personnel are stationed on Guam today, but only four hundred were there on December 10, 1941, and these could merely offer token resistance to the five thousand Japanese who swept ashore that day. A few Navy men chose to flee into the jungle rather than surrender, and one of them, a communications

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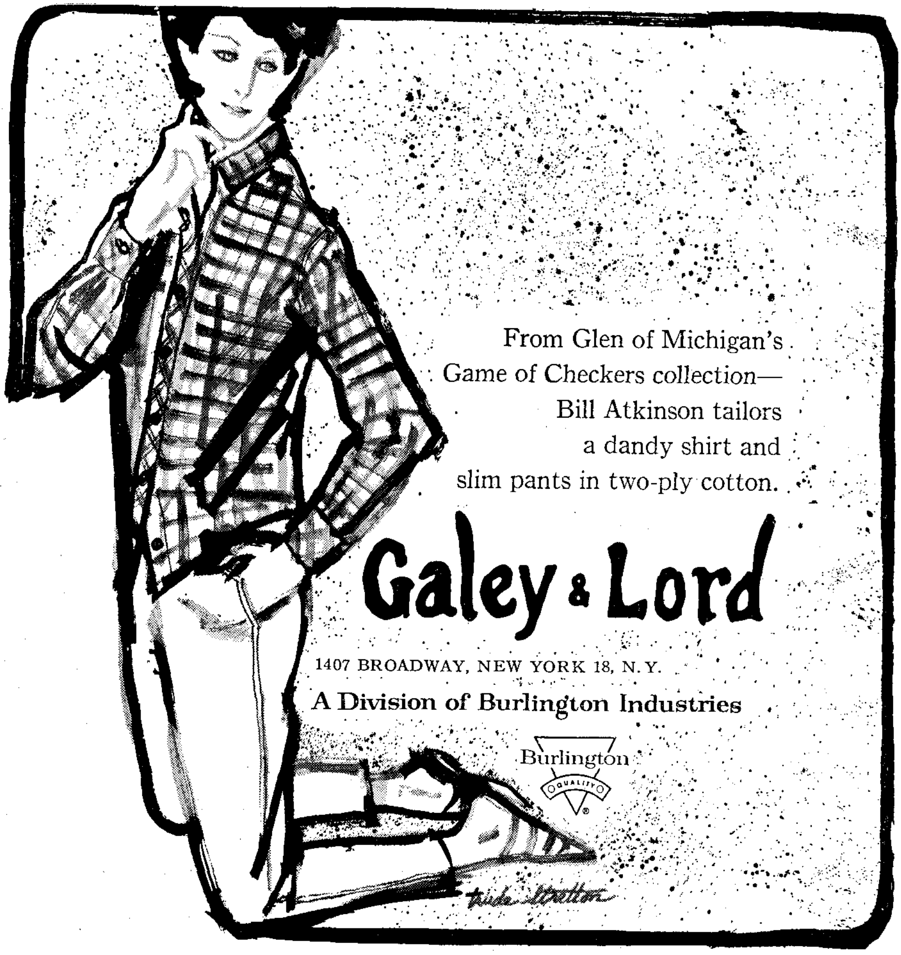

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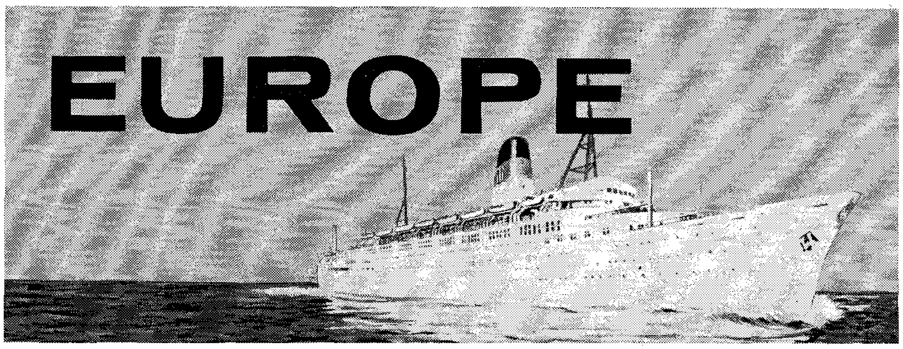

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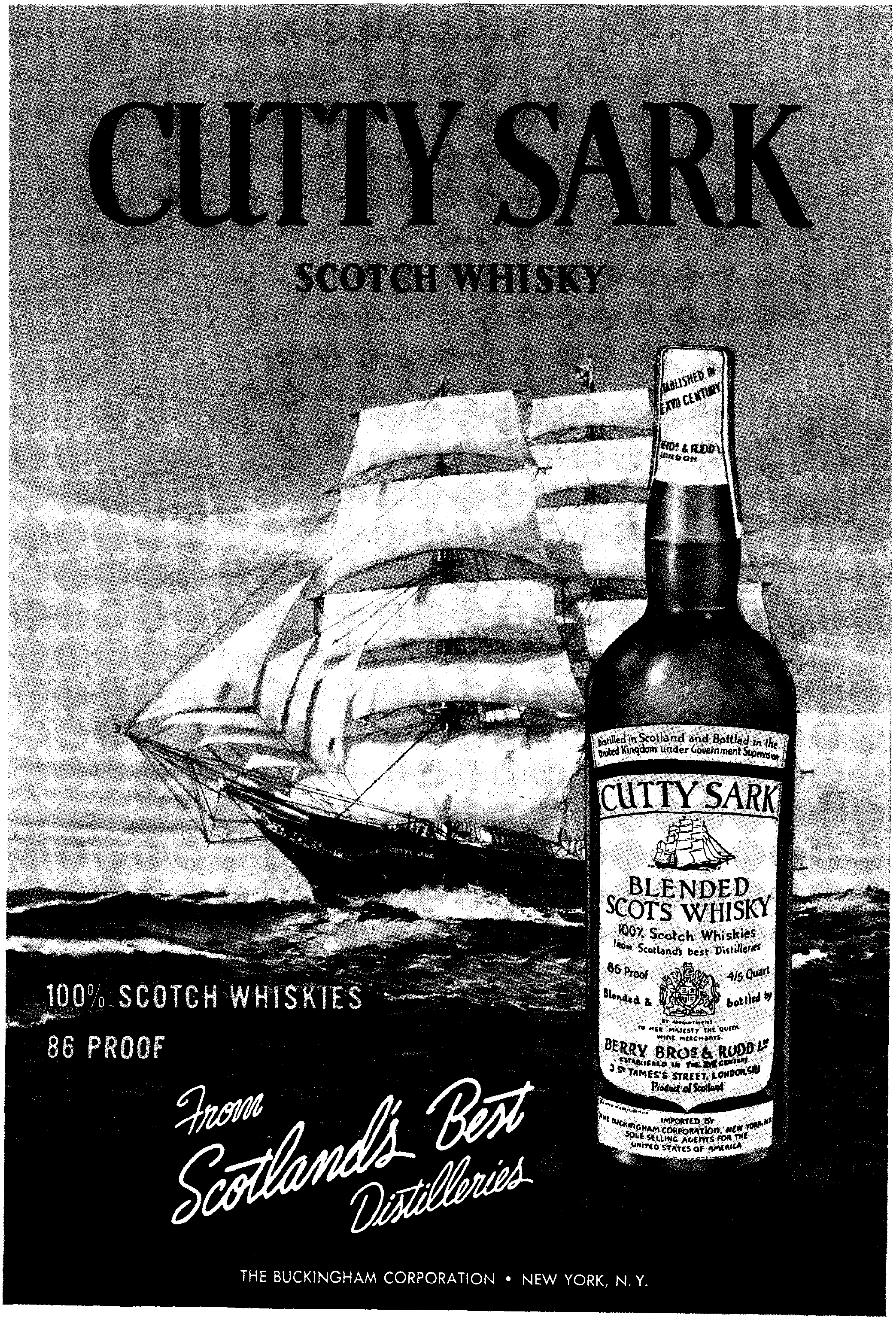
man named George R. Tweed, managed to stay under cover for two and a half years, until the Japanese on Guam had been crushed. He emerged to be hailed as a hero; the Secretary of the Navy personally pinned a medal on him, and his as-told-to memoirs were swiftly published under the title of "Robinson Crusoe, U.S.N." But though Tweed was the first straggler on Guam, and the only American one—aside from some Americans in the Philippines who joined the guerrillas there, he may have been the only one anywhere—his glitter did not long remain untarnished. Quite a few Guamanians had been tortured or killed by the Japanese for helping him, and among those killed was a priest, who, according to Tweed's book, had incurred his fate in part by blabbing confidences told to him in the confessional. Guam is ninety-eight per cent Catholic, and Tweed's accusation against the priest caused a good deal of indignation. So did the revelations of some of the indigenes who had befriended him, and who complained that his demands on them and his casual behavior when he should have been over-cautious to avoid exposure and protect his protectors were unworthy of a hero. All things considered, Guam now wishes that it had never heard of this particular Crusoe.

It became evident to the Japanese early in 1944 that the United States planned to retake Guam, and they decided to make a fight for the base. They had, since 1941, reduced their garrison to a size almost as small as that of the force they had displaced, but in the first six months of 1944 they moved twenty thousand combat troops onto the island. Twenty thousand was not enough. The American 3rd Marine Division landed on July 21st, which Guamanians have gratefully celebrated ever since as Liberation Day, and on August 10th Guam was pronounced once more secure for the United States.

As the Japanese units on the island began to fall apart, some of their surviving members, in strict adherence to their Bushido code, committed hara-kiri, and others took off into the boondocks. Injuries, illness, and hunger steadily reduced the numbers of these fugitives, but enough of them remained alive to constitute a nuisance—indeed, since many were armed, a menace. In November of 1944, a small, mobile, jungle-wise posse called the Guam Combat Patrol was organized. Its mission was simple: Get the stragglers, dead or alive. The patrol enjoyed no formal military status, but it was outfitted with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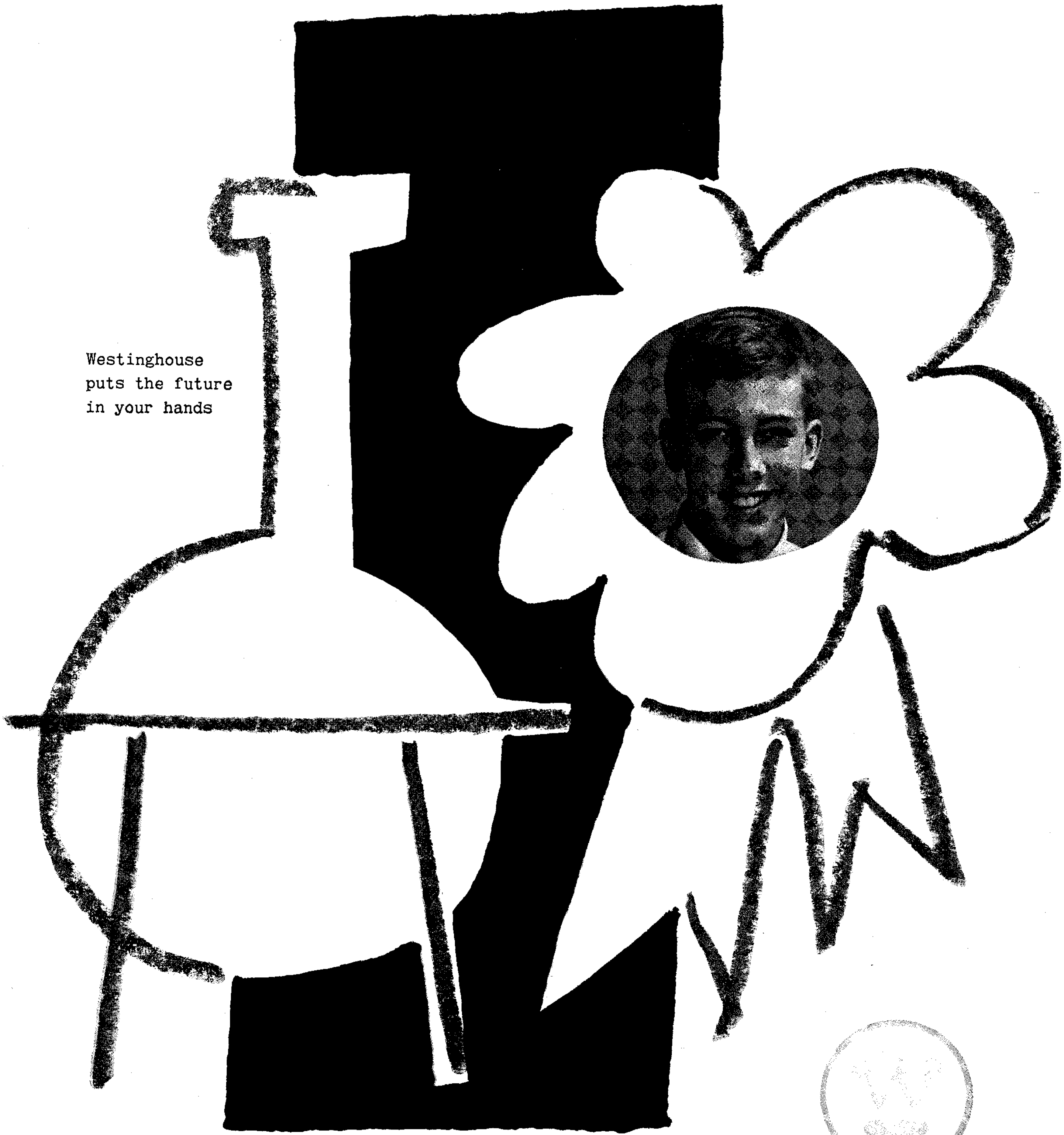

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American Army uniforms and armed with submachine guns, automatic rifles, carbines, pistols, and hand grenades. Composed of fifteen Guamanians, led by a staff sergeant of the Guam police named Juan Aguon, who is now a lieutenant, the patrol roamed the wilds almost every day for a year and a half; at the end of that time Police Headquarters, deciding that unhidden friendly servicemen were beginning to pose more of a threat to law and order than hidden alien ex-servicemen, converted it into a riot squad.

Acting on tips from farmers whose crops or livestock had been pilfered, or who had seen traces of human habitation in areas not normally populated, the patrol tracked down Japanese the length and breadth of Guam. It caught some picking coconuts, others washing clothes, still others playing cards. For the most part, it went in unannounced, with guns blazing, and in all its sorties it bagged only five live Japanese. It killed a hundred and seventeen stragglers, and, in addition, was credited with twenty probables. The patrol itself suffered only two fatalities: one member died of injuries suffered from a fall into a ravine, and another was shot by a Japanese. That happened on the only occasion that Aguon's men invited some surrounded stragglers to give up peaceably. (Once, a wounded Japanese begged the patrol to shoot him again and put him out of his misery; Aguon's subsequent written report noted tersely, "His request was granted.")

DESPITE the thoroughness of the Combat Patrol—all of its members were ultimately decorated by the United States—nobody on Guam doubted that some Japanese must have escaped Aguon's mopup. During the next few years, the existence of such strays was periodically made manifest. In April, 1948, a Japanese, who, unlike most of his straggling compatriots, either on Guam or elsewhere, had finally concluded that the war was over and he could safely surrender, stepped out onto a road and waved an old copy of an American magazine at two American military policemen cruising in a jeep. When the M.P.s halted, the Japanese bowed deeply, showed them a photograph in the magazine of the Emperor Hirohito being escorted around Tokyo by American M.P.s, and climbed aboard their vehicle.

Eleven months later, some Guamanian hunters espied two Japanese near Yigo, an inland village in the northeastern part of the island. The hunters

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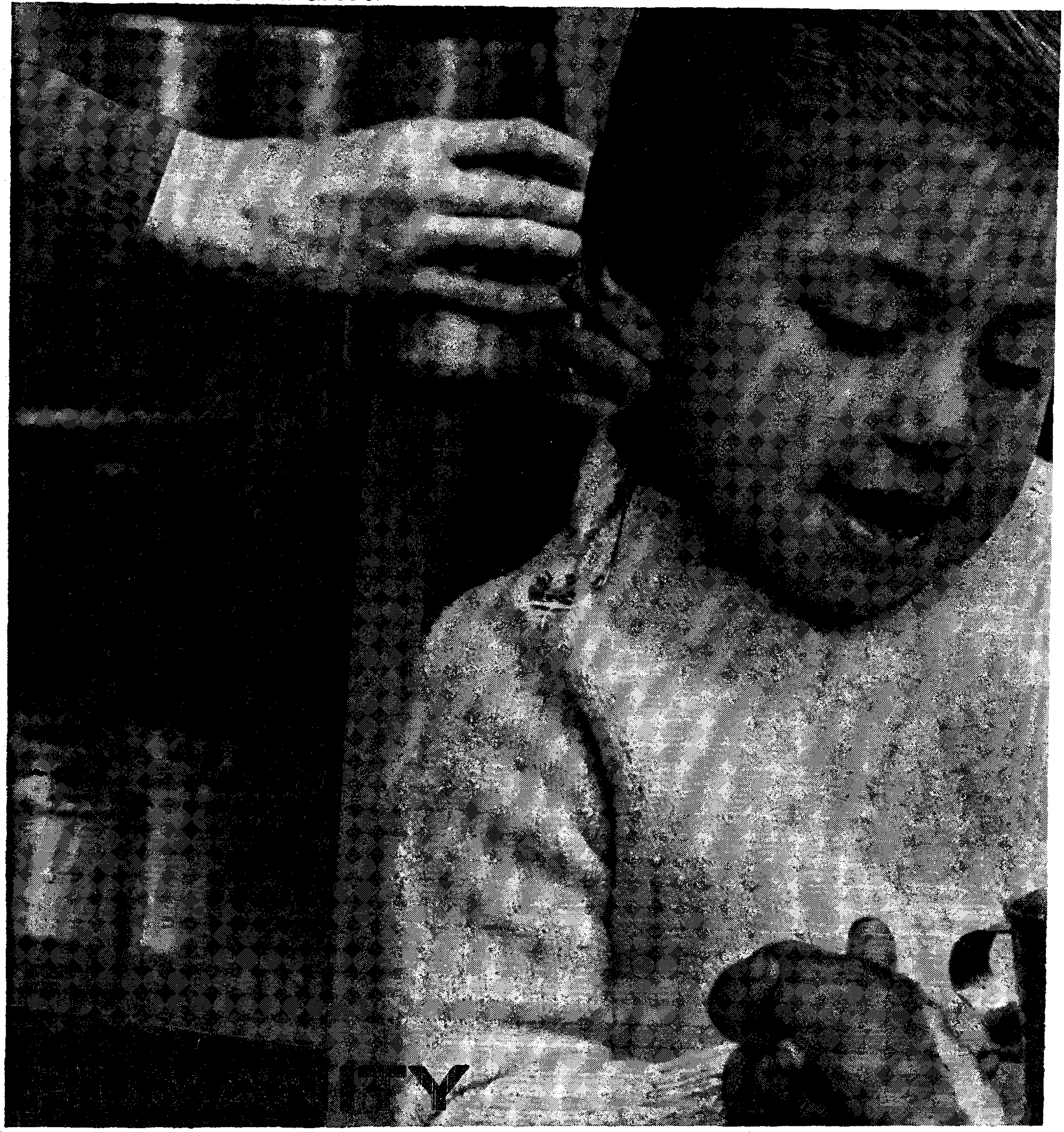

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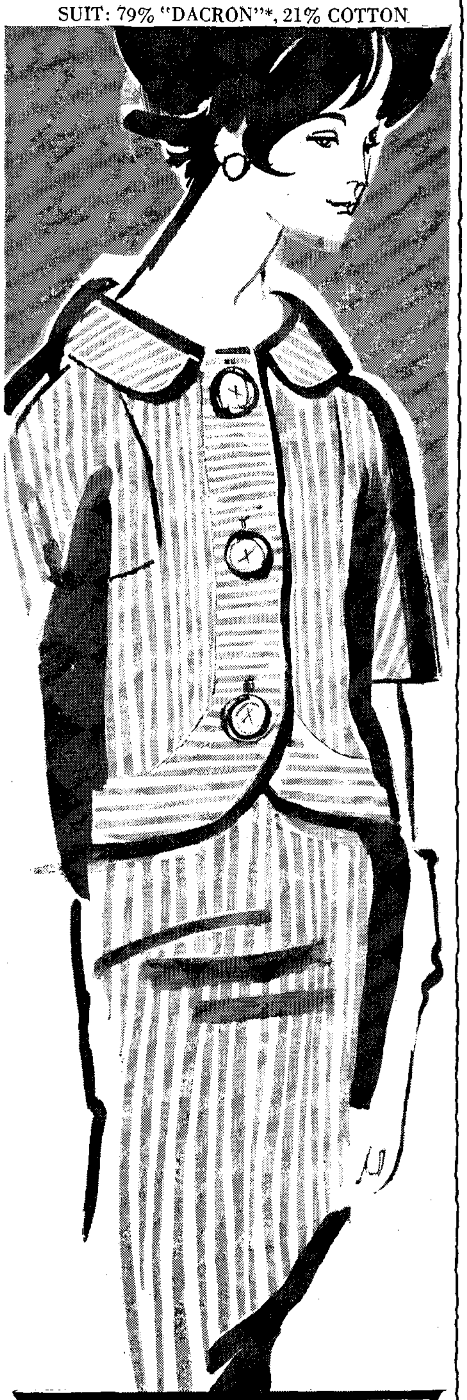

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killed one straggler; the other got away. A year after that, some American soldiers briefly broke out of a military-police stockade, and on being taken back into custody, they reported that near Tumon Bay, on the northwest coast, they'd seen six Japanese. Being on the lam themselves, they had made no effort to detain the stragglers. In December, 1950, two Guamanian young men were brutally murdered outside Talofofo, a southeastern village. There was no evidence that Japanese had done the wicked deed, but the word went out that stragglers were responsible, and patrols were dispatched to see if any could be found. None were. By that time, the war had been over for five years, and it was becoming hard to tell a straggler from a phantom. At a Navy ammunition magazine outside Agaña, the old hands regularly teased recruits by adjuring them not to be unduly rattled if, when they were on sentry duty, a Japanese straggler should slip up behind them at two or three o'clock in the morning and scream into their ears. You could never for the life of you hear the little devil approach, the old-timers would say, and by the time you were sufficiently recovered from the sound of his horrible, homesick screech to swing around, he'd have vanished into the underbrush. As a result of this warning, a jittery recruit would now and then spin through a starless night like a dervish.

The straggler situation on Guam remained unchanged until September 25, 1951. Early that morning, two Guamanian fishermen walking along the beach at Anao Point, a couple of miles from the Andersen Air Force Base, in the northern part of the island, came upon four stragglers asleep on the sand. Aroused, three of them fled, but the fishermen hauled in the fourth. He was Taira Koshin, a thirty-eight-year-old native of Okinawa who had come to Guam eight years before as a civilian employee of a Japanese Navy weather outfit. His beliefs marked him as a singular straggler. He was convinced that the Japanese had lost the war, yet he had not given up hope of being rescued; the Germans were still in contention, he was sure, and sooner or later *they* would save him.

The morning after Koshin's apprehension, the United States Navy and the Guam police mustered a hundred-man force to try and round up his mates. One group of searchers took the Okinawan aboard a self-propelled barge and chugged up toward Anao Point, where Koshin announced in Japanese over a loudspeaker that anyone who

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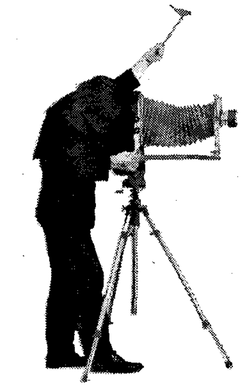

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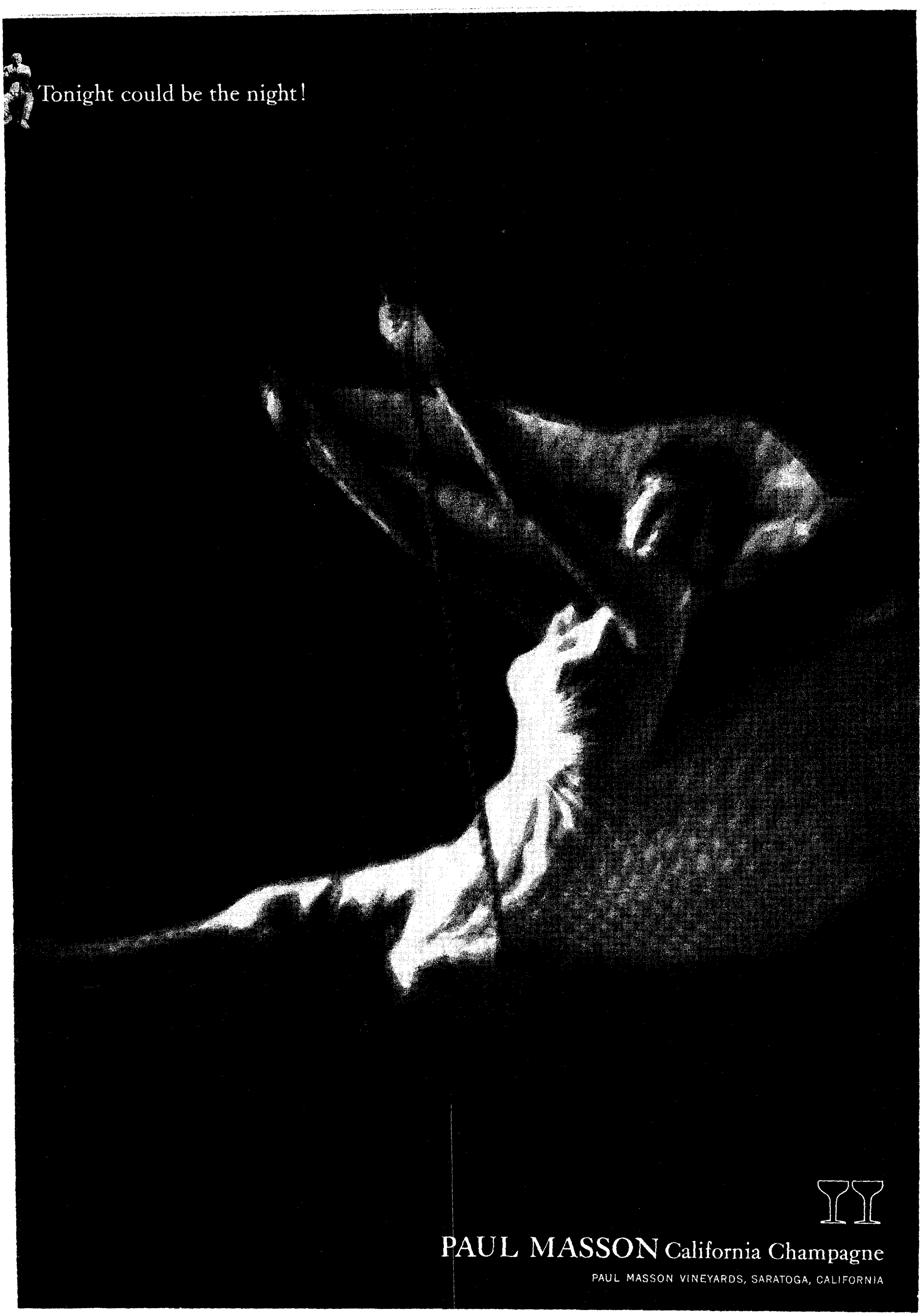
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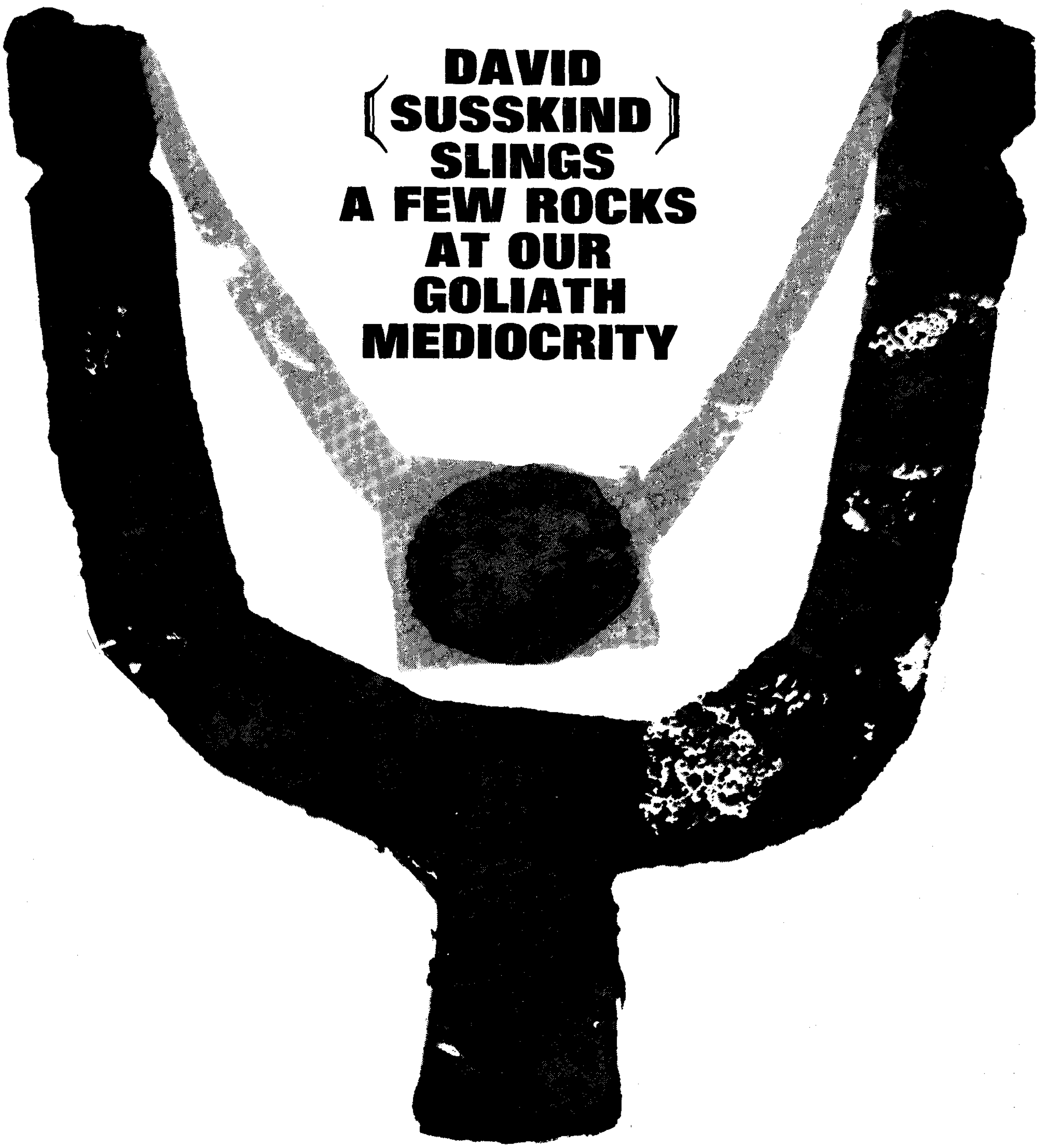
happened to hear him would be surprised to learn, as he had learned in the last twenty-four hours, that the war was over on all fronts, and that Japan and the United States were friends. Then Koshin, accompanied by a Naval Intelligence agent and a Guamanian police detective who understood Japanese, rowed ashore in a rubber boat. He led the party up a two-hundred-foot cliff to a well-concealed cave, inside which were four stragglers. Koshin approached the entrance alone, told the men within that the Emperor was alive and well, and advised them to surrender. One of them asked if they should come out armed. (It later developed that they had three bayonets, two razor-sharp G.I. kitchen knives, and a pair of chopsticks.) The detective shouted his assurance that they wouldn't be harmed and, abandoning their weapons, they emerged. One of them, Kōshu Yanagi, was a thirty-four-year-old Korean civilian who had been a construction worker for the Japanese; he was clad in a loincloth. The three others, all Japanese, were in ragged American Army uniforms. They were Saburo Akamine, forty-one; Yoshiro Takahashi, thirty-one; and Kihachiro Funaba, thirty. Takahashi had been a radio operator, and Akamine and Funaba airplane mechanics. Before climbing into the rubber boat to ride out to the waiting barge, all four meticulously bathed themselves in the ocean.

The five men told the authorities that they had stayed deep in the jungle from 1944 to 1948, and then had moved to the coast and the caves that pock the seaside cliffs. It was their practice to remain under cover all day and venture forth after dark to gather food, and do calisthenics on the sand. (The night before Koshin was nabbed, they had exercised so strenuously that four of them had decided to take a snooze, and they had overslept.) They had been chased so often by the Guam Combat Patrol and other armed bands that they had become almost obsessively cautious. They always moved in single file. The man in the lead never took a step without first scrutinizing the ground ahead; the last man obliterated their tracks. They tried never to break a twig in an unnatural fashion, or trample down a patch of grass, or displace a stone. They never followed the same route twice. When they picked fruit, they never stripped a tree bare, lest this pique someone's curiosity. During their travels, they conversed in whispers. If any of them happened to mislay a conceivably telltale implement, all five of them always hunted for it until they

America's would-be giants are really mental midgets. That's the considered opinion of iconoclast David Susskind, who zeroes in on America's burgeoning mediocrity in this week's Post: "We are living in the Millennium of the Mental Midget. The mediocrities have taken over almost every phase of American life." Taking deadly aim at what he considers barely moving targets, Mr. Susskind fires away at newspapers, TV, magazines, organized religion, theatre ("a collection of lusterless musicals for people who can't think"), literature, education, Congressmen, ("septuagenarian parliamentarians . . . unaware that the world is on fire"). Mr. Susskind puts it all in writing . . . *in the Post.* The magazine edited for people of mental stature. Informed and therefore persuasive. Influentials. And an ideal audience for advertisers. *When important people have something to say, they say it in* The Saturday Evening Post

A Curtis Magazine



found it. Whenever they cooked, they buried their ashes or scattered them in the sea.

On the beach, one memorable moonlit night in August, 1949, the five stragglers had dimly perceived four men approaching them. As the quartet warily drew near, the five tense men could discern that although the newcomers had on American uniforms, they were quite short, and were wearing sandals. A moment later, it was apparent that they were Japanese. There were fervent embraces; it was the first time the members of either group had seen any fellow-countrymen for four harrowing years. The nine held an impromptu feast, and resolved to band together. But in unity there proved to be little strength. The seacoast men were astonished at the life that their brethren, who were making a foray from the interior, confessed to having led. The four were jungle drifters, it seemed—constantly aprowl, and, what was worse, terribly careless. The coastal quintet had, in fact, often come upon oddly damaged coconut trees, and had wondered who had ripped the bark off them. Now it developed that it had been their jungle-dwelling compatriots. Regardless of the differing attitudes of the two groups, it soon became apparent to all that nine men could not hope to live together and avoid detection. So they decided to split up again, and to reconvene once every summer. Funaba went off to spend a month with the jungle contingent and find out all the areas they frequented, so that in the future he could serve as liaison man.

When the five seacoast stragglers were apprehended in that September of 1951, three of the four men in the jungle group were still alive. What happened to the fourth is uncertain. At any rate, the surviving trio had by then moved to the coast, too—to a cave at Pati Point, at the eastern end of Guam and about three miles from Anao Point. The three men had heard Koshin broadcast from the barge, and one of them, a thirty-one-year-old Hokkaido man named Keiichi Kindachi, who had been a civilian cook for a meteorological unit during the war, was sufficiently impressed to come out into the open and seek the source of the bewildering news that the war had ended. He walked the beach in vain that day, so the next day he tried a different tack. At seven o'clock in the morning, the Filipino driver of a military bus taking Air Force employees to work was flabbergasted to come upon a Japanese, naked except for a loincloth, standing in

chalk-stripes: a Stein Bloch

change in Dressing-Up to Go-Out

Wives know it was about time, husbands seem to have more fun. This change: The Highly Individual Stripe, our Broadtown tropical, navy or black chalk-striped in henna. Neat trick, the way this summer suit manages to look very new without being far-out. Hand-tailored, $95.

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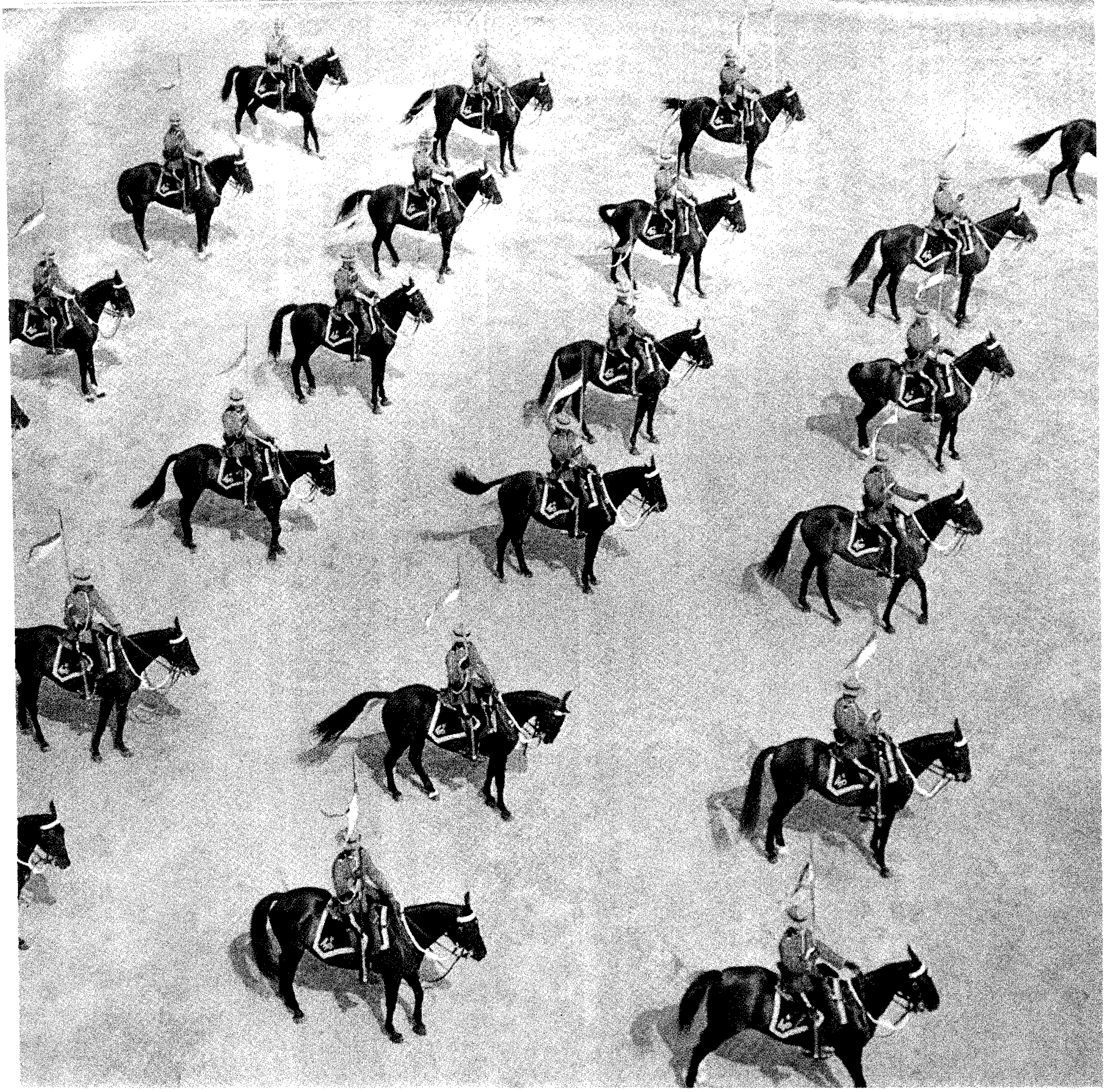

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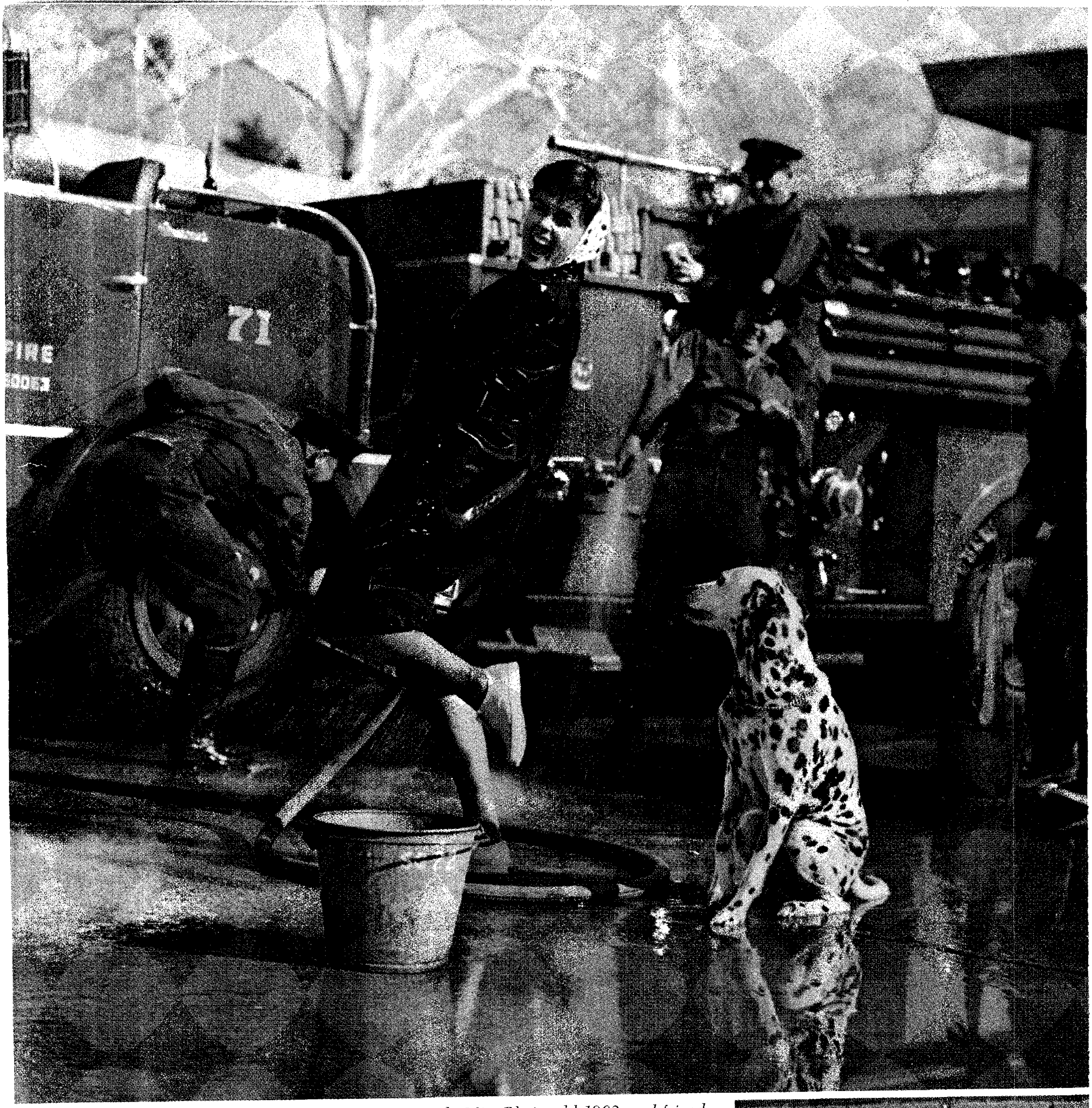

Firehouse helpers: pretty Kathy Kersh, Miss Rheingold 1962, and friend.

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It's beer as beer should taste—Dry tells you why!

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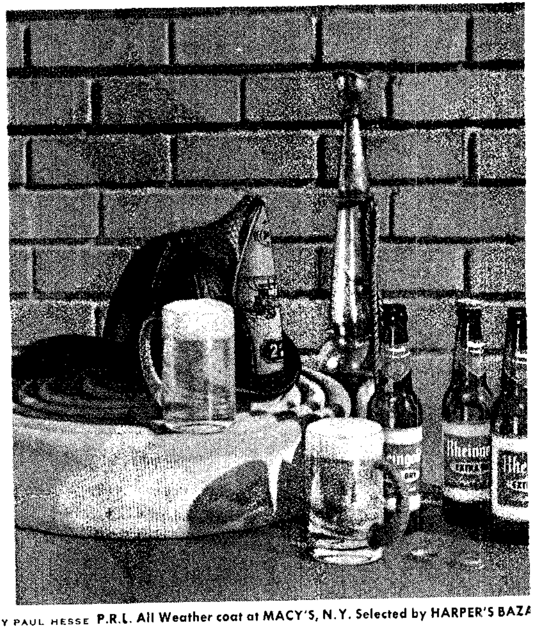

COPR. 1962. LIEBMANN BREWERIES, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y., ORANGE, N. J. • BREWERS FOR 125 YEARS. ESTABLISHED 1837 · PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL HESSE P.R.L. All Weather coat at MACY'S, N.Y. Selected by HARPER'S BAZA the middle of the road, his arms upraised. It was Kindachi. He had been away from civilization so long that he may have thought the bus was a house, for before he would get aboard he ceremoniously removed his sandals. The bus driver, ignoring the stops on his route, high-tailed it for the nearest Provost Marshal's office. The following day, after Kindachi had been interrogated, another search got under way. Kindachi led a party to his cliff dwelling. Nobody was home, but he left a reassuring note for his friends—Kosaku Kitamura and Hazuo Hoshi. On finding Kindachi's note, the pair walked toward a rendezvous he had specified, and shortly before noon on September 28th a sentry at the Andersen base spotted them. Both men had dressed themselves for the occasion in white mess jackets, which they had presumably swiped from an unsecured Navy wash.

The apprehension of these eight men—who, after some cursory police interrogation about the 1950 murders, were packed off to Japan—represented the biggest week's haul of live Guam stragglers since the end of the war, and it spurred renewed activity all over the island. Patrols combed Guam throughout 1952, egged on by a report that two sailors idling on a cliff at Orote, on the western shore, had seen a fierce-looking Japanese brandishing a carbine, and by another report that some civilian picnickers on a beach at Talofofo, on the other side of the island, had seen a harmless-looking Japanese fishing in a cove. No stragglers were found.

Early in 1953, the Japanese government was allowed to send a party to Guam to collect the bones of its troops who had died there and take them home for burial. These emissaries heard so much talk on the island about stragglers who were still theoretically at large there that, after their return to Japan, they suggested that somebody do something more about getting the expatriates home. So presently the Japanese government shipped a batch of leaflets to Guam, with the request that they be strewn around at spots where cave dwellers or cliff scalers might find them. These were addressed to "the Japanese stragglers on Guam" and were signed by a former lieutenant colonel, Touru Itagaki, who, as head of the Repatriation Section of the Repatriation Aid Bureau of the Ministry of Health and Welfare, was then, and still is, the Japanese individual most intimately concerned with stragglers. Itagaki's communication told how the

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Verdi
AÏDA
PRICE
VICKERS
GORR
MERRILL
TOZZI
SOLTI
conducting

LEONTYNE PRICE IS AIDA

Rome: a summer afternoon. Strangely, there is great activity at the Opera House. Microphones hang everywhere. The RCA Victor engineers and crew run final tests on equipment. Metropolitan stars Leontyne Price, Jon Vickers, Robert Merrill and Giorgio Tozzi arrive. Rita Gorr, the Belgian mezzo-soprano joins them. Two weeks have already been spent rehearsing, recording, polishing, re-recording the opera, Aïda.

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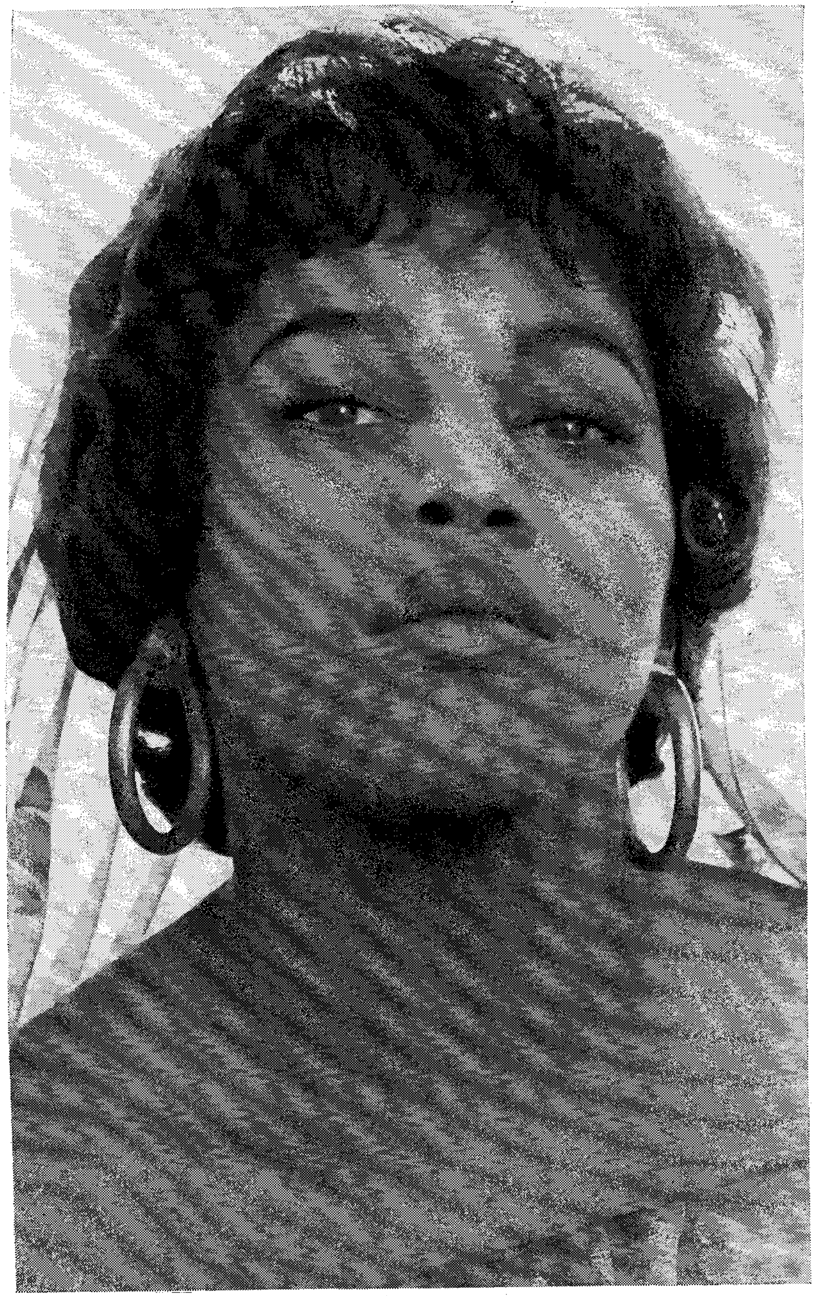

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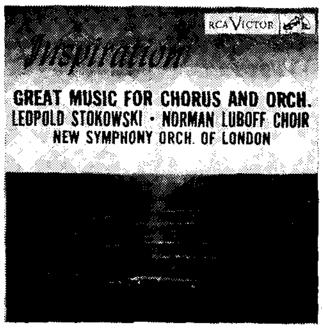
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war had ended and how other stragglers had been rescued, and went on:

> This long dark age of yours is coming to an end. Happiness and joy lie ahead of you.... This is not a trick, or a dream. It is true and real.... Here is an example. Eight men who were in Guam, just as you are now, surrendered in September, 1951, to the U.S. armed forces there. After being well treated there, all of them came home here, in high spirits, and have been enjoying life in their own country with their families. If you cannot believe this, please write a letter. You can use the envelope and paper we are enclosing. We promise to deliver your letter to your family, get an answer, and bring it back to this same spot.

Soon after these words of cheer were disseminated, a jungle patrol on Guam came upon a piece of deerhorn carved into a *hanko*—the personal seal used by most Japanese in lieu of a signature. Three more deerhorn seals were found nearby. The names on the four seals were Akachi, Ito, Kobayashi, and Yorita. This intelligence was transmitted to Tokyo, and the Repatriation Section at once began to check the names against available government records of soldiers who had been on Guam and were unaccounted for. Itagaki came up with two Akachis, two Itos, four Kobayashis, and three Yoritas. The families of all eleven men were asked to compose messages to their missing kin. These were printed up and, that August, were placed in eight spots on Guam. The father of Masashi Ito wrote from his village of Shimobe:

> The rainy season has gone now. The weather is getting real hot, and we are really busy on the farm. The other day, an official in the town office came and told us that several men of the Kofu Regiment might still be alive, and he also said a man named Ito is among them. I want you to be Masashi, and to come out right away. That is why I am writing this letter. I am writing this in a great hurry. You are the only one in this village who didn't come back. Your mother never stops talking about you. Your grandmother died the year before last, from worrying about you. Kimiko [Ito's sister] is waiting for you, still unmarried. Everything is better after the war. Mr. Kazushi Akaji bought a small truck and is driving around in it. You come back. All you have to do is walk out of the jungle with a white flag, I hear. They won't kill you, or put you in jail, they say. Come back as soon as possible. I'll be waiting.

Masashi Ito never saw that letter. Nor did he see complementary messages, signed "Japanese Government," that implored him to look for and read his personal mail. "Maybe you cannot make up your mind, worrying about things out in the jungle," one of these missives said. "There's no danger. We promise you. There are no armed forces

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now in Japan, and, of course, no military penal code. You'll never be put on trial. Come on out as soon as possible. In a month, you'll be spending wonderful days with your family and friends at your home, surrounded by the good old mountains and rivers. Stop worrying and make up your mind."

Back in April, Ito had seen the Repatriation Section's first letter, and he had then made up his mind—almost. Using the pencil and paper his government had furnished, he wrote a note soliciting further contact. Just in case somebody was pulling a fast one, though, he circumspectly signed his note "Bunya Aihara"—the name of one of his closest friends, who had enlisted with him at Kofu eleven years earlier, had sailed with him to Guam, and had been fatally injured in an air raid a week before the island was retaken by the Americans. But the two men then in hiding with Ito, Bunzo Minagawa and Tetsuo Unno, were even more suspicious than he was. Some current Tokyo newspapers had been distributed on Guam along with the letters to the stragglers, and in one of them the three men had read that the price of bean cake was ten yen a serving. The news columns of the papers seemed plausible enough, but ten yen for bean cake was ludicrous. A private soldier's monthly pay was twenty yen, or had been the last time they'd had anything to do with money. The men on Guam did not know, of course, to what extent postwar inflation had hit Japan. Minagawa and Unno were convinced that any newspaper that cited so preposterous a price for bean cake must be a phony. Moreover, they told Ito, this whole business of claiming that the war was over and suggesting an exchange of letters was probably a ruse to get them to disclose their whereabouts. Ito was swayed by the majority view, and tore up his reply. He never laid eyes on another invitation to get in touch with anybody. He and Minagawa were to hold out for seven more years in the jungle, and during that time his waiting father died. So did Unno.

ENCOURAGED by the discovery of the seals (all of them had been whittled by Ito, who came from a region of *hanko*-makers, whose lifelong hobby had been carving, and who had placed on the three seals other than his own the surnames of old acquaintances), the Japanese government was eager to send a search party to Guam. The American Navy opposed the scheme; as far as it was concerned, there were already too many aliens without

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security clearances wandering around its precincts. Navy and GovGuam officials agreed, however, to undertake a new search of their own, and Itagaki's office in Tokyo furnished them with additional hortatory literature. In late November, 1953, something that the Navy felt it had to christen Operation Straggler was launched. Packages were left in caves, posters were nailed to trees, and a Navy plane dropped fifteen thousand leaflets. The searchers concentrated on southern Guam; village officials in that area were asked to insure safe conduct for any Japanese who heeded the call, while parish priests preached sermons counselling restraint and charity toward the ex-enemy. Operation Straggler was a fizzle. One patrol found a human skull, a second found what seemed to be a lookout platform in a coconut tree, and a third found a snail so recently squashed by someone's foot that it was still alive. And that was all.

Nearly four years passed before Guam once more got stirred up about stragglers. On September 14, 1957, some off-duty Marines, hiking in the vicinity of the Navy ammunition magazine, came upon a camp site, complete with cooking gear and hand tools. They reported their discovery to Naval Intelligence, and Intelligence, alarmed at the notion that anyone had been nosing around the edges of the island's principal cache of ammunition, at once whipped up an intensive investigation. Now *on*-duty Marines patrolled the region. They found the ashes of a fire; a pile of breadfruit, shrimp, and coconuts; some sleeping pads made of logs and palm fronds; a pair of *tabi*, or Japanese slit-toed socks; and, hanging from a tree limb, some chopsticks and a toothbrush, the latter bearing a Japanese Navy emblem. On a riverbank they found a hat. In a cave they found four hack-saw blades, three files, a saw, two pot holders, three rounds of rifle ammunition, a pestle, a jar of oil, some cooking pots, and two pieces of wood tied together with wire. This last object Naval Intelligence nervously decided was a garrote. The searchers also found a small, crude two-wheeled wooden cart, which Intelligence even more nervously deduced could have been used to trundle a fifty-gallon drum of gasoline. (Ito had fashioned the cart, but not to haul anything explosive. He merely wanted to be able to transport some gear he'd otherwise have had to tote on his back to a new camp site. Both he and Minagawa were weary and backsore; Minagawa has since described his stooped and straggling self at the

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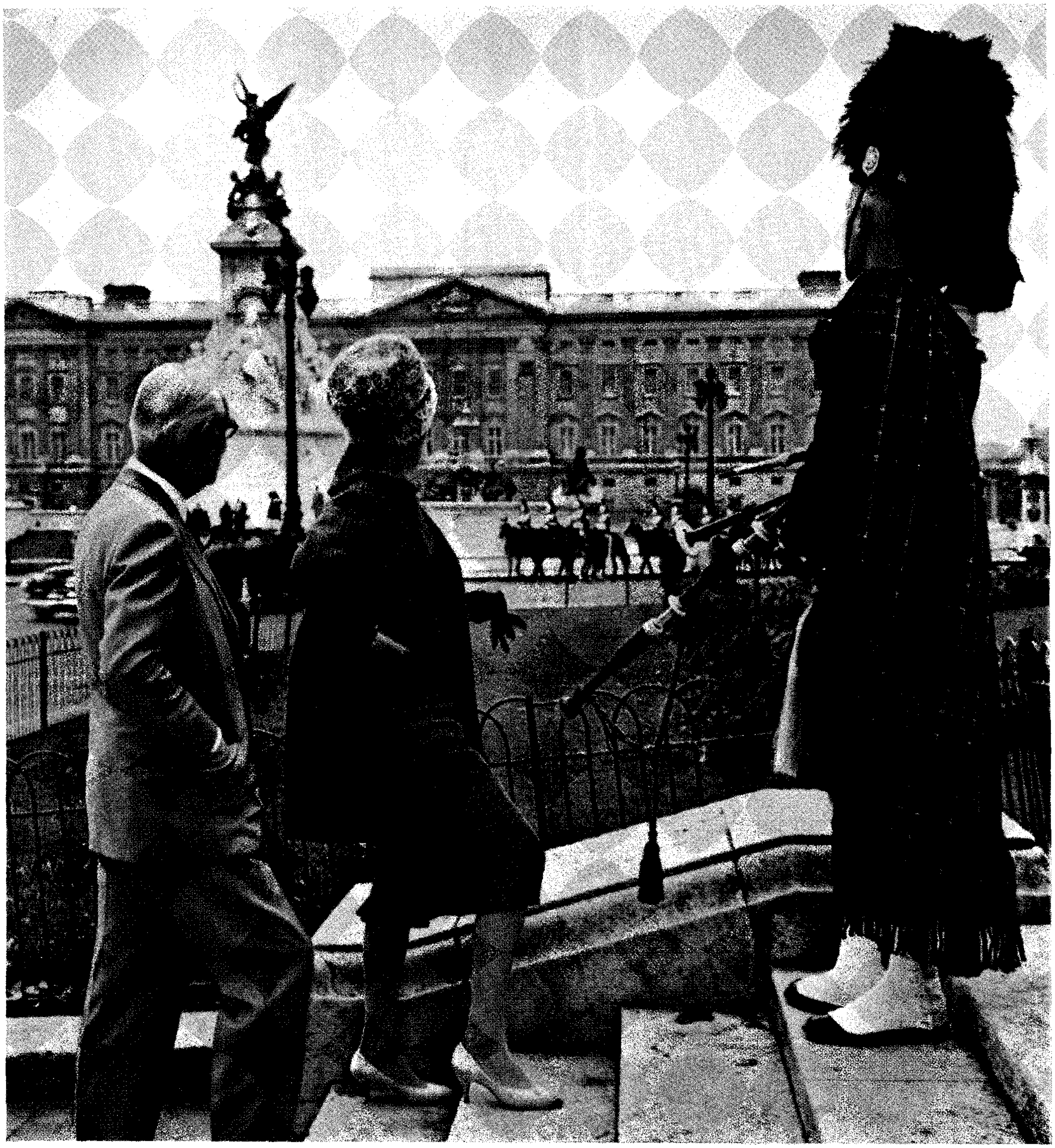
time as "a snail with a beard." Ito had not quite finished his cart, and was put out, on returning to the place where he'd left it, to find that someone had stolen it.)

In another cave, the Marines found a glass bottle etched with an encircled Japanese character, which, a local Japanese scholar surmised, stood for "Ito." (Ito had used the bottle to store salt in.) The Navy concluded that all this stuff belonged either to stragglers or to espionage agents. Exploring the latter possibility, the Navy determined to ascertain what spies could have seen; it sent photographers to the summits of the hills closest to the caves, had them take pictures of the ammunition depot, and glumly studied the results, which were quite revealing. However, when the Guam *Daily News* got wind of all this bustling in the boondocks and asked the Navy what was going on, the Navy replied merely that it seemed to have uncovered a poachers' lair.

A few months after the Marines had gathered in all their booty, a woman playing out of the rough at the Windward Hills Golf and Country Club, a couple of miles east of the Navy magazine and eight miles from Agaña, was distracted in the midst of a backswing by a brief but clear glimpse of a scrawny, raggedly dressed, long-haired person, who darted away. She flubbed the shot. Later, to excuse her poor score on that particular hole, she told her partner that some exasperating native woman had startled her, but then she bemusedly recalled that her distracter had had a beard. The Navy, to which the incident was duly reported, did nothing this time—conceivably, it has been suggested, because by then the Navy had concluded it did not want to find any more stragglers. If it had found one, it would have had to send him to Japan, and what properly security-conscious headquarters staff would wish to turn loose an unscreened individual who had spent a dozen years acquiring a possibly inch-by-inch knowledge of a restricted area? Better to leave him out there—so the thinking may have run—and let him rot.

On May 21, 1960, exactly fifteen years and ten months after the liberation of Guam, Vicente Manibusan and Clemente Santos, two Guamanians from Talofofo, the village nearest the golf course, rose at dawn to go out and check some traps they'd set for coconut crabs, which are large and meaty land crabs, sometimes weighing as much as twenty pounds, that live on fruit and are especially partial to coconuts. The two men were walking through the un-



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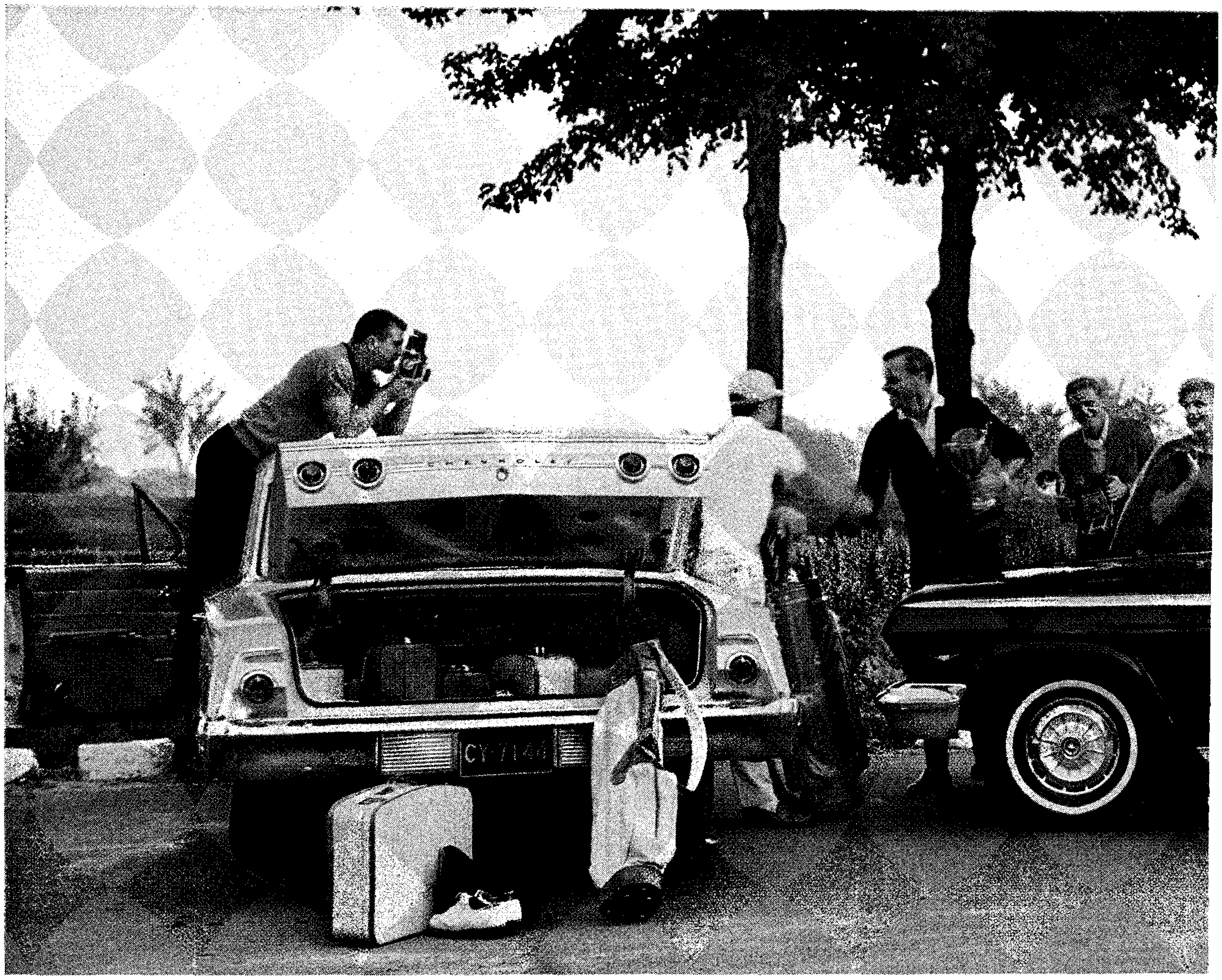

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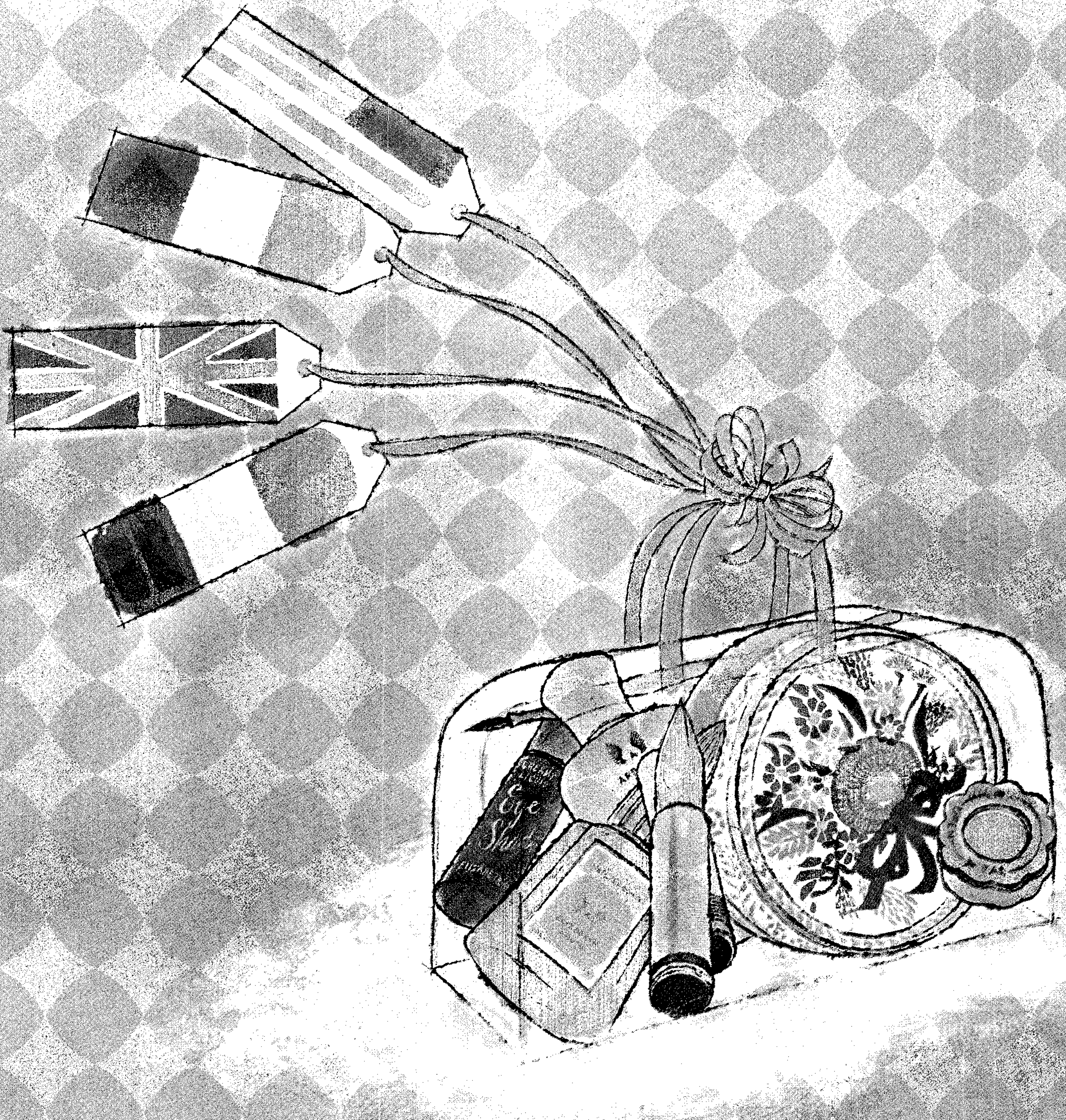

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derbrush when, a hundred yards ahead of them, they saw a long-haired, bewhiskered Japanese strolling along, with a sack in his hand. It was Minagawa, who had started out that day with the idea of stealing a chicken, but, having been put off by some noisy roosters, had decided to settle instead for a bag of breadfruit. While Santos and Manibusan watched covertly, the Japanese scrambled thirty feet up the trunk of a breadfruit tree. The Guamanians closed in on him, and Manibusan, standing directly beneath him, shouted "Company!" Minagawa let out a strangled "Agh!," fell from the tree, sprang up, and began running. A couple of hundred feet away, Manibusan caught up with him and grabbed his shirt. Breaking loose, Minagawa lunged for a knife at the Guamanian's belt. Santos had reached them by then, and he grasped the straggler's hand. As Minagawa fought to get clear, the Guamanians punched him in the head and finally subdued him. Tying his arms behind his back with his belt, the Guamanians marched him to the Talofofo-Agaña highway, where they figured they could get a lift to the nearest police station. The drivers of the first three cars they flagged took an appraising look at the unkempt, filthy, glaring Japanese and drove hastily on. Finally, a friend of the Guamanians' happened by, and gave them and their prisoner a hitch.

Minagawa was soon at Agaña police headquarters, where, upon being offered some coffee and doughnuts, he spurned them as though they were poison. A Japanese-speaking detective questioned him, but got little more out of him than his name. Minagawa was too scared to talk; he believed he had fallen into the hands of the enemy, and would be tortured or killed at any minute. The Guam police are part of the island's Division of Public Safety, and its director, a retired Marine Corps brigadier general named Jesse S. Cook, was shortly in perplexed consultation about the Japanese with representatives of the United States Attorney's office, the Immigration Department, GovGuam, and the Navy. To whom did this unexpected prize belong? According to the 1950 Act of Congress relating to the territory, natives of Guam as of that date were automatically American citizens. Then was this fellow, who had been on the island for goodness knows how long and refused to divulge his origins, technically an American? (Nobody had thought to raise this point when the 1951 stragglers were caught and hustled back to Japan.) If he was

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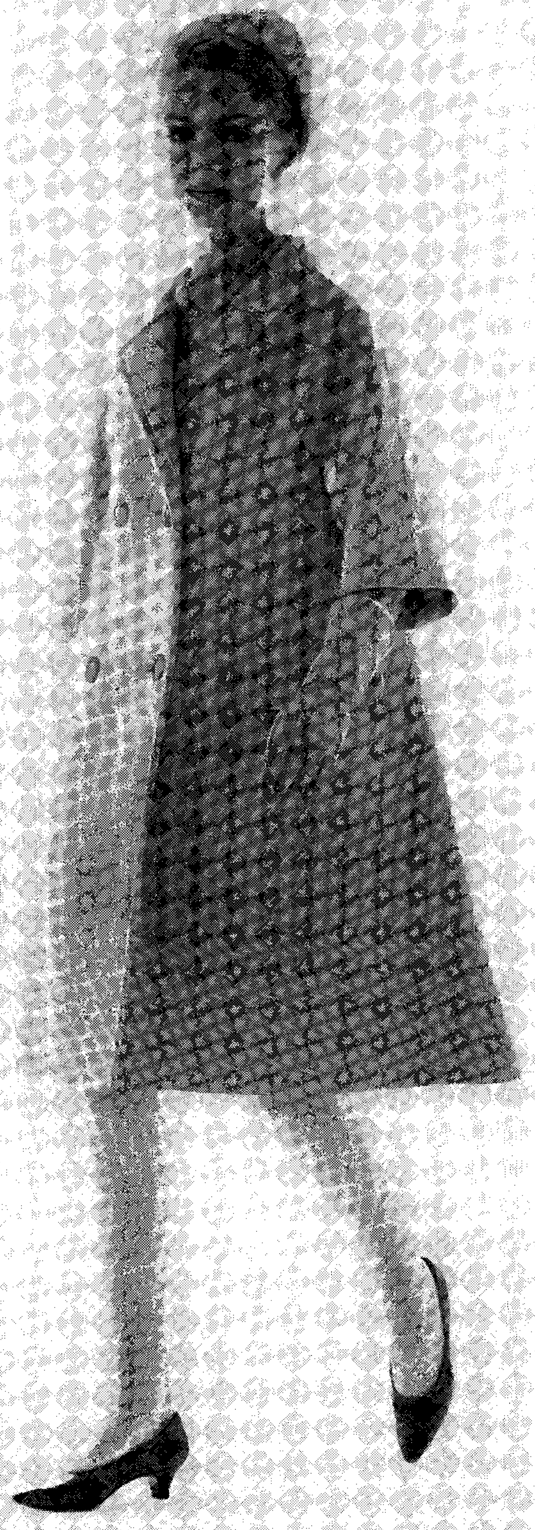

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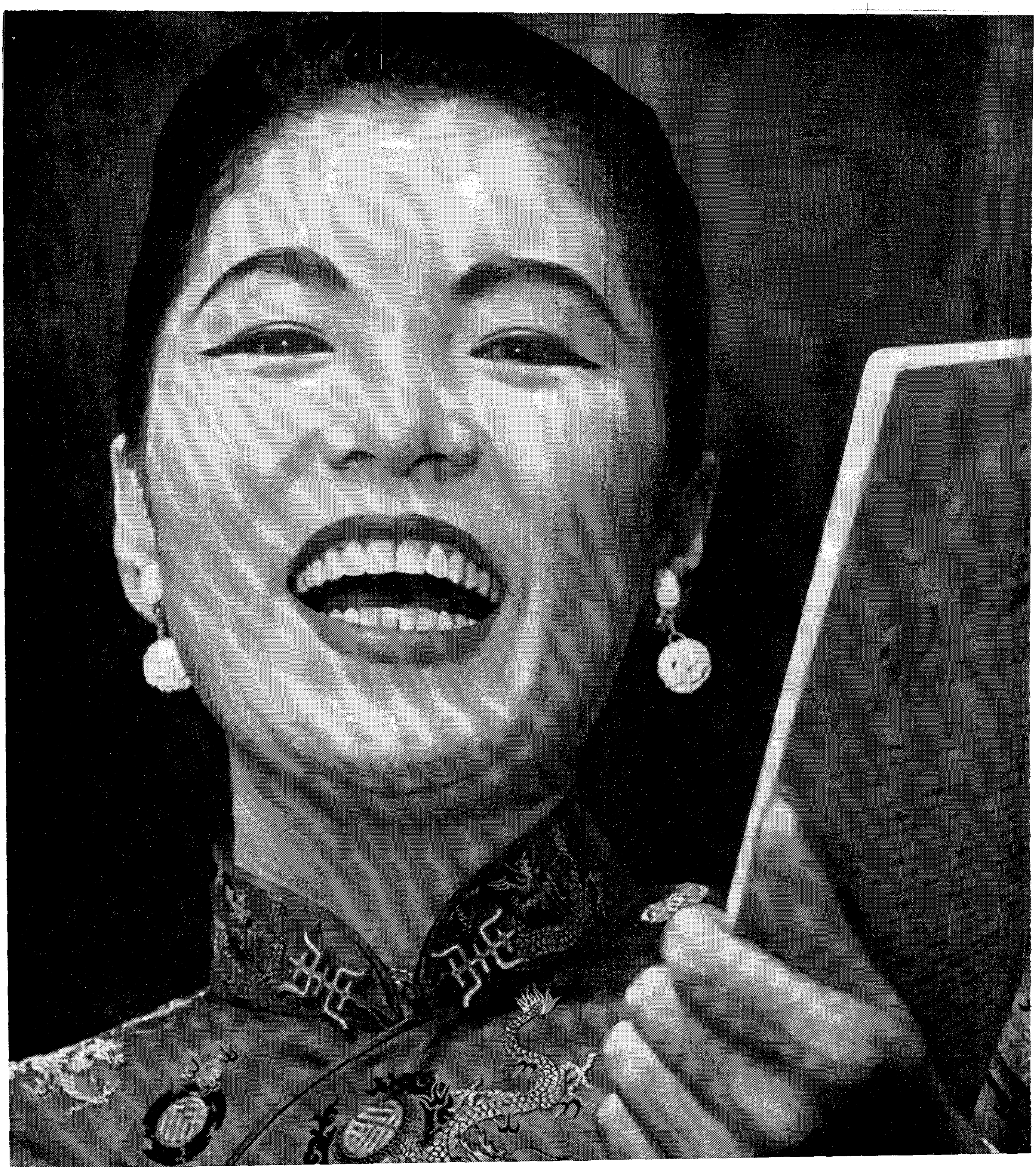

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an alien, which seemed much more logical, did he have to be prosecuted for having violated the McCarran Act of 1950, which decreed that all non-citizens residing on United States soil must thereafter register at a federal office every January? Whatever Minagawa was, could he or should he be booked on some local charge—trespassing, poaching, theft, murder, lack of a Navy clearance? And how long *had* he been around, anyway? He had obviously not seen a barber for quite some time, but his hands and feet were not notably calloused. Could he, by any chance, be some sort of spy who had been landed on Guam by submarine? If so, the Navy didn't want him in the custody of the local police, who didn't have high enough security clearances to handle that sort of top-level intrigue. It was at last agreed that the fellow would be classified as an alien without proper credentials and turned over to Immigration, but that since Immigration had no facilities for keeping him under surveillance, he would be placed in the Naval Hospital in Agaña. Naval Intelligence transported him there, gave him a shave and a haircut, and locked him up in the neuropsychiatric ward. (Immigration, which wanted to keep its records straight, was ultimately satisfied when Minagawa—and in his turn Ito, too—signed an affidavit stating, in first-rate bureaucratic gibberish, "At the time of entry I had no documents permitting my entry on Guam.")

The Navy began looking around for an interpreter who could pry something out of its uncommunicative captive, and found a likely prospect in the person of Edward G. Tsutsui, a Hawaiian-born nisei who was employed as a packer and crater in its own supply depot. At first, Tsutsui got nowhere. Minagawa was not only uncommunicative but implacably suspicious. When he was told to take a bath, he thought this was some sort of pre-execution cleansing ritual. When he was pricked for a blood specimen, he thought he was being drugged. When anyone at the hospital tried to be nice to him, he thought it was a ruse. He wouldn't believe anything Tsutsui told him. Minagawa did tell the nisei the truth about who he was and how long he'd been on Guam. He insisted, though, that he'd been living alone. He has since explained that he expected to be killed, and he didn't want to expose Ito to the same sorry fate. Then, after almost forty-eight hours of interrogation, he confessed that he had had a companion, who was still at liberty. "When they caught me, I thought maybe they'd wait two or three days before

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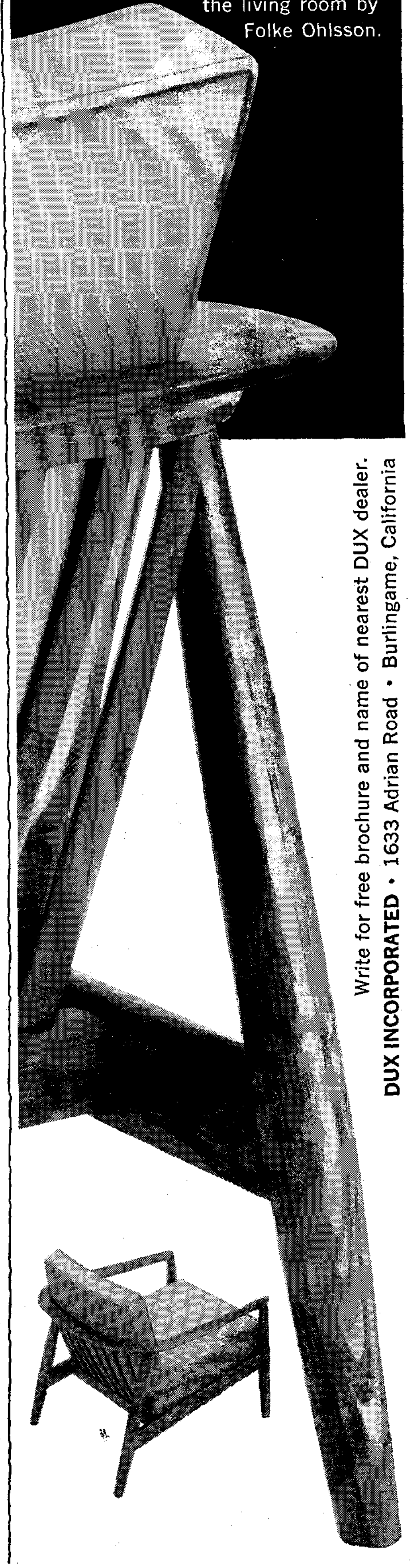

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they killed me, and that if I kept quiet about Ito for that long, it would give him time to get away to a spot we'd picked to move to in case we got in trouble," Minagawa said recently.

As soon as the Navy learned about Ito, it sallied forth to get him, without bothering to notify the civil authorities, in whose jurisdictional area, as it happened, the roundup was conducted. Minagawa was put aboard a helicopter with Tsutsui and a Naval Intelligence man, and two additional Intelligence agents boarded a second copter. (The agents were armed, and afterward the civil authorities could not resist pointing out that if a Navy man had shot Ito in non-Navy territory, he could have been charged with homicide.) The party landed near the place where Minagawa had been caught, and he, feeling confident that Ito had by then realized what was up and had scurried elsewhere, led them to the shelter Ito and he had been occupying. The shelter was abandoned, and the Navy men asked Minagawa where they ought to look next. The Japanese shrugged. "Find out for yourself," he said.

The shelter was situated near the foot of a hill, and two of the Intelligence agents now began working their way toward the hilltop. En route, they unknowingly passed Ito, who was crouching halfway up the slope. Two days earlier, he had gone to look for Minagawa and had found his companion's empty sack near the breadfruit tree. "I was sure Minagawa had been captured," he says, "and I made up my mind to give myself up." Whatever might befall him, he had reasoned, could be no worse than a future of utter solitude. He had seen the helicopters approaching, and had guessed he was their quarry. Minagawa, though, didn't know what was in Ito's mind, and at the foot of the hill he began yelling, "Ito-san! Ito-san!" The agents thought he was calling for Ito to come out, but Minagawa, who in the years gone by had never conversed with Ito except in hushed tones, says he was shouting his lustiest in the hope that Ito would be warned to make a dash for it. Ito didn't hear Minagawa at all. By then, he was walking up the hill, waving a piece of cloth in lieu of a flag of truce, and when he got to the top he walked right into the arms of the two agents.

Back at the hospital, both men had physical examinations, and both were pronounced fit. Ito had a slight rash on his face and upper body, and some muscle soreness. Minagawa's worst ailment was a laceration he'd suffered when the Guamanian crab trappers

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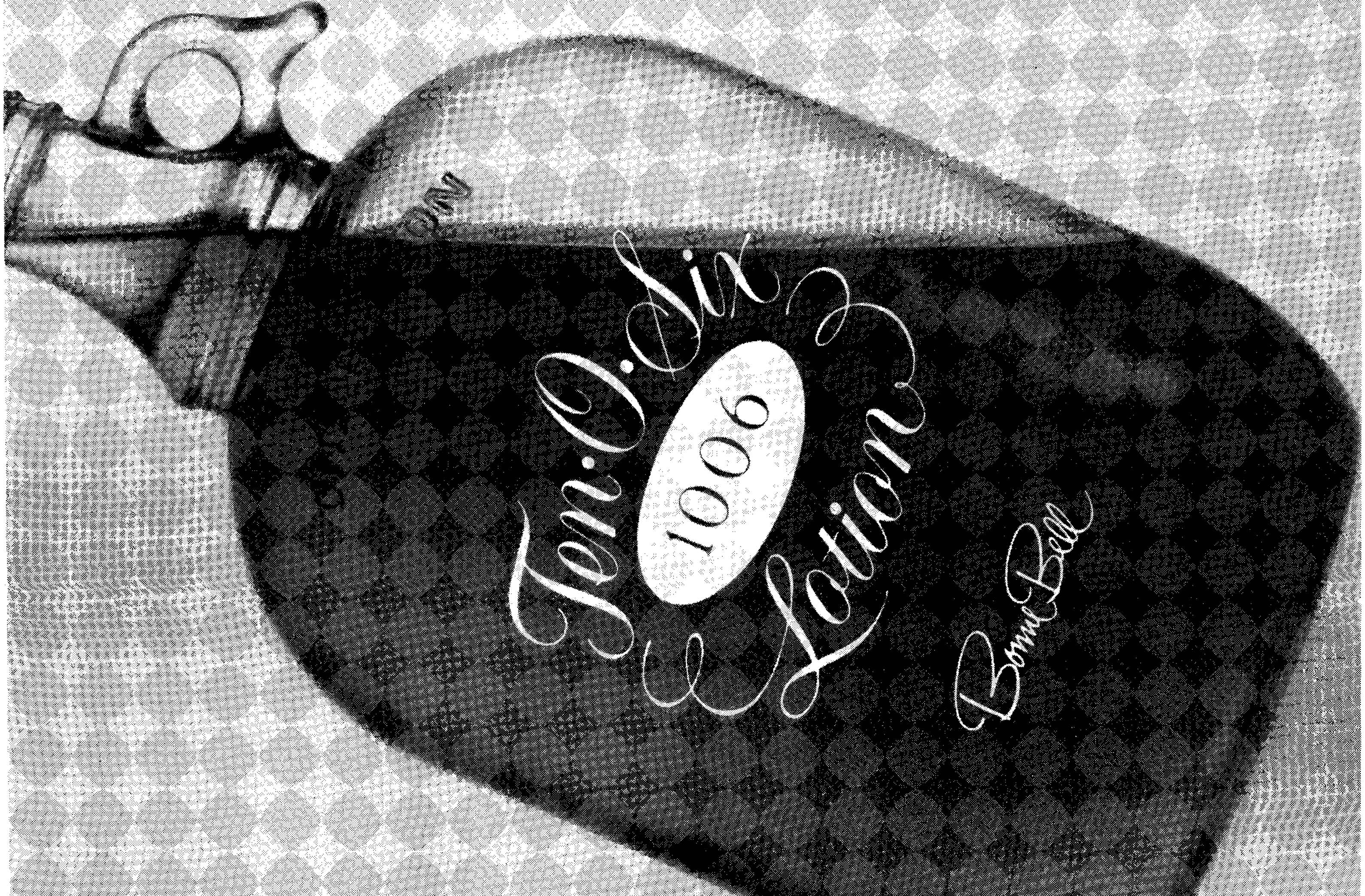
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bashed him on the ear. Tsutsui didn't have much better luck in interrogating the two men together than he'd had with Minagawa alone. No matter how many times, and in how many ways, the nisei tried to reassure them, they reacted with stony skepticism. At night, when they were left by themselves, they seriously discussed committing suicide. Minagawa thought maybe he could slash himself with a piece of bedspring. As for Ito, the following morning he forthrightly asked Tsutsui to fetch him a knife or a gun. Tsutsui, still seeking some means of getting through to the men, brought them some Japanese magazines, full of words and pictures attesting to the serenity of their homeland. The stragglers were only mildly interested until, in one journal, they came upon a photograph of a Japanese girl embracing an American soldier. Minagawa flung the magazine down. "It's a lie!" he said angrily. "First, we do not kiss, and, second, a Japanese woman would never let herself be kissed by a Yankee!"

By now, representatives of practically every official and semi-official agency on Guam were swarming around Ito and Minagawa. The United States was conducting its 1960 census, and a conscientious census-taker in Agaña, determined to count every living soul within his purview, took suitable data from both stragglers. Ito's and Minagawa's names had been stricken, when they were presumed to have died in action, from the population registers that are maintained in Japan's regional prefectures; as a result, the census-taker conferred on them an official existence in the United States that they did not at that moment enjoy in their native land. Concurrently, the perplexed Navy, which had satisfied itself that the two men were legitimate stragglers and harbored no designs on any of its secrets, asked the American Red Cross to do what it could about helping them see the light. The principal Red Cross worker assigned to the Naval Hospital, Miss Mary Jane Dom, cabled her headquarters in Japan suggesting that arrangements be made for the men's families to telephone them. "Unable convince patients that relatives alive and no shame to return home," her cable went. "Also requesting new clothing for travel home." In Tokyo, the Japanese National Red Cross began setting up the phone calls, and at the same time the enterprising *Asahi Shimbun*, Japan's biggest paper, got permission from the United States Navy for one of its reporters, Tsugio Kato, to fly to Guam.

On May 26th, before the Red Cross

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could get its connections made, Minagawa's married older sister, Tsuro Nakabayashi, who had read stories about the stragglers in Japanese newspapers, put through a call on her own. Minagawa could not hear her well, and did not recognize her voice. After some fruitless shouting, he slammed the phone down in disgust. The *Asahi* man reached Guam that night. He brought along a letter to Ito from *his* sister, Kimiko, and a bundle of presents she'd hastily wrapped—a package of raisins, some seaweed cookies, and a few family snapshots. Ito began to wonder if maybe Tsutsui hadn't been on the level after all, but he was still far from completely won over. Minagawa remained obdurate.

The next day, May 27th, the Red Cross calls came through.

"Masashi, this is your sister Kimiko," Ito heard. "Yes—Kimiko. Can you hear me? . . . Are you sure you can hear me? . . . I'm so glad. I was certain you were dead. I hadn't the faintest idea you were alive. How are you? . . . Well, look, the war ended fifteen years ago. Do you understand?"

Ito said he did.

"Please come back," she went on. "Mother will be here. . . . Yes, Mother will be here. . . . Yes, she is well. Please come home. Saturday night, we will go to our home together. . . . We can walk in the fields again, just as when we were children."

Then it was Minagawa's turn.

"Is this Bunzo?"

"Who are you?"

"This is your sister, Tsuro. Aren't you Bunzo?"

"Yes, this is Bunzo. Who are you? . . . Who? . . . What part of Niigata Prefecture are you from? . . . How much land do we own? . . . What is the name of the third daughter of the family that used to live next door to us?"

Mrs. Nakabayashi did her best, but—largely because, in her excitement, she got the extent of the family acreage wrong—she failed to convince her brother that it was actually she he was talking with. His disbelief was contagious; Ito now thought that he might have been duped, too. That night, the last of their thousands of nights on Guam, Tsutsui threw a party for them at his home, with sukiyaki and beer and whiskey, but in this convivial setting the stragglers remained apathetic and aloof.

The following morning, May 28th, the Navy flew Ito and Minagawa to Japan. Tsutsui and two Intelligence agents rode along. As they boarded the plane, Ito grinned broadly and waved both arms at the bystanders seeing them off, like a victorious prizefighter—or,

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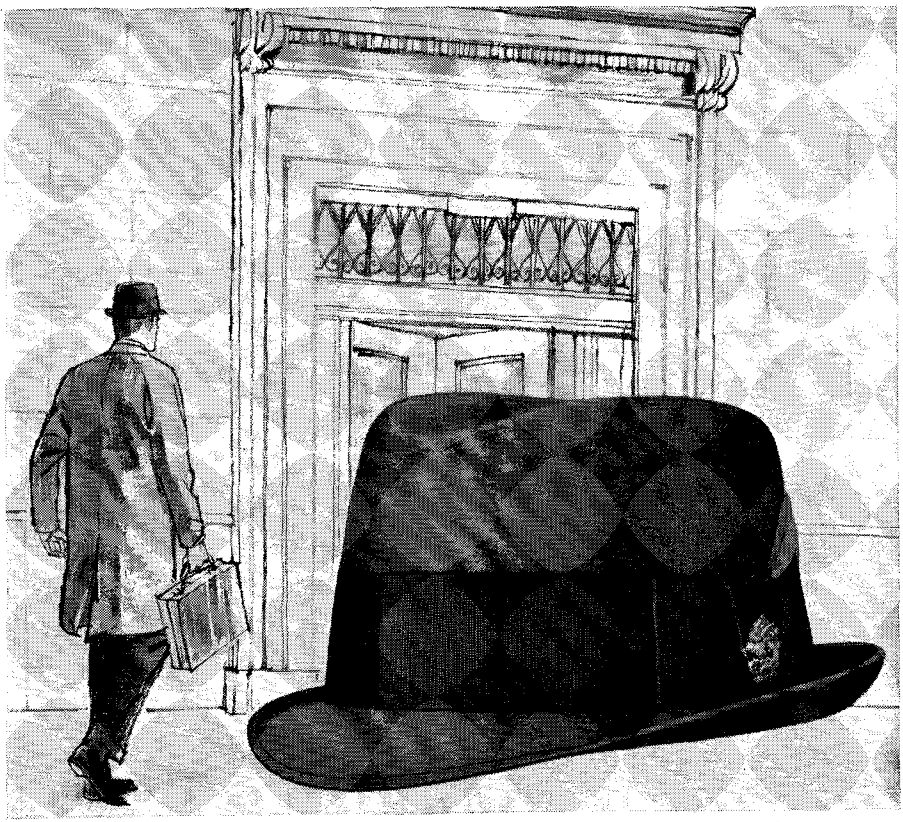

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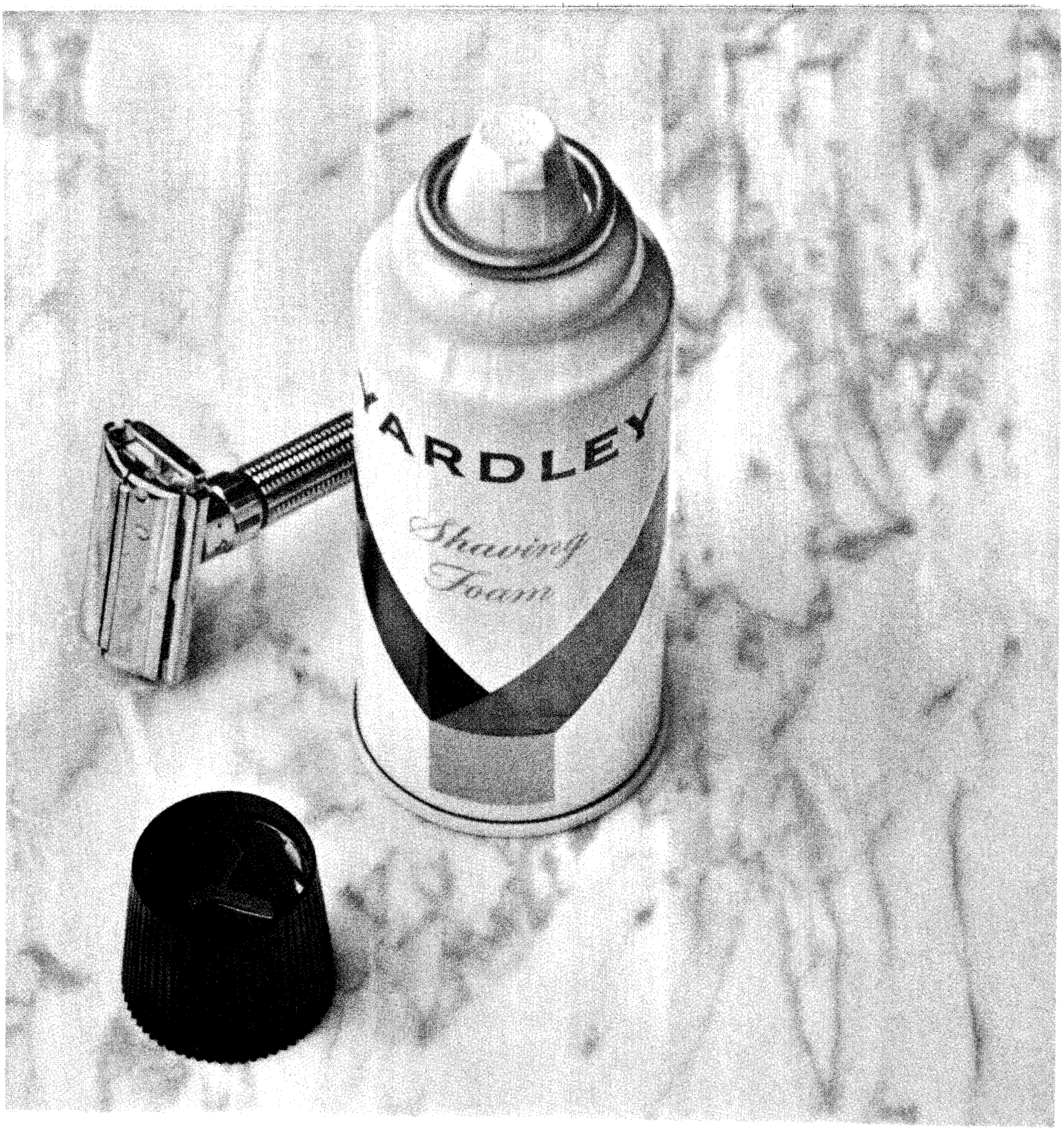

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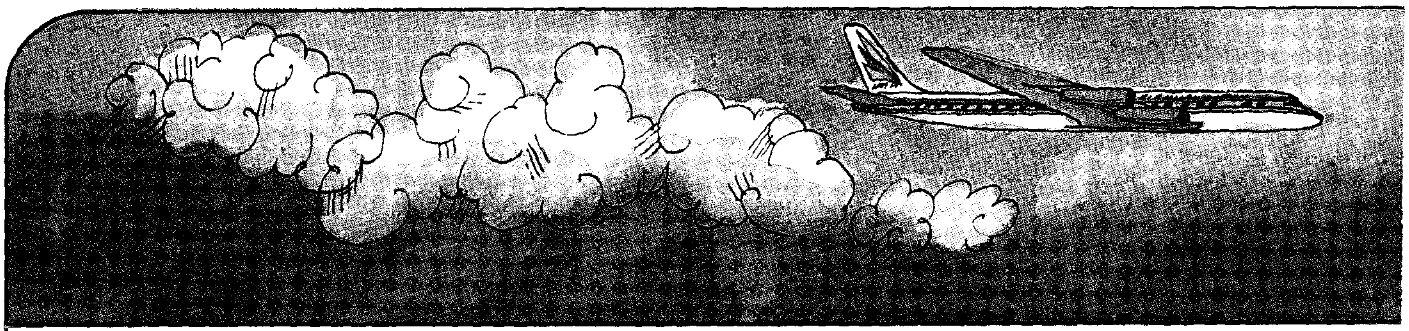

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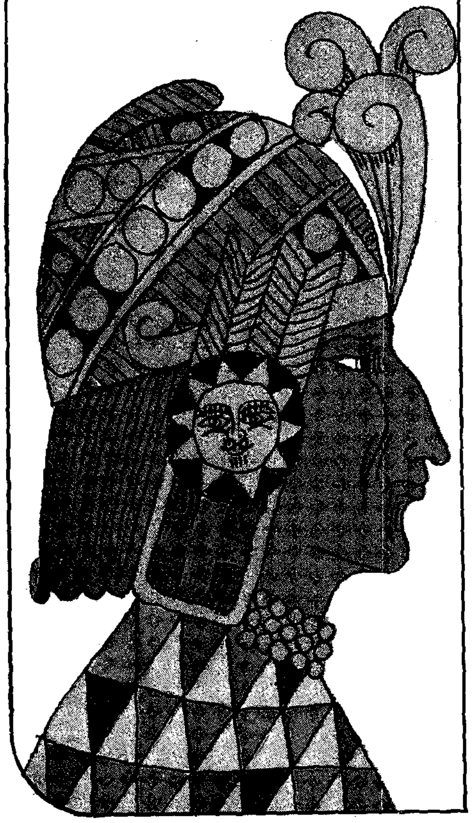

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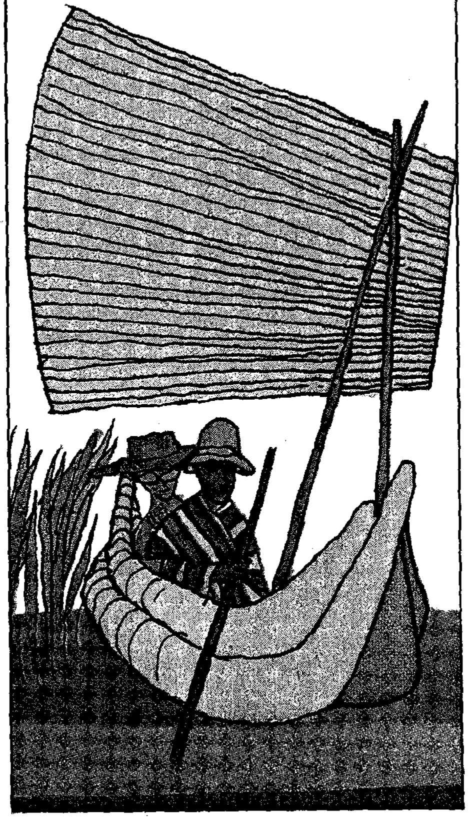

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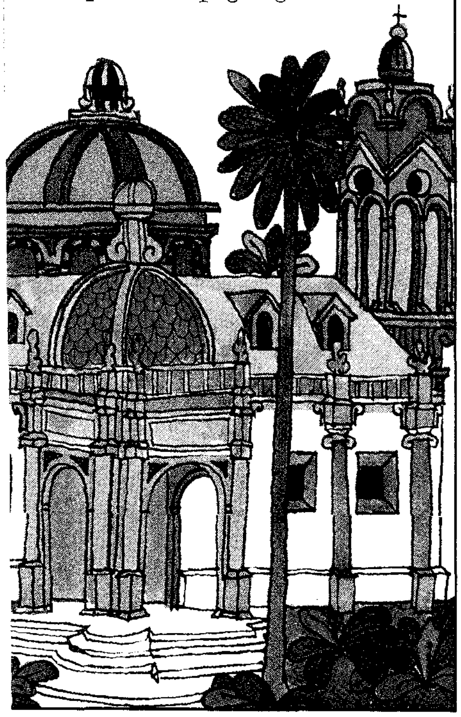

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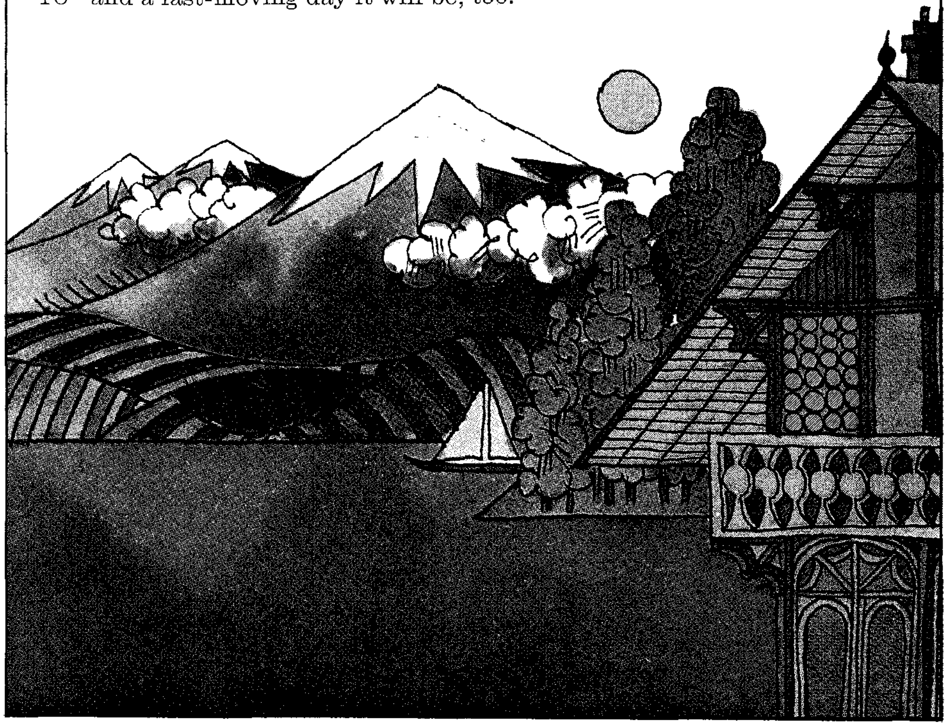

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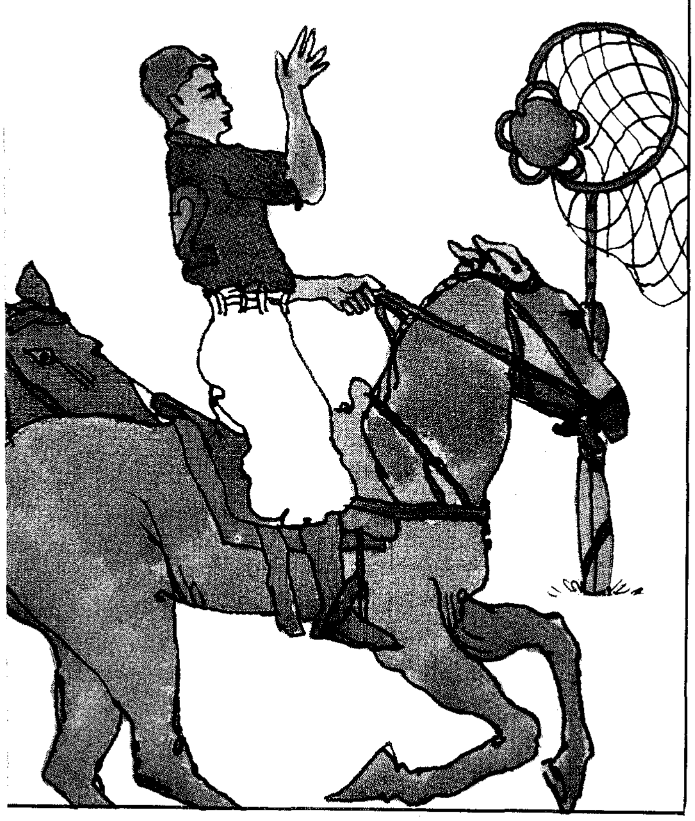

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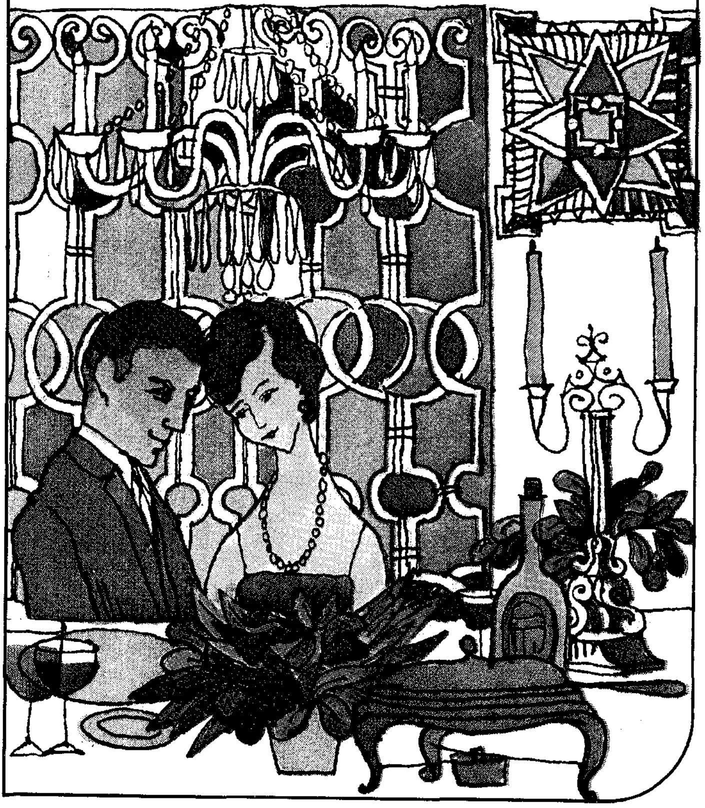

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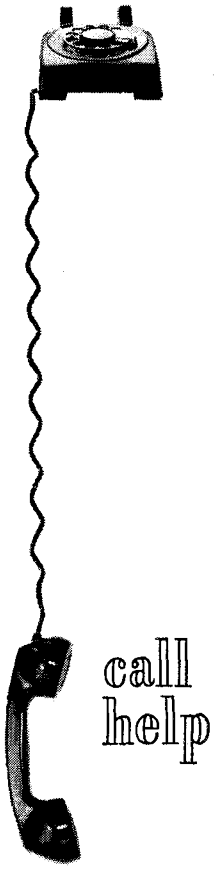
perhaps, like a man putting on a show of bravado before a firing squad. Minagawa, in more conventional Japanese fashion, bowed deeply and sombrely, but then, observing Ito's gesture, he halfheartedly imitated it.

That day, the Guam *Daily News* ran a farewell editorial to the pair, entitled "New World for Two," in which it said, "However bleak the world outside the jungles may be, we're sure they will not regret that they are out of it, and we hope they will share in every opportunity to contribute to world peace and to foster the good relations between their country and ours." On the plane, the patient Tsutsui continued to assure the men that they would soon receive a warm and loving welcome from their kinsfolk, but they remained preoccupied with thoughts of doom. Ito later said that he had expected to be pushed out of the plane into the Pacific. Minagawa expected the craft to land on some isolated island, where he would be thrown into a concentration camp for war prisoners. As they sighted land, Minagawa asked Tsutsui challengingly, "Where is Mount Fuji?" Because of clouds, that majestic landmark had not come into view, and all that the men in the plane could see was some unremarkable low-lying Japanese soil. Minagawa said it didn't look like Japan to *him*. The plane alighted at the Tachikawa Air Base, an American installation on the outskirts of Tokyo, and as it taxied to a halt it was surrounded by a thousand United States airmen and two hundred Japanese reporters and photographers, among them a delegation of twenty from *Asahi* alone. Ito and Minagawa, blinking, walked down the landing stairs, and the Americans burst into applause. The stragglers were confounded by what their ears heard, but when their eyes took in the swarm of Yankee uniforms, their gloomiest surmise was confirmed: Japan had indeed become a colony in servile thrall to the enemy. It was only when, a few moments later, they were physically clasped in the embraces of tear-streaked relatives that either of them believed everything was finally going to be all right.

MASASHI ITO and Bunzo Minagawa had similar backgrounds, which differed little from the background of the run-of-the-mill Japanese foot soldier. Both were eldest sons—and, as such, the most privileged offspring—of small-scale farmers. Both were men of only moderate intelligence and no great emotional sensitivity, who had gone through the eighth grade in



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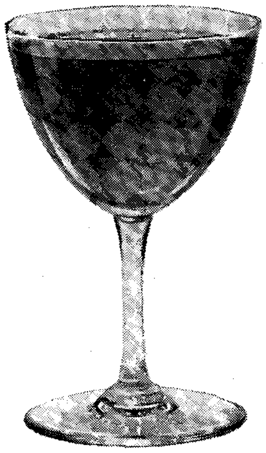

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rural schools and had then taken their places in the family paddy fields. Minagawa, a stocky, jug-eared man, was born on August 22, 1920, in the village of Kurokawa, in Niigata Prefecture, three hundred miles northwest of Tokyo. This is snow country; his mother was killed in an avalanche in 1938. His father died two years afterward, and Minagawa went to live with relatives. Ito was born on March 1, 1921, in Shimobe, in Yamanashi Prefecture, a hundred and fifty miles west of Tokyo. He has had a pronounced stutter since boyhood, and he stands five feet ten inches, which is tall for a Japanese. When he was undergoing the conventionally rigorous recruit training of his country, some of his superiors had to stand on tiptoe to hit him in the face.

Both stragglers were a few months short of twenty-one when they joined the Army—Minagawa on April 10, 1941, and Ito on January 10, 1942. Like most Japanese soldiers, they went into service accoutred with a *sennimbari*, a sash of a thousand stitches, and an *omamori*, a good-luck amulet. Ito also tried to take with him a *yosegaki*, a Japanese flag on which his friends had put their signatures, but the Army, though it was appreciative of his patriotism, vetoed the banner as excess baggage. Ito trained in Manchuria, Minagawa in Japan. Neither of them had experienced any combat when, in the winter of 1944, their outfits were shipped to the Marianas. Both sailed in a convoy that reached Saipan, northeast of Guam in that island group, on March 19th. Ito's unit moved on to Guam two days later; Minagawa got there on June 5th. By that time, both men held the rank of *heicho*, a cut above private first class. During the fighting on Guam, they, like just about all their comrades-in-arms, almost at once found their units hopelessly disorganized. Ito and some of the men in his platoon, for instance, were ordered up into the hills, then told to prepare for an all-out attack, and then told the attack had been called off. They were told practically nothing from any official quarter, and the combat they engaged in consisted of little more than a few guerrillalike skirmishes. Both Ito and Minagawa were officially declared dead in the fall of 1944, after the Japanese had put on a final desperate banzai attack. This debacle, in which neither man took part, occurred on September 30th, which was just a few weeks before the two met for the first time and embarked on a mutual and well-nigh interminable adventure that was equally notable for its richness of in-

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terdependence and for its poverty of friendship. "To be honest, we were not the sort of men who in ordinary circumstances would have been good friends," Minagawa asserted afterward. "The only thing we had in common was a determination to live."

IT is not always the fittest or the hardiest who survive. Sometimes it is the luckiest. Minagawa, for instance, tried to commit suicide very shortly after the United States retook Guam. When a Guamanian patrol came upon a cave he was hiding in, Minagawa, resolving to be neither shot nor captured, clutched a grenade to his chest and pulled the pin. The grenade was defective. Putting it aside, he hid himself beneath a blanket in a dark corner. The patrol failed to spot him, and passed on to the next cave, gunning down a sizable party of Japanese within it.

Minagawa's first companion in the jungle, with whom he joined forces when the last organized Japanese resistance collapsed, was a former rug salesman named Tokujiro Miyazawa. Foraging in a native village one night, they found a chicken, and were so hungry they ate it raw, on the spot. A couple of days later, they returned to this oasis of relative plenty and espied a fat, alluring calf. As they approached it, it ran toward its mother, who was grazing nearby, and took shelter under her belly. Minagawa dragged the calf out and slashed its throat with a sabre. "The mother was looking at me, crying," he has recalled, somewhat over-imaginatively. "She must have loved that calf. Watching the tears roll down her cheeks, we were deeply sorry for what we'd done, but we had to live." While the cow stared at them reproachfully, they butchered the calf with their sabres, ate some of the meat raw, and wrapped the rest in coconut leaves. Later that night, Minagawa and Miyazawa were lying in a coconut grove, gazing at the moon and whispering about Japan, when two armed men, one wearing an American Navy cap, came within forty feet of them. The pair passed by, and the Japanese moved at once to another area, taking their supply of meat with them.

Minagawa and Miyazawa settled into a cave near the Tokui River, just north of the golf course, and when they had been there only a few days, a haggard Japanese soldier crept up and asked haltingly if he could join them. It was Ito. He had been drifting around aimlessly since, a few hours earlier, he had survived an American ambush that decimated a group of stragglers he'd been

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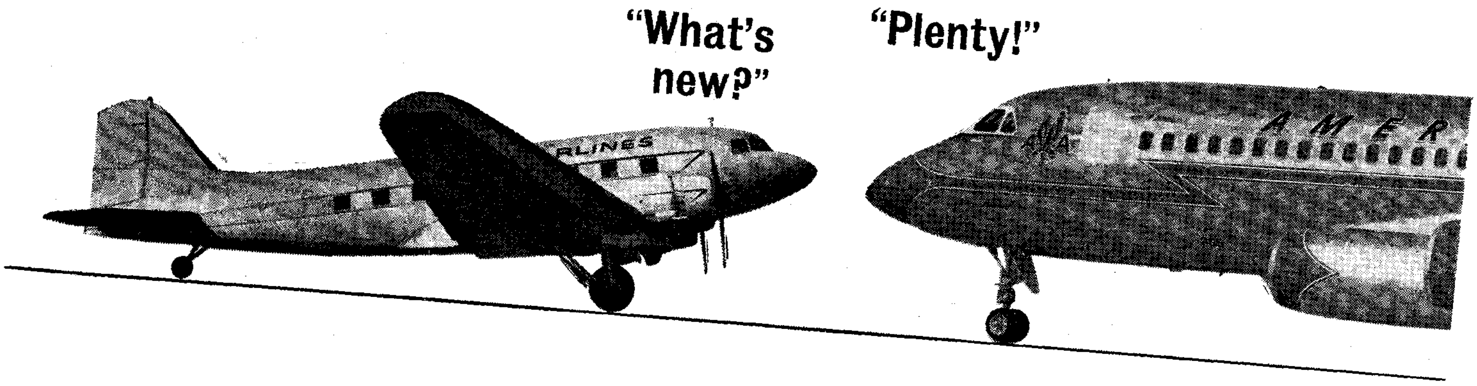
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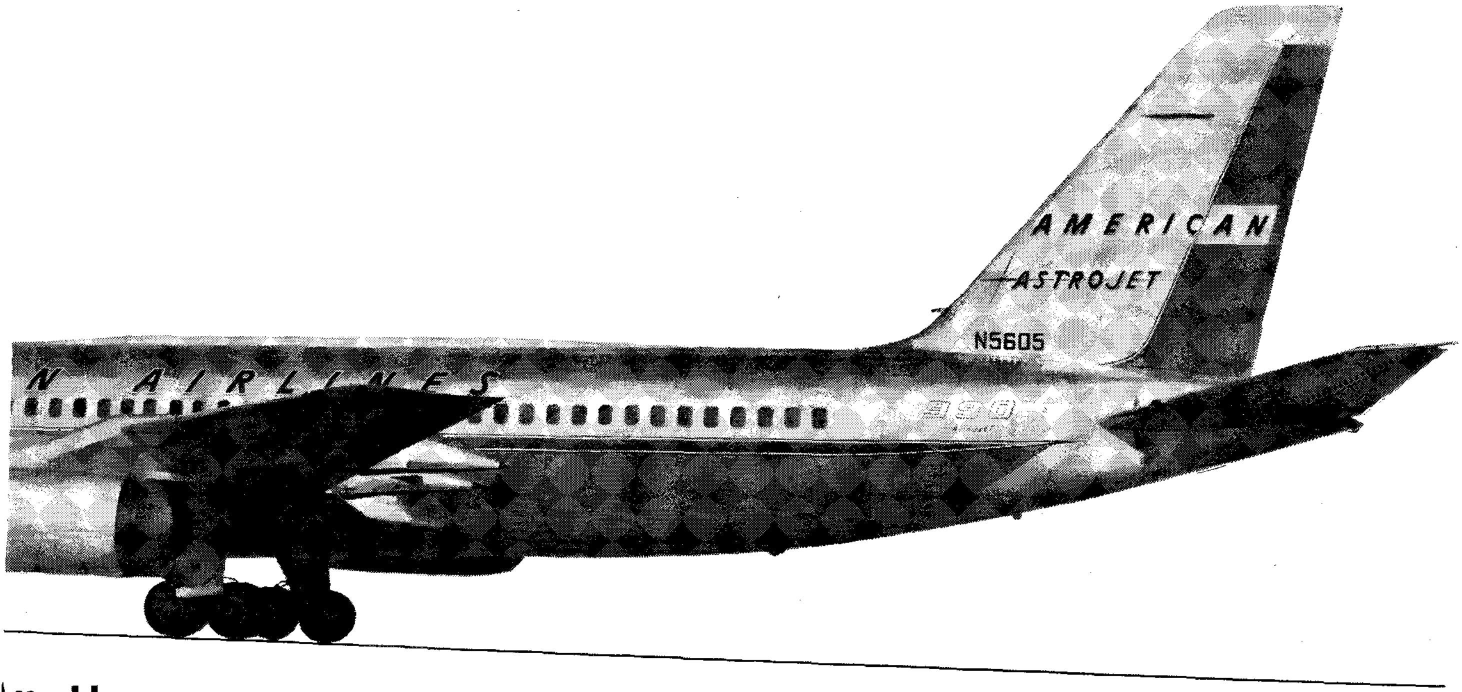

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travelling with. Minagawa and Miyazawa invited him in. The cave seemed a mite cramped for three men, so they moved along the Tokui, seeking a larger one. During this trek, they came upon two additional parties of stragglers. A lieutenant was leading one of them, and he told the three men not to be disheartened, because before long the Imperial Army would surely come and rescue them all. Although the three were somewhat cheered by this prospect of ultimate deliverance, they struck off on their own again, figuring that it would be imprudent to remain with so large a group. "We felt that we had a better chance of surviving if we tried to be self-sufficient," Minagawa says. "We were sustained by remembering that Heaven helps those who help themselves." Minagawa, a devout Buddhist, is convinced that his faith is what gave him the strength to endure. "Belief is power," he says. In one jungle cave, he found a small carved Buddha, and thereafter he carried it with him wherever he went, praying to it every morning and every night. Minagawa takes various rural Japanese superstitions very seriously. One day, when the three men were drying their clothes on a big flat rock, the rock suddenly split in two. Minagawa viewed this as a dire omen, and insisted that they change their place of residence pronto. Ito and Miyazawa thought their companion's fears nonsensical, but they agreed to switch hideouts. The trio now took over a cave, halfway up a cliff, that proved to be better than most; at the top of the cliff was a native village, and after dark the stragglers could climb up and help themselves to bananas, potatoes, and tapioca grown by the resident farmers.

The three men had been in this cave a month before they became aware, after spotting some unnaturally broken twigs, that other people—a colony of seven Japanese, it turned out—were living in a hut only five hundred feet from them. These seven were the remnants of a supply company, and, like most supply troops everywhere, they had managed to maintain a fairly well-stocked larder. They had rice and bean paste, for instance—delicacies that Ito, Minagawa, and Miyazawa hadn't tasted for months. "When we discovered them, we asked them what their plans were," Minagawa says. "They said they were going to stay where they were until our Army came and rescued them. They asked us what our plans were, and we had to admit we didn't have any."

Returning to their cave, the three men had a long talk about the future.

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They concluded that they, too, should build themselves a comfortable hut and wait for help. Some five hundred yards from their cave was still another native settlement, an abandoned one. A few of its cluster of houses had tin roofs, and the Japanese decided to take some sheets of tin into the jungle and use them to roof a cabin of their own. Since the sheets were awkward to carry, Ito and Miyazawa were for clearing a trail to expedite the job. Minagawa vehemently dissented. "I told them, 'If you cut down trees, the natives will see this and come after us,' " he says. " 'We might as well build a cabin right out in the open.' But they said we couldn't move the tin unless we cut a path. So I said, 'If you stick to that plan, I'm going to have to leave you, because I don't want to die before the Japanese Army comes for me.' "

Ito and Miyazawa went ahead, and Minagawa left them and attached himself to the supply men. By then, three more drifters had joined that group. As the eleven of them were sitting around their hut one morning—Minagawa thinks it was in July of 1945, but it may have been a bit earlier—the Guam Combat Patrol struck. Four Japanese were killed, and one was badly wounded. The rest fled into the brush, and when the patrol gave up looking for them and went away, they got together again and decided to move, in a hurry. The wounded man, who had managed to stagger out of the patrol's surveillance before collapsing, had been blinded and couldn't walk or talk. None of the others had the strength to carry him, so they put some breadfruit within his reach and moved on. The following day, they were attacked again, and dived into a thicket at the base of a hill. From above, a voice began broadcasting to them in Japanese over a public-address system, urging them to surrender and join the speaker in a cup of coffee and some bread and jam. The refreshments sounded tempting, but a murmur of American voices that was also audible over the loudspeaker prompted the stragglers to keep mum.

Minagawa and his companions concluded that there were just too many of them hanging around together for safety, and that they had better divide up. He paired off with Tetsuo Unno, the handsome, smooth-talking son of a farmer in Shizuoka Prefecture, southwest of Tokyo. Between them, Unno and Minagawa had two sabres, two caps, a pair of gloves, and a hand mirror. Minagawa had picked up the mirror somewhere along the way, and he clung to it assiduously. "There was no special reason for it," he said

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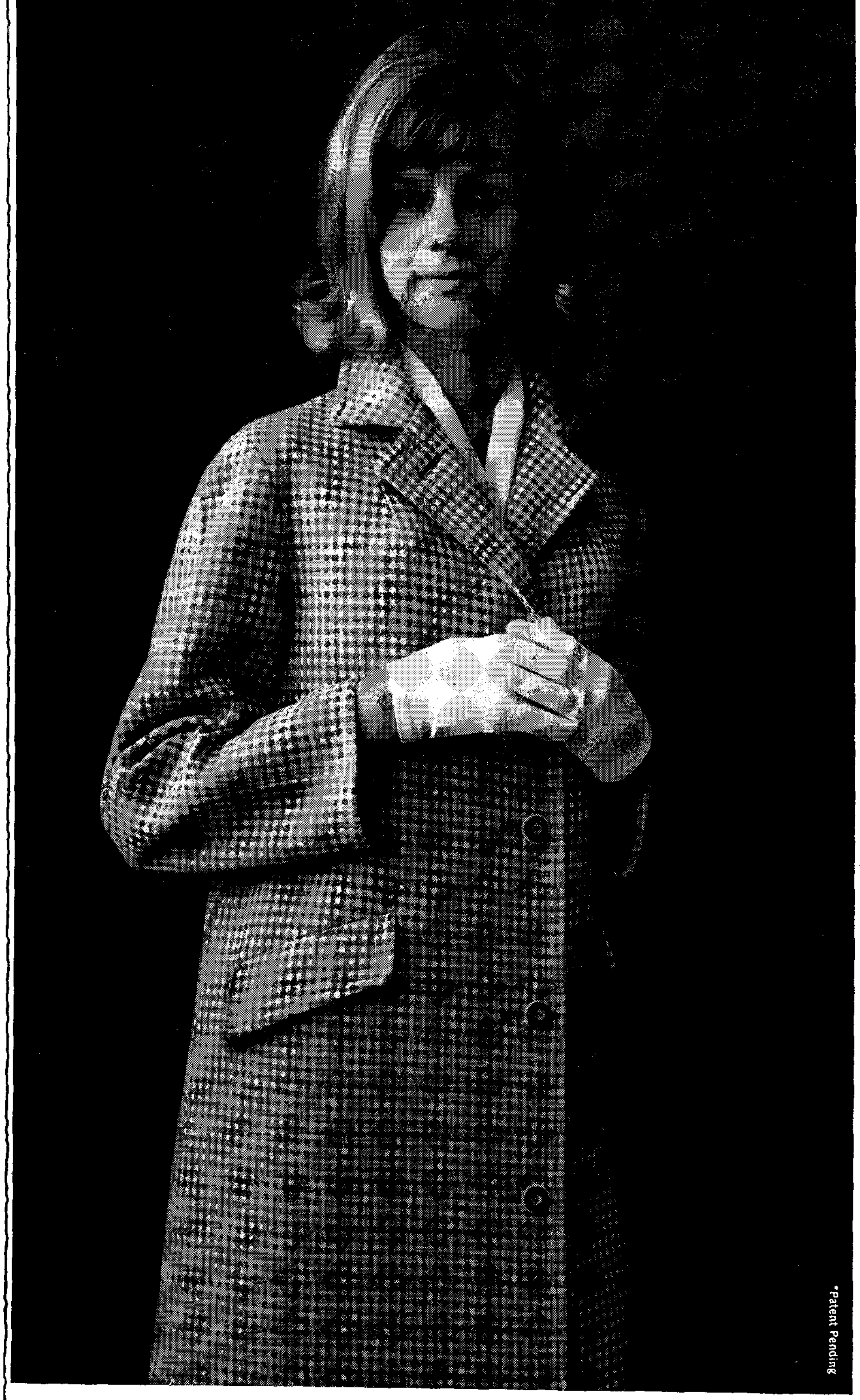

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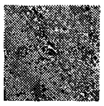
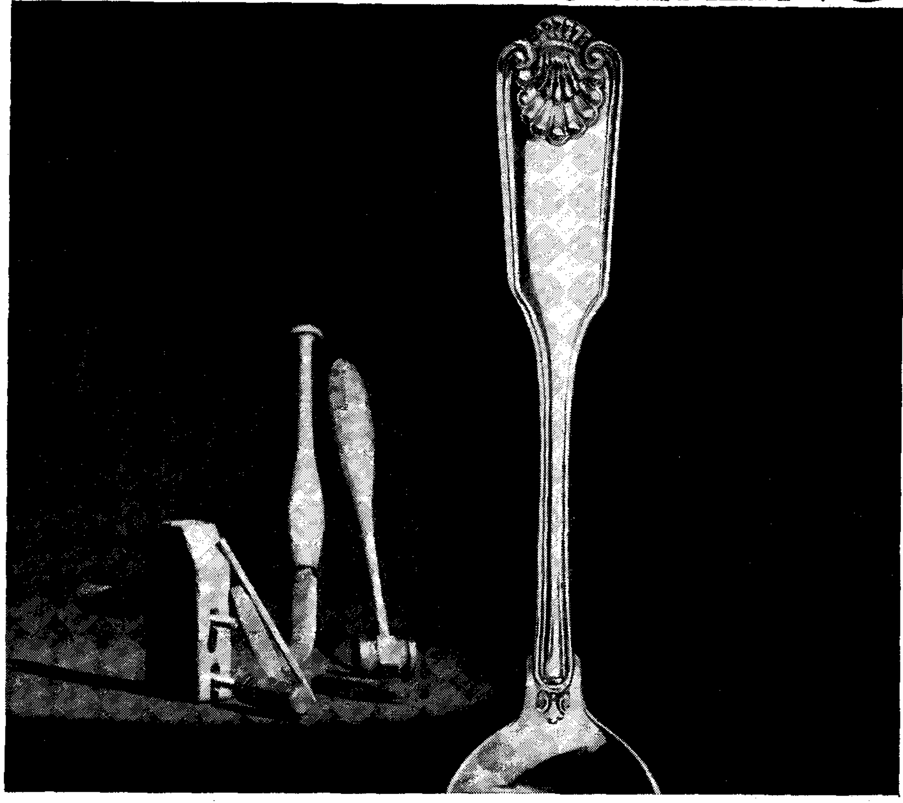


and the weather!



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later. "Maybe I wanted to keep reminded that I was I."

Minagawa and Unno knew that Ito and Miyazawa were encamped not far away, and after some months Minagawa and his companion paid a call on them. The visitors found their hosts snugly encamped in a tin-roofed hut, which Minagawa has since described as "gorgeous." However, Ito and Miyazawa had by then cleared so many trails around their abode that Minagawa and Unno—who as a rule crawled through bushes in preference to hacking away at them revealingly—were sure their friends would sooner or later be spotted. They were. In December, 1945—about four months after V-J Day—Ito and Miyazawa caught a stray calf and dragged it to their shelter. As they were butchering it, some natives who had followed their trail sneaked up and opened fire. Miyazawa was killed instantly. Ito escaped. A few days later, he sought out Minagawa and Unno and asked if he could move in with them. The three of them remained together for almost eight years, and during that time three, as so often happens, proved to be a crowd.

BY mid-1946, the Guam Combat Patrol was slackening its pace, but the backwoods of the island were by no means restful for wandering Japanese. The place was swarming with armed men, and the fact that many of them were gunning for deer rather than for former enemy troops made little difference to the latter. The deer problem stemmed from the days of the Japanese occupation, when the animals had been mowed down for food in exorbitant numbers. Now the American authorities, in the hope that the remaining deer would breed back up to the level of Guam's prewar herd, had instituted a strict conservation program, which forbade hunting in any season. It followed, inevitably, that poachers were aprowl in all seasons. Military units on training patrols and other missions also frequented the jungles. The stragglers had no idea what lay behind all this pedestrian traffic; they simply knew that they had to be ever on the alert for men roaming around with loaded weapons. In the whole sixteen years Ito and Minagawa hid out, not a single week went by in which they did not glimpse or hear at least one armed band. In 1947, Ito was precariously perched on a limb of a breadfruit tree when a patrol of American soldiers elected to take a ten-minute break beneath it. Upon their departure, Ito dropped to the ground and grabbed the cigarette butts they'd left

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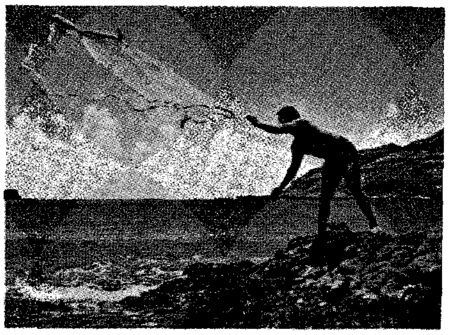
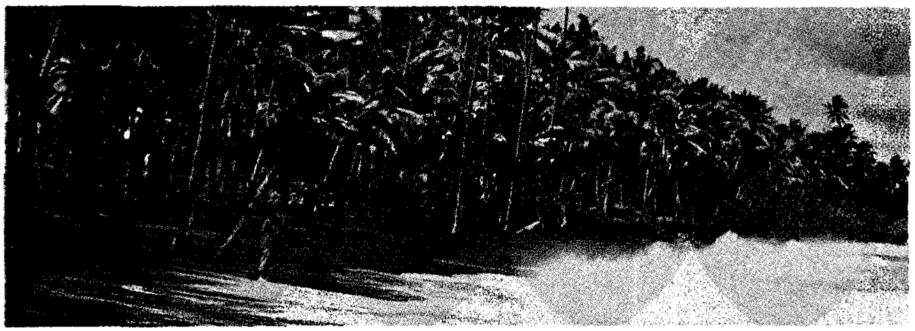
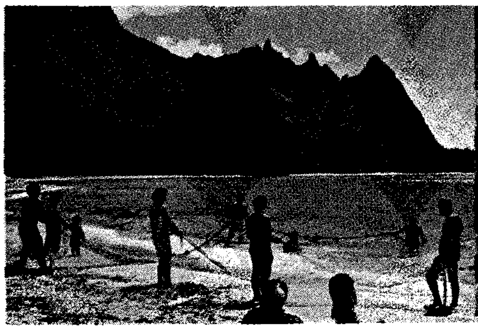

Native customs come with color


Mystery beach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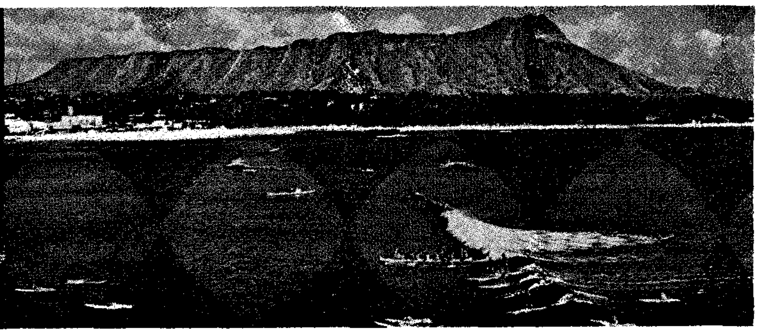
Diamond Head smiles at surfers

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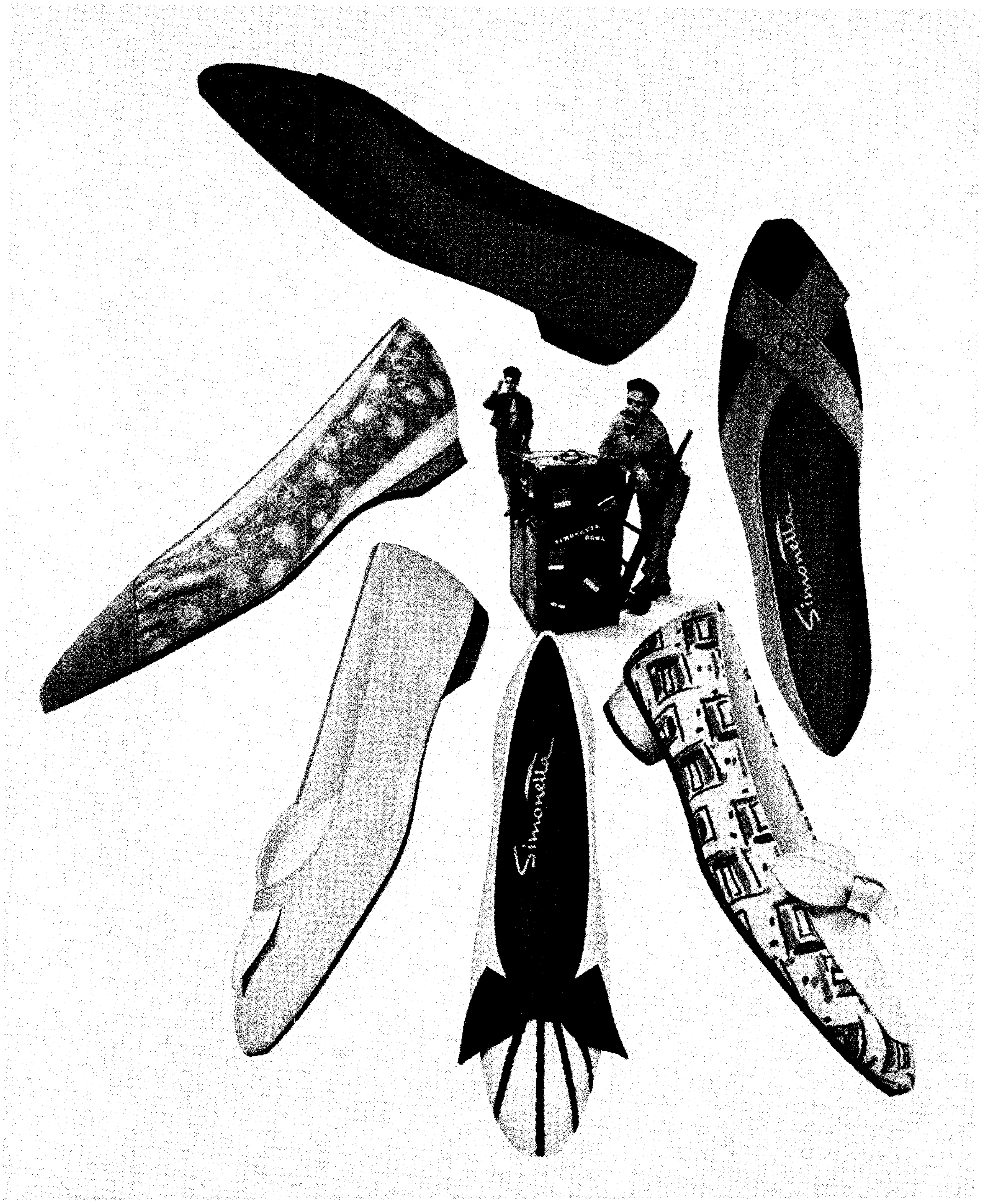

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behind. Finding real cigarettes, even half-smoked ones, seemed a spectacular stroke of good fortune, but not long afterward Ito and his two companions stopped smoking, despite the occasional availability not only of G.I. discards but of leaves from tobacco plants grown by the natives. "We came to realize that if we smoked, we wouldn't be able to smell other smokers' smoke as acutely," Ito says. "And it was important for us to be able to detect any other people in our vicinity before they detected us." Often the stragglers were forewarned of approaching Americans by a whiff of hair lotion. Once, at the U. S. Army dump, the stragglers unearthed a partly filled jar of pomade, and it took will power not to add that to their belongings, but they held back, reasoning that if they used it someone might get a whiff of them. They would go to the dump every week or so, just before dawn or just after dusk, and would fill some homemade knapsacks with empty cans and bottles, broken shovels and eating utensils, yards of mosquito netting, rags to patch their clothes with or to unravel for thread, bedsprings to convert into needles, and empty cartridge cases to turn into thimbles.

For several years, the three men periodically sharpened old knives to a razor edge and shaved their beards and cut their hair, but then they decided that the hairier they got, the better protected their heads would be against the ceaseless onslaughts of insects, and they gave up their amateur barbering. While Guam's mosquitoes are not malarial, they are multiple, and malign. If one of the men slapped his forehead after dark, he was apt to kill twenty mosquitoes. The netting they'd found at the dump was torn, and thus far from mosquito-proof; when they awoke at dawn, their palms would be red with blood. They got inured to the insects' bites, but they continued to slap away, out of fear that if they stopped they would lose too much blood. The jungle also teemed with centipedes and with swarms of barely visible but savagely biting flying bugs, whose presence the Japanese blamed on the Americans. There had been no such gadflies on Guam when they first landed there, they reminded one another bitterly; the pests had obviously been brought in by the cursed Yankee invasion force.

On clear days, the stragglers would make a fire by focussing the sun's rays through the bottom of a bottle. For cloudy or rainy days, they soon learned—as other stragglers on other Pacific islands were simultaneously learning—another Promethean de-

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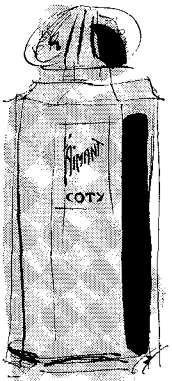
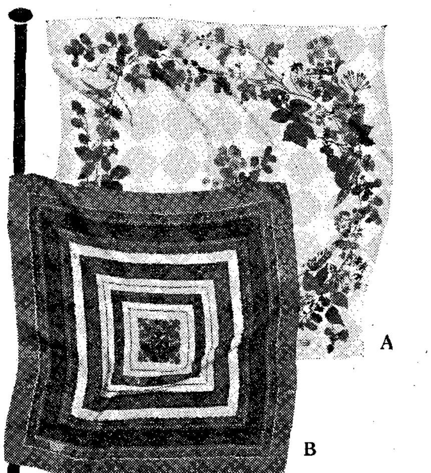


vice. They would extract powder from unspent cartridges, mix it with dead leaves or scraps of cloth, then rub a wire against a piece of hardwood until the tip of the wire was hot enough to spark the powder. The Japanese hadn't much other use for the ammunition they picked up from time to time. They had rifles, but as a rule they used these only when they were desperately in want of meat, and even then they were careful never to hunt except during heavy rains, which dulled the sound of their firing. Back in 1945, Ito had taken from a dead soldier a rifle with eight rounds in its ammunition clip. In fifteen years, he fired just seven of the eight rounds. With his seven shots, he accounted for six cows and a wild pig. Another wild pig was secured for the stragglers' larder when they lurked in a tree beside one of its accustomed haunts and bashed it on the head with a rock as it sauntered by. Similarly, they once leaped from a tree onto the back of a deer whose meanderings they had reconnoitred, and wrestled it to earth. When they dressed the animal, they saved its stomach fluid, which, they had heard in their youth, made an excellent stomachic when dried. A pharmacological alternative was the dried liver of eels, which, along with crayfish, the Japanese trapped in the Tokui River. Unlike the majority of the stragglers elsewhere, these men never tried to grow anything; they lived off nature's or natives' bounty. Their staple foods, depending on the time of year, were breadfruit, coconuts, papayas, and rose potatoes—these being potatolike root vegetables that grow on thorny vines. They ate rats, frogs, and snails as they chanced upon them. No matter how hungry Minagawa might be, he refused to eat lizards, which the three would now and then trap in a snare made out of wires salvaged from the dump; in Minagawa's home region, snakes were held in almost holy esteem, and he considered lizards familially close enough to snakes to merit respectful treatment.

Whatever the stragglers had to eat, they were seldom entirely sated, and the division of their edible spoils led to disputes. Unno thought that Ito ate too much. Ito, the huskiest of the trio, admitted that he ate more than the others, but pointed out that he knew his body required the most fodder, so he always took pains to gather extra food. He would add that it looked to him as if Unno gathered precious little. "You want to eat more, you work more," Ito recalls telling him. Minagawa kept out of most of these spats, but he tended to sympathize with Unno. To



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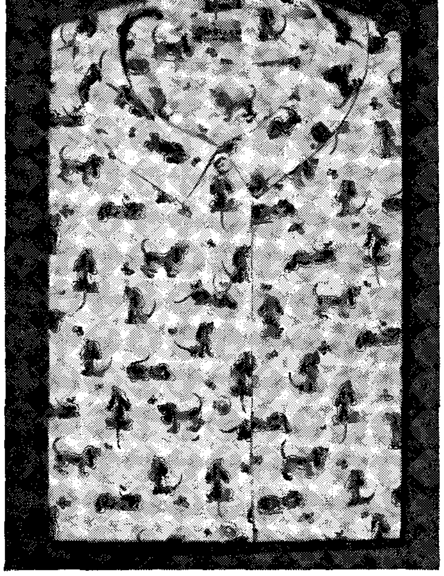

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Minagawa's way of thinking, he and Unno had done Ito a big favor by admitting him into their household, and their graciousness merited his gratitude. Ito not only failed to be suitably appreciative, Minagawa has subsequently declared, but was forever taking advantage of his superior strength to pick on Unno.

Unno was a lowly private, and Minagawa and Ito were both a rank above him, but the senior member of the group was Minagawa, who had nearly a year's more service to his credit than Ito. If the three had rigidly observed Japanese military protocol, Minagawa would have addressed Ito and Unno by their surnames alone, Unno would have addressed his senior, Ito, as "Ito-*dono*," and Ito would have addressed *his* senior, Minagawa, as "Minagawa-*dono*." (Japanese rarely use first names with non-relatives, regardless of how closely they may be thrown together.) The stragglers had agreed to waive these niceties (although Minagawa thought he was giving the others a break by condescending to such informality), and it was as "Minagawa-san," "Ito-san," and "Unno-san" that they equitably, though by no means always equably, conversed.

One spring day in 1951, when the stragglers were hungrier, and hence edgier, than usual—it was the time of year when wild fruits were least abundant—they decided to move to a hill that they called Rose Mountain because its slopes were blanketed with flowers. There each man staked out a cave in which to keep personal possessions he did not use daily—extra cooking pots and tools, spare clothing, and so on. While Minagawa went off to collect some of his belongings, Ito and Unno got to squabbling along the old, familiar, contrapuntal lines: Ito was a glutton, Unno a drone; Ito, for a Johnny-come-lately, was too big for his breeches, Unno was far too outspoken for a man who didn't pull his weight. This time, the argument got out of hand. Swearing angrily, Unno stalked off, and not long afterward Ito, hearing a noise behind him, turned to stare into the barrel of a rifle, levelled at him by Unno. Unno pulled the trigger, but there was only a click. He had taken Minagawa's weapon, and hadn't realized that the safety catch was on. Jumping at him, Ito knocked him down. Unno dropped the rifle, and they began to struggle hand to hand. Minagawa, returning, heard the commotion, ran up, and separated the two men. While the combatants glared at each other, he tried to make peace. "Nobody can live

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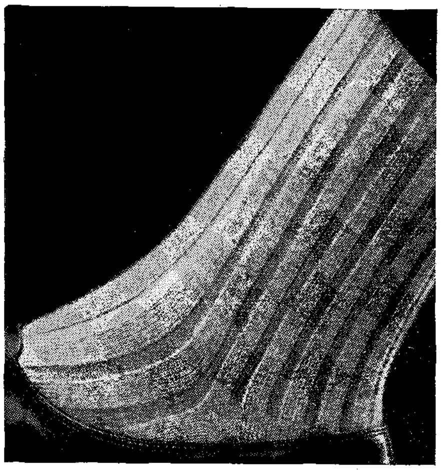

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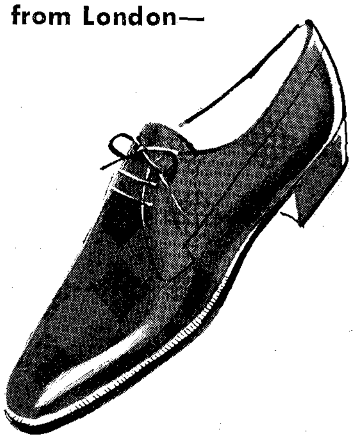

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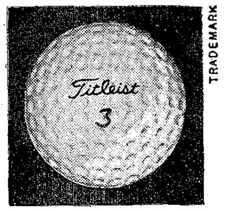

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alone, so we all simply have to get along," he recalls admonishing them. Some face-saving was in order, he felt, so he continued, "Since I'm the responsible person here, I'll take the blame for what's just happened. I apologize to both of you, and I hope you can become friends."

It was a vain hope. For the next few months, the three men formed an uneasy triangle. Ito pitched a tent a hundred and fifty yards away from the other two—close enough to maintain contact, far enough away to shun intimacy. Night after night, he has said, he would be awakened by a noise. It was Unno, creeping toward his tent, a spear in his hand. Ito, who had no doubt he could whip Unno in a hand-to-hand fight, would cough menacingly, and Unno would slink away. Then, in a confidential chat with Minagawa, Ito said that maybe he ought to kill Unno before Unno caught him napping and killed *him*. (Ito says now that he was only talking; he doesn't think he'd have gone through with it.) Minagawa replied that Unno had more than once nursed Ito when he was ill, and that a man just couldn't kill his benefactor. The strain on all three became intolerable, and one day Unno got his gear together and moved a mile or so away from Ito and Minagawa—a vast distance, in jungle terms. Ito didn't see him again for a year, but Minagawa, who still had hopes of somehow effecting a reconciliation between the others, would, without telling Ito, periodically drop in on Unno and try to cheer him up.

One day, while Ito and Minagawa were sitting at their camp site, Unno silently materialized. He was hollow-eyed, pale, and drawn. Without saying a word, he began to erect a tent. "He looks bad," Minagawa said. Ito nodded. When the tent was up, Unno fell onto his back, exhausted, and started coughing. He said he must have caught a cold, and would probably be all right in a few days. He lay there, on a bed of leaves, for weeks. Every so often, he would rise unsteadily and stagger off to try to gather food, but he was too weak; Ito and Minagawa gave him some of their supplies. Unno's cough grew worse. He complained of a buzzing in his ears, and said his shoulders were sore and stiff. The others would massage him—Minagawa often and solicitously, Ito infrequently and stolidly. Soon Unno was too sick to eat. He produced a stainless-steel razor he had fashioned from a bread knife, handed it to Minagawa, and asked him to cut his shoulders open and draw some blood, to relieve the

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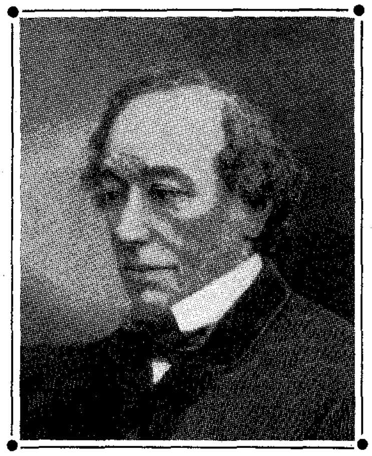

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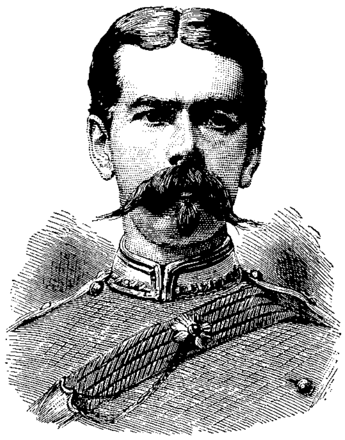

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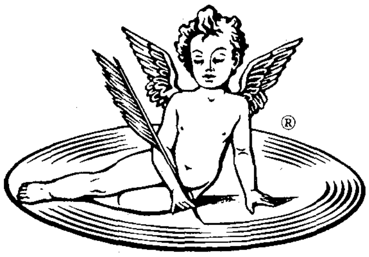

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THEY ARE 1. Queen Victoria; 2. Benjamin Disraeli (Prime Minister); 3. General Lord Kitchener (hero of the Sudan); 4. Sir Arthur Sullivan (composer); and 5. Angel (recording company).

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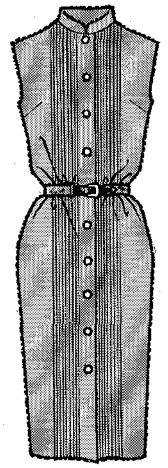
pain. Minagawa refused. The jungle, he said, was no place for amateur bloodletting. But Unno begged and begged, and finally Minagawa sliced one shoulder open and cupped the incision with a bottle he'd heated to create a vacuum. Black blood oozed forth. Unno's face was drained of color, but he said he felt better, and he pleaded for his other shoulder to be cut. This time, Ito wielded the razor. A few days later—it was, according to Ito's and Minagawa's computations, July 8, 1954—Unno stopped breathing. Minagawa snipped off some of Unno's hair and put it in a bottle, along with a slip of paper bearing his name and the words "Died on July 8, 1954, when the moon was half in the sky." The two survivors shaved the dead man's face, dressed him as neatly as they could, and dug a shallow grave. When they lifted his body, they were amazed at how little it weighed. With Unno they buried a few of his possessions—the razor, a sabre, a knife, a lens, a mirror, a pouch, and some needles and thread. They marked the grave with a log—though this constituted a breach of their policy never to leave any traces of their presence—and decorated the site with breadfruit and wild flowers. Then they placed the bottle containing Unno's hair and his epitaph in a cave, where it may still be.

Ito and Minagawa were alone. For nearly nine years they had been comrades, on and off, but almost always there had been somebody else around. Now the two of them were resigned to spending the rest of their time on earth together, however long that might be, and to living closer than brothers—closer, even, than most lovers—though they had neither affection nor respect for each other. Minagawa envied Ito his more imposing physique; Ito resented Minagawa's seniority in service. Minagawa's religious fervor, which at times became almost evangelical, irked Ito, a non-believer, who had had a bellyful of Minagawa's Buddha-is-my-co-pilot philosophy. Furthermore, Ito was still miffed because Minagawa, with Unno's support, had talked him out of responding to the leaflet from the Repatriation Section the year before. Ito was sure he would never have another chance to get in touch with the outside world, and it was Minagawa, he reflected broodingly, who had denied him his one shining opportunity. But the chief thing that loomed between them was—and still is—the shadow of Unno. Minagawa has never forgiven Ito for what he regards as the latter's inattentive, even inhuman, attitude toward Unno. Ito was certainly not fond of Unno;



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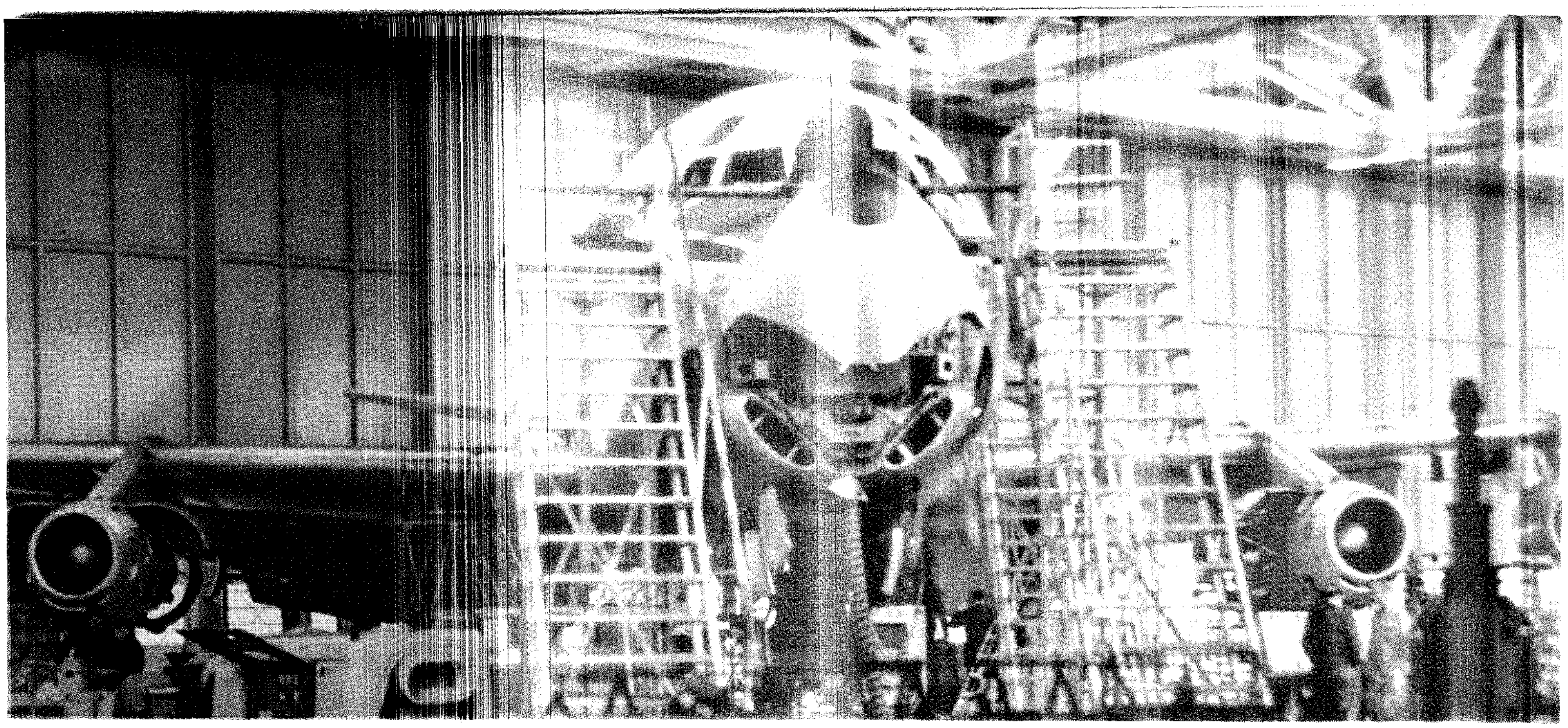

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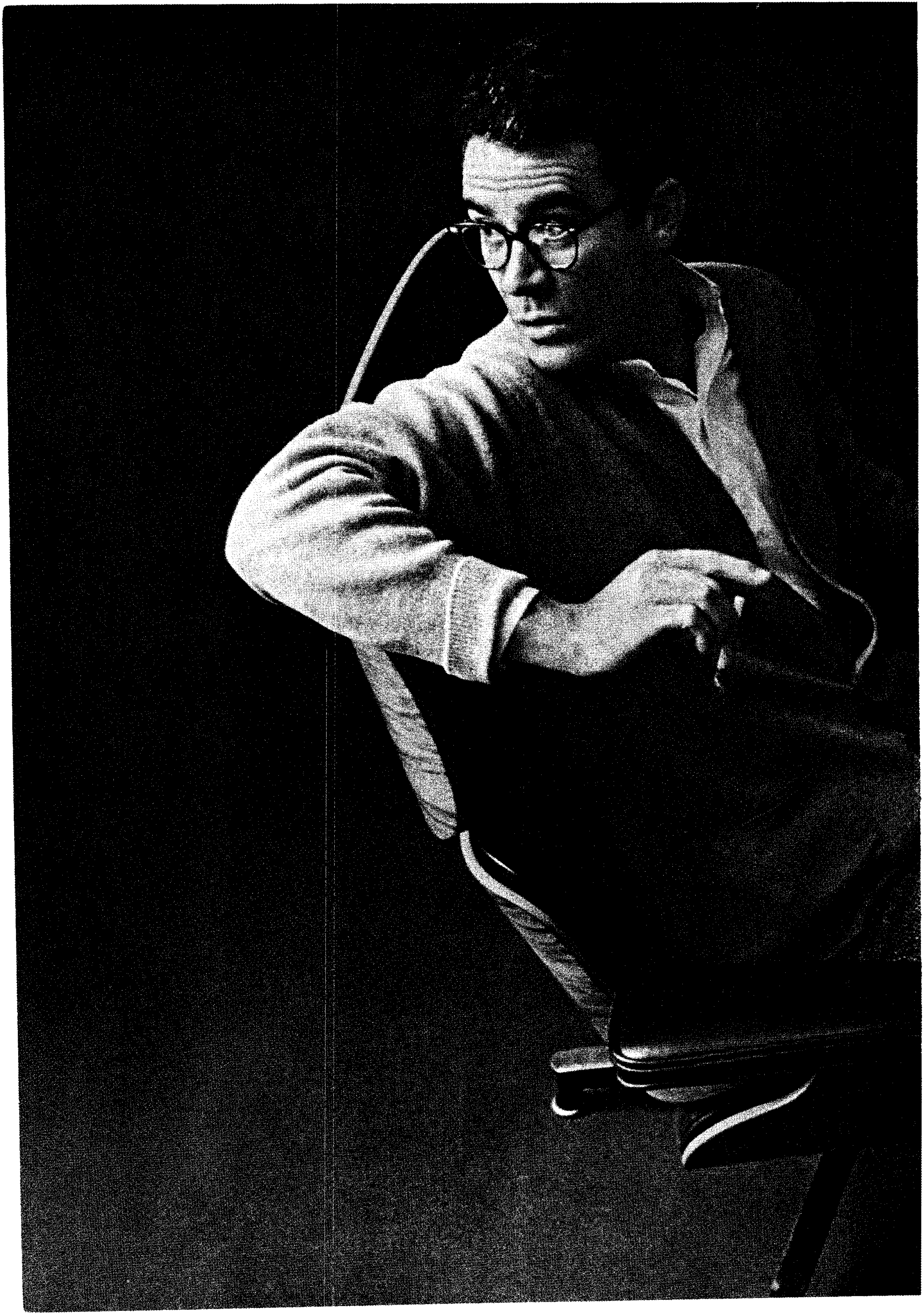

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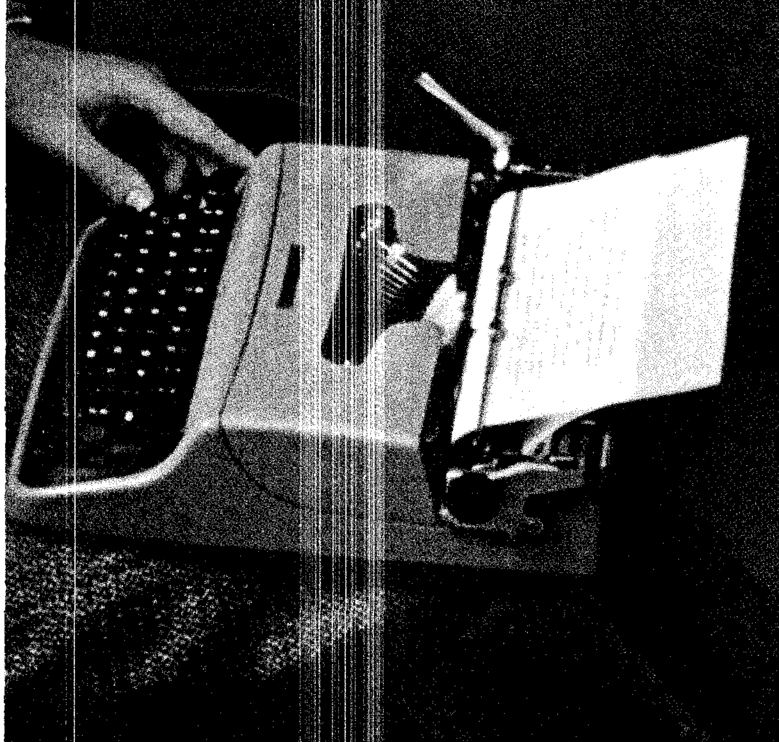

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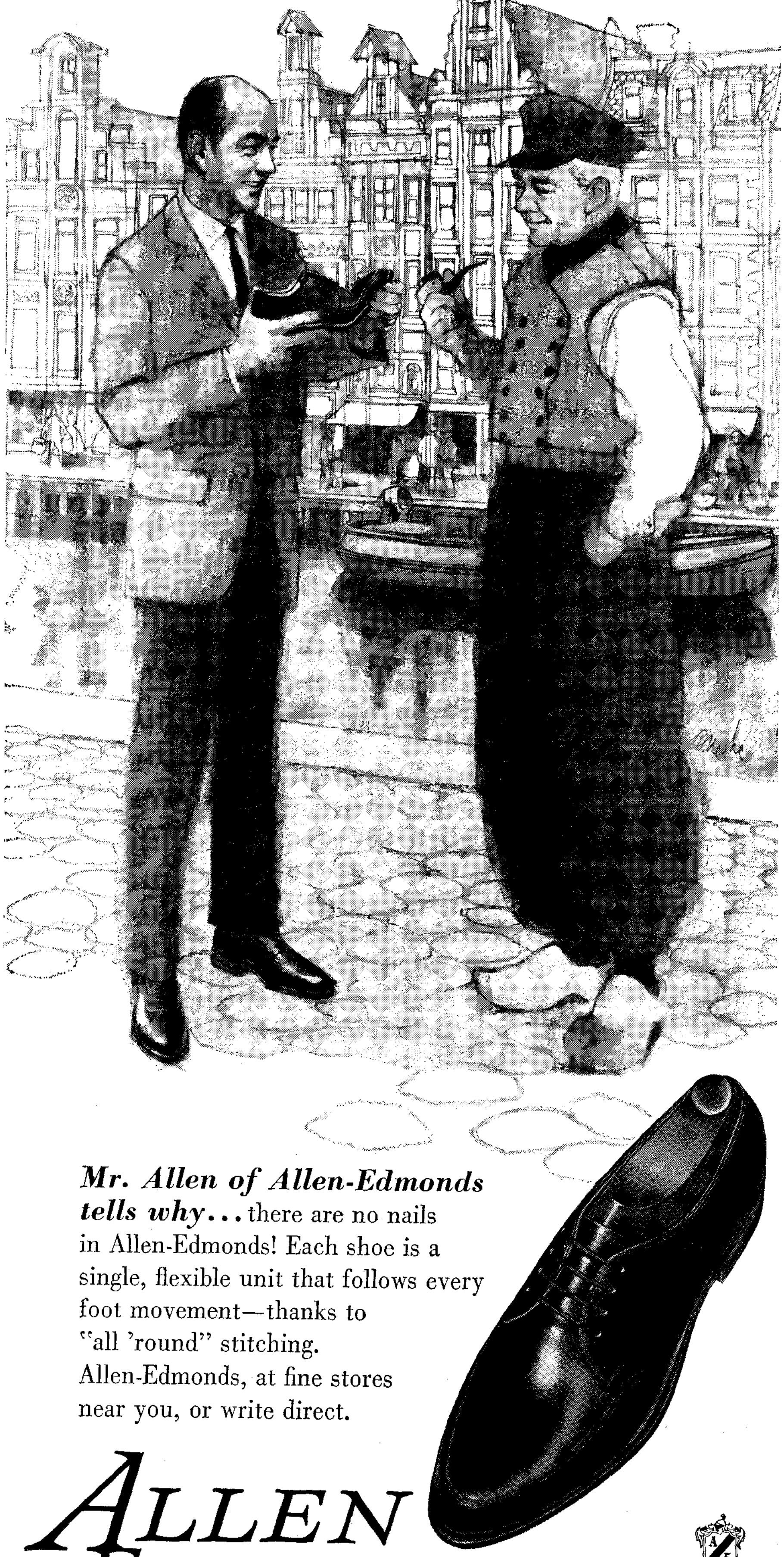
why should he have been, he asks, when the man not only wouldn't do his share of the communal work but had homicidal designs upon him? In 1960, just before Ito and Minagawa were flown home from Guam, Minagawa went back to Unno's grave and dug up his bones, so he could deliver them to Unno's family. Ito declined to go along.

Despite their differences, it was evident to both men that neither could survive without the other, and in due course they worked out a *mode de vie*, which they followed for their remaining six years in the jungle—a period when, if either of them wanted the comfort or counsel of another human being, he had nowhere to turn but to the other. They would now and then discuss the possibility of giving themselves up, in nighttime conversations that more often than not ended with one or the other exclaiming, "Oh, what a miserable life this is!" On this point, they invariably saw eye to eye. Bad as their life might be, however, both were positive that it would be foolhardy to try to accost anyone else on the island. (As late as 1957, a patrol opened fire on Ito while he was gathering coconuts. Crouching and ducking, he escaped through the underbrush, and discovered afterward that he had no more than a flesh wound from a bullet that creased his back.)

Ito and Minagawa could never be companionable or compatible, but they had to be coöperative. Their existence became one of detached togetherness. Every six months or so, they would move, mainly to seek untapped sources of food. Wherever they chose to stop, they occupied separate tents. Each man had his own tools and implements, his own clothes and repair kits. Each gathered his own staple food, and cooked his own meals—usually at dawn—over his own fire. Whenever either man found something special, though—a pig, a chicken, a crab, or some other treat—it was divided in two. Together they would raid the dump. Together they would go to the seashore every couple of months to fetch water they could convert, by boiling or evaporation, into salt. Together they rigged a fresh-water tank out of a discarded American tire tube. And when one was sick, the other ministered to him.

At times when they had enough food and there were no pressing chores to do, Ito and Minagawa would sit near their shelters and talk about their families. On rare occasions, when they were feeling exceptionally relaxed and cordial, they would reminisce jokingly about girls they had slept with, in a time so long



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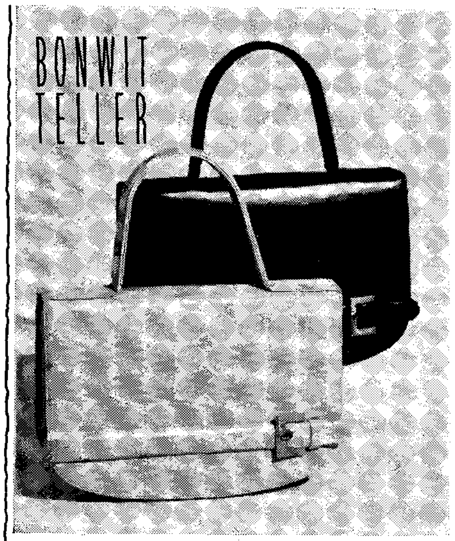
past that it hardly seemed real, but even during the most hilarious confessions they never dared laugh aloud; there was no way of telling who might hear them and pounce in the dark. Actually, sex did not much occupy their thoughts. "We were always scared of being killed," Minagawa says, "and in those circumstances we hadn't much time to worry about women." Once, in the pages of an old magazine, they came across a naked woman's photograph. Using the picture as his model, Ito whittled an eight-inch-high nude, but shortly afterward he became conscious that he had begun talking to this wooden image, so he threw it into a fire. Self-restraint, he knew, was the overriding order of the day.

Minagawa knew this well, too. "I don't think those sixteen years on Guam were a waste of time, because they made me able to stand anything," he said recently. "Whenever I get angry now, I can control myself. In that respect, at least, my life may be happier today than it would have been if I'd come home at the end of the war. You know, it's easy to raise your standard of living, but terribly hard to lower it. The most important thing that happened to me in these sixteen years was learning to endure the very lowest standard of living imaginable and the very harshest of disciplines—self-discipline." If the two Guamanian crab hunters had not chanced to leave Talofofo early that morning in 1960, Minagawa and Ito might still be testing their remarkable endurance.

AMERICAN soldiers long encamped on foreign soil traditionally proclaim that when they return home they will kiss the ground, or eat some of their mother's homemade blueberry pie, or engage in some similar ethnic ceremonial. When Minagawa returned home, he wanted mainly to see his sister; he said in the Naval Hospital at Guam that if he could just have a look at her he would be content to die. Ito (who, incidentally, doubts whether any American would have had the physical or mental fortitude to go through what he went through, and who remarks rather scornfully that in 1941, when the Japanese took Guam, many Americans surrendered with excessive alacrity) had been nursing one American-style hope all along. He had a hankering for a bowl of *misoshiru*—a spicy Japanese soup made from bean paste, fish, vegetables, and various fiery condiments. He gobbled some *misoshiru* on his very first night in Japan.

At a homecoming press conference



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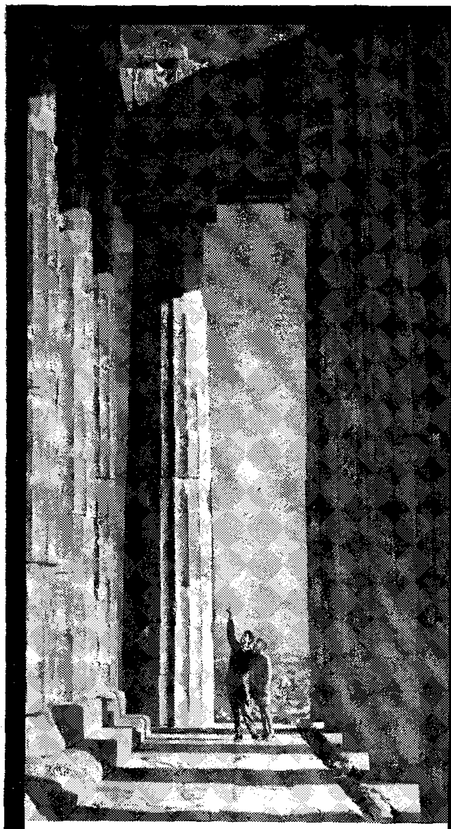

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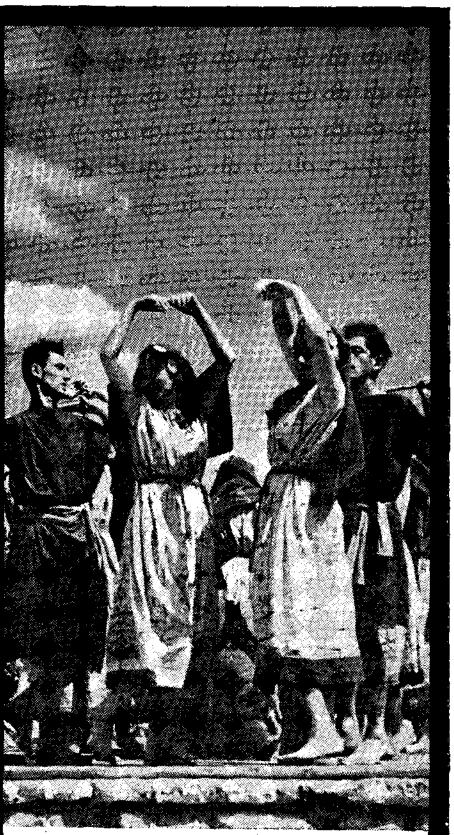

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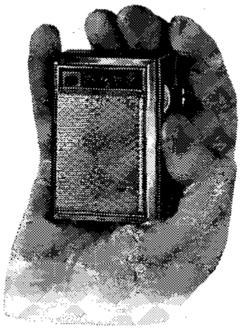
that the stragglers held at Tachikawa, it was Ito who did most of the talking, though he spoke so softly and stuttered so badly that he couldn't be heard very well. Minagawa, whose luggage consisted mainly of Unno's bones, encased in a box the Navy had given him and wrapped in clean white cloth, was dazed. "I just can't understand anything," one reporter quoted him as saying. In a subsequent, ghostwritten book of memoirs, he characterized his feelings in somewhat more soaring prose: "I felt like a bird without a tree to perch on." Both men, naturally, were confounded by their first views of their homeland. Neither had ever been to Tokyo before, and they expected to find the capital of a nation whose soldiers had unforgivably lost the war a devastated shambles. Instead, they gaped at the world's biggest metropolis—a stunning, bulging, deafening beehive of modernity. A few days after their return, thousands of university students and other young people demonstrated riotously against the government of Nobusuke Kishi, then the Prime Minister. Ito and Minagawa took in some of these turbulent performances and were flabbergasted. "I can't understand what this big fuss is all about," Ito said. Minagawa, gazing at young Japanese women with hennaed hair and painted fingernails who strolled hand in hand with men, simply refused to believe that these bizarre-looking and acting females were not foreigners. Later, as the men browsed through Japanese newspapers, both of them were puzzled bv a host of English words transliterated into Japanese—"sex," "teen-ager," "strikeout," "love scene," "missile," and so on. They had come back to a world that made no sense.

On Guam, Minagawa and Ito had suggested to Edward Tsutsui that, in the improbable event that they were not executed or imprisoned, maybe he could get them jobs on that island; they were appalled by the prospect of returning to their homeland in defeat. Now they were further bewildered when the Japanese press showered on them the sort of acclaim that is usually reserved for victors. *Asahi,* not content with having printed a first-hand journalistic account of their saga in Guam, now grabbed up their own first-person accounts, and both men found themselves spending more time with scribbling journalists than with their families. Ito's autobiography was on sale in book form less than a month after he had sucked in his first serving of *misoshiru.* Meanwhile, a widely circulated weekly magazine came up with an apocryphal story

A&F



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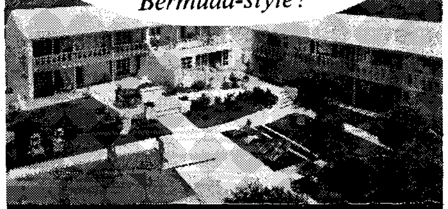

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headed "Straggler Reports to the Emperor," in which Ito (whose first name the magazine muffed) introduced himself thus:

> Your Majesty, Imperial Army Sergeant Tadashi Ito reports to you. I have just returned from duty.

The imaginary interview continued with Ito's delivery of a brisk chastisement to the Emperor—an impertinence for which at the time he joined the Army he could have been beheaded.

> Why, why did Japan lose the war? I believed in your divinity, but I no longer believe in you. It was your sole responsibility that you waged a war you never had a chance to win.
>
> I feel very sad. I held out in the jungle firmly believing that someday the Japanese Army would come to relieve me. Why, why did Japan lose the war?…
>
> I felt like an insane man. I felt really ashamed to come home disgracefully alive while all my comrades-in-arms died honorably in combat. I don't want the people to welcome me as if I were a hero.
>
> It was only my duty to hold out in the jungle until reinforcements arrived. This was by no means a heroic deed. In sixteen years I have forgotten almost everything, but I can still recite, word for word, your Imperial rescript to your soldiers: "Do not disgrace yourself by being captured alive, but die."
>
> I was loyal to your rescript. And by observing it I have wasted my youth in the dark jungle.

The Imperial Household Agency, which handles relations between the Emperor and his subjects, was asked to comment on this soldierly gripe, but it kept silent. Ito didn't comment, either, at the time, but he has subsequently denied that he ever composed a word of the rebuke attributed to him.

The American doctors on Guam had pronounced Ito and Minagawa to be in reasonably good health, but now the pair accepted the invitation of the indefatigable *Asahi* to be its guests for an all-expenses-paid, three-week sojourn at the Keio University Hospital, in Tokyo. The stragglers had adjoining private rooms, but though they were ambulatory patients, they hardly ever visited each other. (A woman who had read of their vicissitudes sent some pocket money in an envelope addressed to Minagawa. An *Asahi* man suggested that he give Ito half. Minagawa was willing, but Ito wouldn't take it.) The two men had few callers from outside. *Asahi*, which had obtained from the hospital the exclusive right to publish the findings of all the internists, dermatologists, ophthalmologists, dentists, orthopedists, laryngologists, psychologists, and psychiatrists who examined the pair, wanted no one hanging around who might interfere with its clinical scoop. Ito and

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Minagawa were compliant enough about most of the poking and prodding to which they were subjected, but Ito—conceivably meditating on the death of Unno—complained that the doctors were taking too many blood specimens.

Both men were self-conscious about being tended by women on the hospital staff. When a woman psychologist visited each, in turn, to give them some intelligence and aptitude tests, each was embarrassed and disturbed at being alone in a room with her. (The psychiatrists, being psychiatrists, naturally searched with all the recondite resources at their disposal for evidence of latent or outright homosexuality. They found not a trace of it.) At one point, the woman psychologist dropped in on Ito to evaluate his ability to cope with elementary arithmetical problems. Ito lapsed into surly silence after the first few questions. He later said all the numbers made him dizzy. "I don't know why," he told *Asahi*, "but I just couldn't answer an easy question like 'What is left if fifteen is taken three times from one hundred?' I didn't have to do that sort of thing in the jungle."

A psychiatrist subsequently explained Ito's blankness as "a deterioration of mental ability because of situational factors." The over-all psychiatric analysis of both men was that they were absolutely normal, though a mite wary and insecure and not particularly adept at coming to grips with abstractions. But then, the psychiatrists noted, how many Japanese farm lads who simply stayed home were particularly adept at coming to grips with abstractions? While the stragglers were being interviewed by the doctors, the faintest noise in the corridor outside their rooms would distract them, and they were also uncommonly sensitive to any intrusive odor—"a manifestation," one of the psychiatrists said, "of their defensive attitude toward outside aggressions." Both men, the doctors noted, would awaken every morning at four o'clock, out of seemingly unbreakable habit. (They now sleep longer.) One difference between them during their hospital sojourn was that Minagawa would eat anything set before him, while Ito spurned all raw foods.

Physically, the two checked out in tiptop shape, all things considered. Minagawa was slightly astigmatic, and glasses were prescribed for him. His spine was a bit curved, from his life as a bearded snail, and the onerous jungle years had also caused the edges of both men's bone joints to become sharp. Both had a mild calcium deficiency, but the Keio dentists pronounced them astounding oral specimens, saying that their

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teeth were no worse, and perhaps a little better, than those of most Japanese males of their age. Ito and Minagawa, the dentists were pleased to learn, had always tried, with whatever equipment was at hand, to brush their teeth at least once daily.

The two men were released from the hospital in mid-July of 1960, and then were faced with the problem of supporting themselves. They had received some money from *Asahi* and other publishers, and they had also received forty thousand yen each in back Army pay, computed on a wartime scale, but the yen, which had been worth eighty-four cents when they went off to battle, was now worth less than three, so for sixteen years of faithful service to the Emperor they received just over a hundred dollars apiece. It was not much of a grubstake, and for men around forty, without vocational experience, jobs were not easy to come by. But Hiroshi Okawa, the president of the Toei Motion Picture Company, who, like Minagawa, was a native of Niigata Prefecture, offered the latter a watchman's job at the Toei lot, on the northern edge of Tokyo. A few days later, having decided to make a movie about the stragglers, and figuring that it would be convenient to have both of them available for technical advice, Toei offered Ito a similar job. (Minagawa again held seniority, and was aware of it.) Thus, the unfriendly intimates once again found themselves together. At the studio, where they are still employed, they seldom meet. They are on different shifts, so as a rule they see each other on the lot only at eight o'clock in the morning, the time of the changing of the Toei guard.

The movie about them, "Saigo No Nihon-hei" ("The Last of the Imperial Army"), was released in October, 1960. The characters based on Ito and Minagawa bore their real-life names, but Unno was called Takano, because the producers felt that the use of his name might cause his family unnecessary distress. In some respects, the script stuck exceedingly close to the facts; for instance, the actor who portrayed Ito affected a stutter, though it was a more aggravated stutter than Ito's. But there were also quite a few instances of dramatic license. Ito was shown sobbing convulsively on Unno's—or Takano's—grave, and Ito and Minagawa were shown splashing noisily as they bathed in the sea. During their sixteen years on Guam, they would have regarded any such clamorous commotion as suicidal. "Saigo No Nihon-hei" did not itself make much of a splash at the

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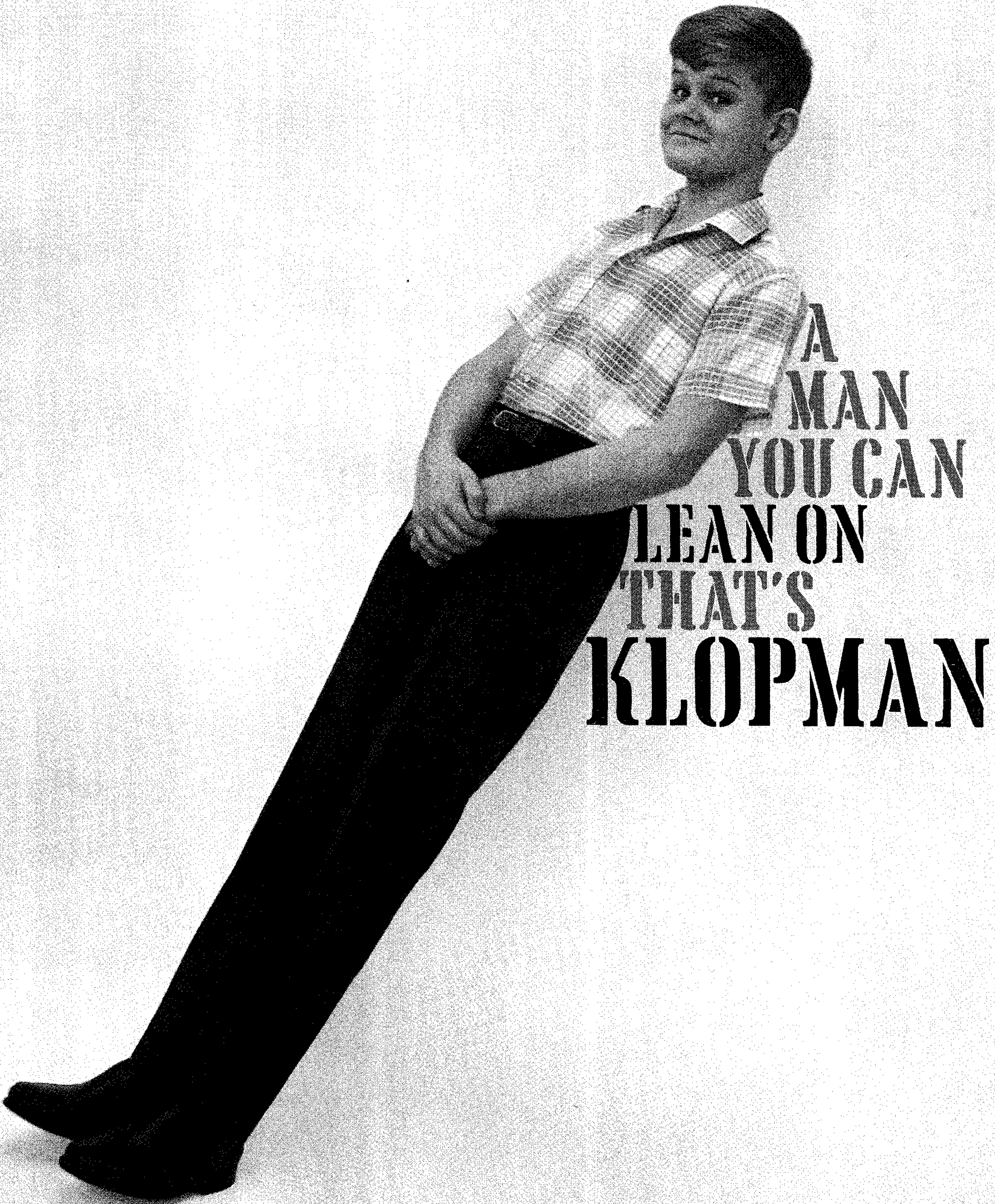

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box office. A large proportion of the moviegoers in Japan, as elsewhere nowadays, are teen-agers, and this influential segment of the audience was not awfully eager to take in an eighty-seven-minute picture—even one shot in ToeiScope—about a minor episode in an ancient war, on an all but unheard-of island named Guam.

For a while, both Ito and Minagawa lived in a dormitory that Toei maintains near its lot for its unmarried male employees. Ito moved out at the end of 1960, and on January 7, 1961, two months before his fortieth birthday, he got married. His bride, Taeko Endo, who was twenty-nine at the time, is the third daughter of a fruit-store proprietor; she was working as a secretary when they got married. The Itos live in an eight-by-ten-foot one-room apartment in Itabashi, a district in northern Tokyo. Theirs is a plain, unexciting, typical lower-middle-class Japanese existence. When a recent visitor to Ito's home asked him if he still pursued his hobby of carving, he replied—it seemed almost wistfully—"Carving takes time, and I have no time these days. I'm always spending my time with somebody else." Ito has an infant girl now; so has Minagawa. Minagawa's sister had announced as soon as news of his rescue reached her that she was going to find him a nice bride, but shortly after Ito's wedding he found one on his own—Hiyomi Jinnai, who, as it happened, was also a twenty-nine-year-old third daughter. She became Minagawa's wife on April 2, 1961, when he was forty, and they live in a rented room in the Nerima section of Tokyo, not far from the Toei studios. Neither straggler attended his comrade's wedding.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

(*This is the second of a series of three articles.*)

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THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From the Note-Books of Samuel Butler, 1913*]

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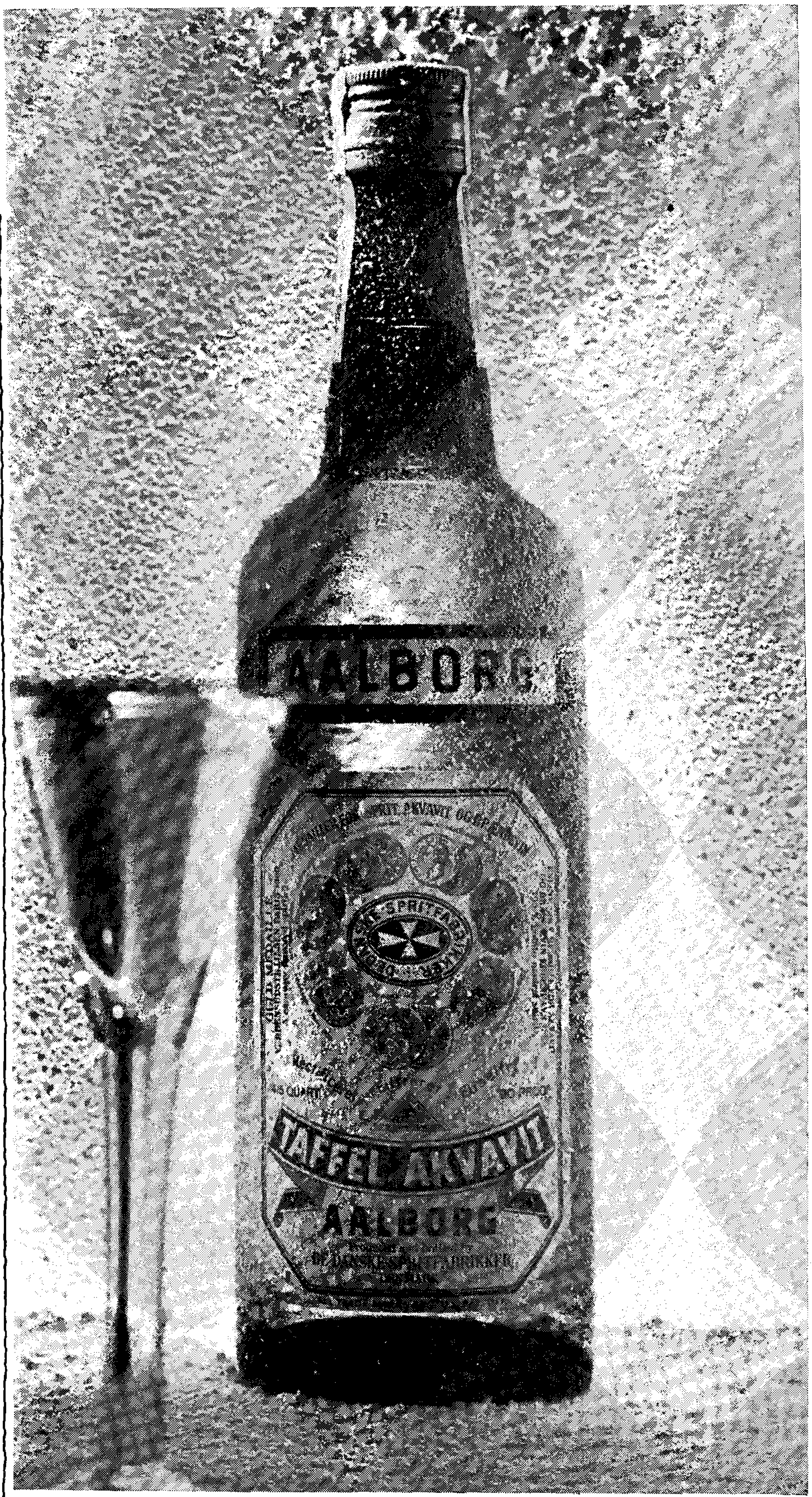

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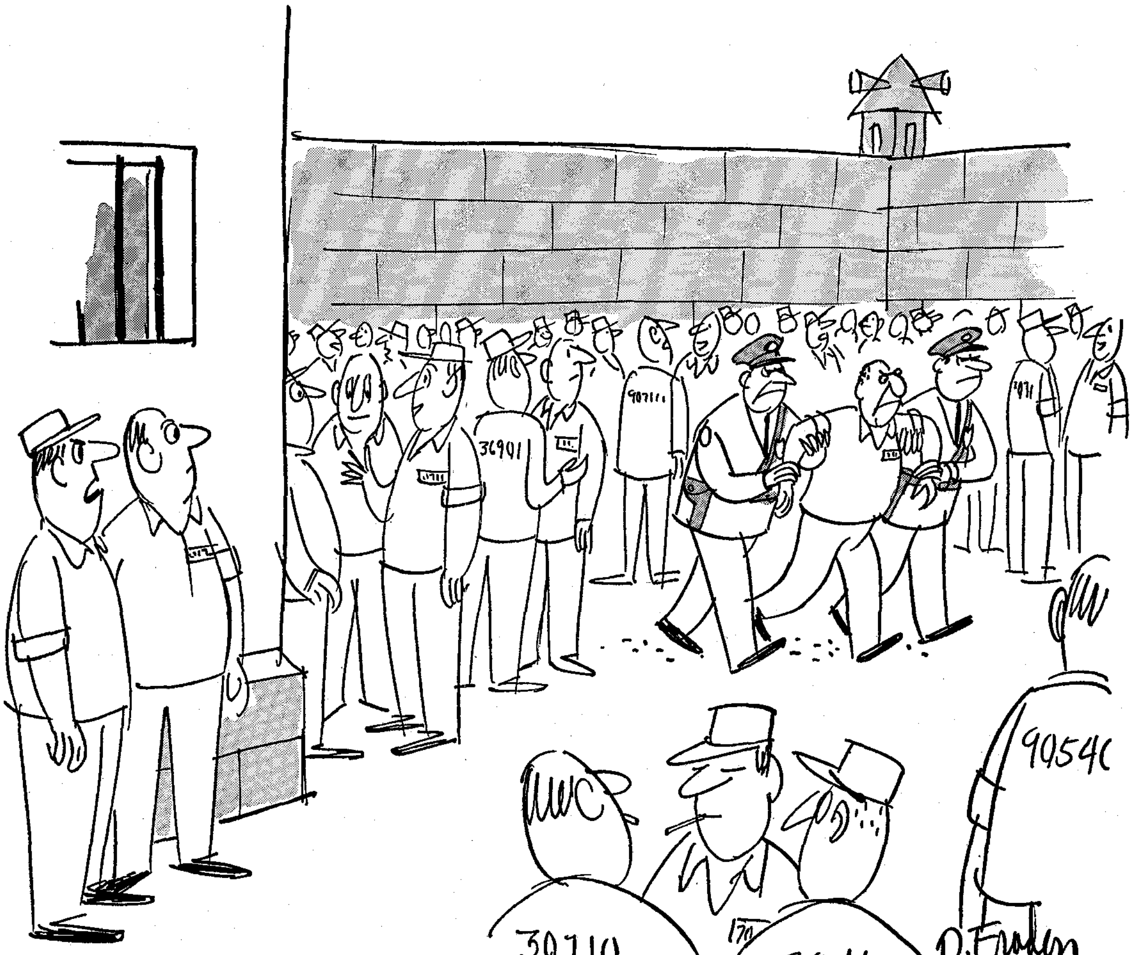
THE Association of Producing Artists, a repertory group that has been in existence for several years and has played in other parts of the country, has opened its first season here with a most enjoyable production of "The School for Scandal," which would probably show to even greater advantage in a theatre less bleak than the Folksbiene. The staging, by Ellis Rabb, is so original, quick, and stylish, always enhancing and clarifying but never interfering with the play, that it almost makes up for the auditorium. The curtains are transparent and behind them actors dressed as liveried servants set up each successive scene; then the principals get started, and by the time the curtains have parted the scene is already under way. Thus, the action is continuous but neatly punctuated. The company is very good, and is lucky to have, in Rosemary Harris, a really charming and accomplished actress. Her Lady Teazle is young, witty, and ingenuous—always the country girl come to town. Miss Harris appears to take to the part effortlessly, and in the scenes with Lady Sneerwell, Mrs. Candour, Crabtree, and Sir Benjamin Backbite—that croaking chorus of scandalmongers—she is, in all her frivolity, so elegant that she seems at least a cut and three-quarters above her companions. "Volatile and gay" are Sheridan's own words for Lady Teazle, in the epilogue that combines the character's farewell to London with the actress's farewell to her audience, but the adjectives only partly describe Miss Harris. Will Geer, of all people, makes a lively, funny Sir Peter—a clever, sophisticated man in a ridiculous position—but he plays the role in a rather too rickety manner, I think, creating a suggestion of something slightly nasty as well as funny in his being married to this particular Lady Teazle. He is meant to be old enough to be her father, not her grandfather. For all I know, the part may be written that way, though; Mrs. Abington was forty when she appeared as the original Lady Teazle, so probably the matter didn't come up. Mr. Geer does supply a kind of scratchy masculinity, which is good for the character and for the play.

Lady Teazle's confession speech, when the screen is pulled away and she is discovered by Sir Peter in Joseph Surface's rooms, is beautifully done, though something may have gone slightly wrong with the timing on opening night. At any rate, the laughter, which should have stopped once she got into the speech, continued throughout. The auction scene could not have gone better. I don't know whether it is traditional to play it with the ancestral portraits hanging, so to speak, above the heads of the audience, but it certainly is effective. I am always being surprised into tears by the sudden intrusion of warmth into brittle comedy, and Sir Oliver's pleasure and gratification when Charles refuses to sell his picture at any price were genuine and affecting. Clayton Corzatte is an interesting young man whose odd, clipped speech and wry manner work very well for Charles, the honest young libertine whose wit is as pure as his heart. David Hooks, who somewhat resembles Laurence Olivier, makes a fine Sir Oliver. Both he and Mr. Geer are at their best in the brief reunion scene between Sir Oliver and Sir Peter—the two ex-boys-about-town together again after sixteen years—which is compounded of back-slapping pleasure and embarrassment in about



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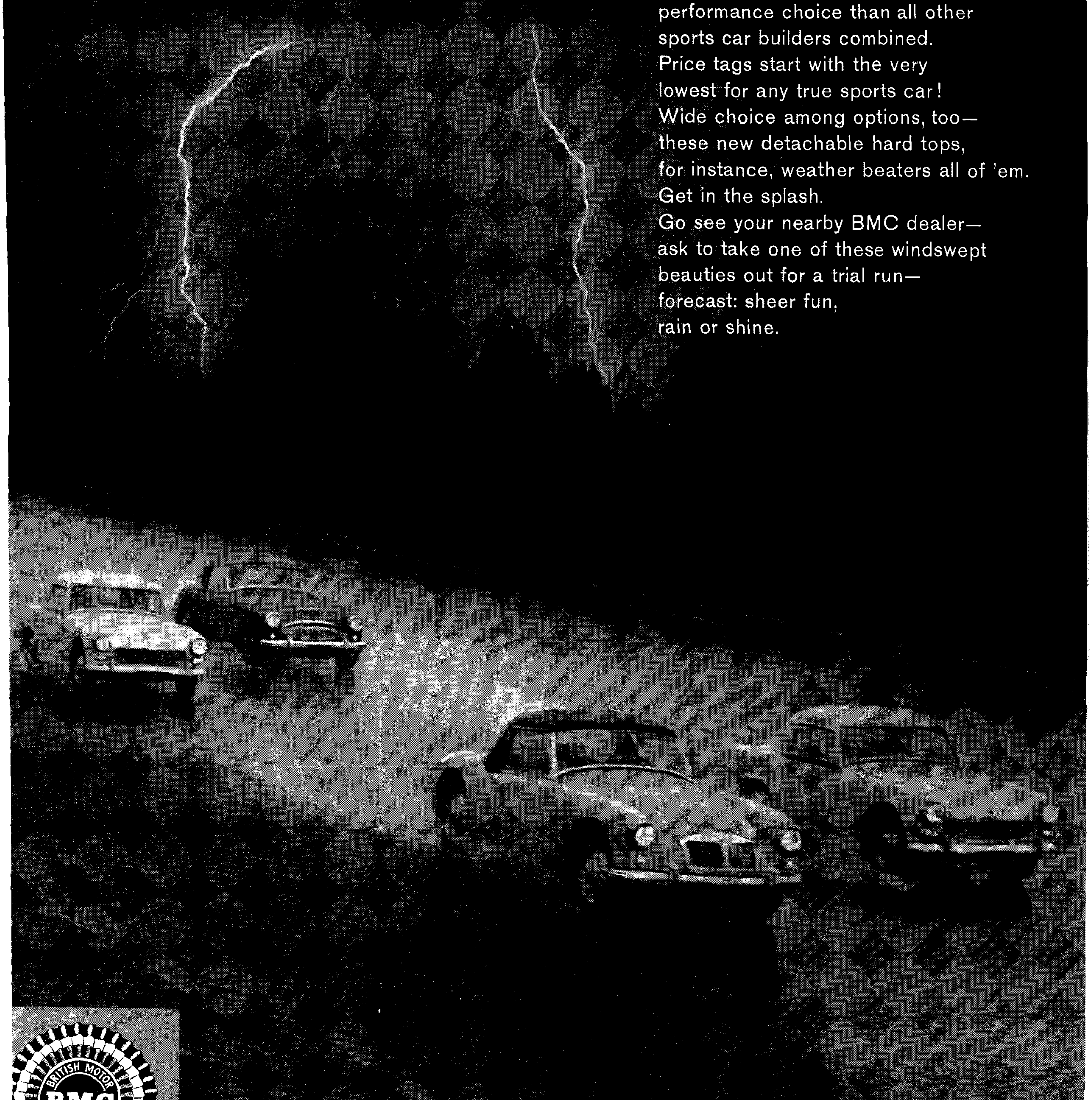

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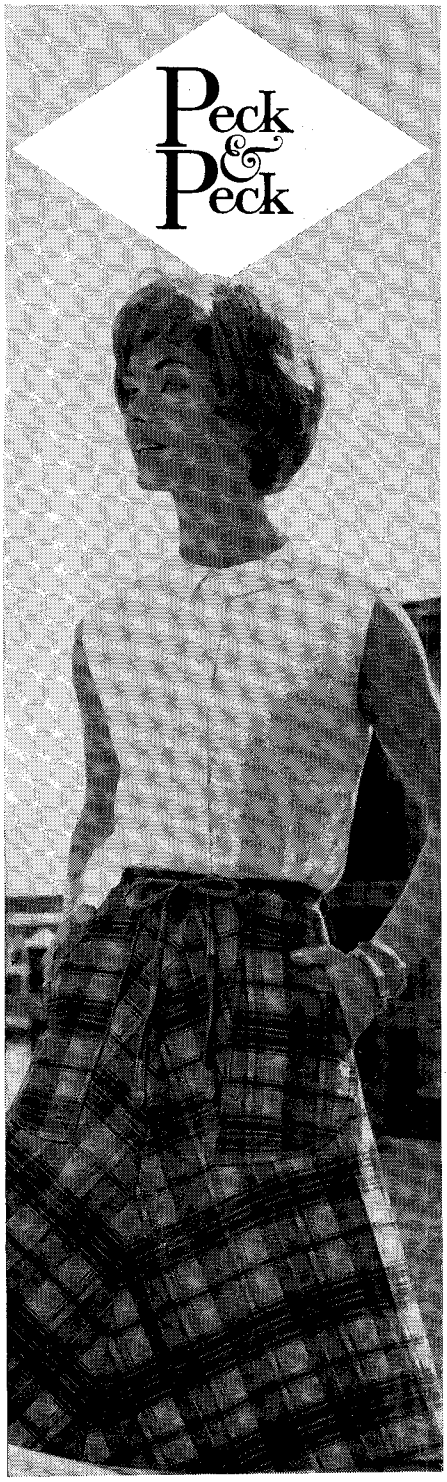

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equal proportions. Joseph Surface is the part, though. Much as I admired George Grizzard's silky cynicism and ice as that pious hypocrite, I missed—but after the show was over, not during it—the seducing bounder underneath. Nicholas Martin's Sir Benjamin looks like a petulant green worm (the costumes, by Lloyd Burlingame, are just right, and so are his sets), full of pouts and affectation. All the actors move and speak well; nothing is hit too hard, and nothing goes to waste, either. My few reservations can be set aside as quibbles.

The play, for all its satiric intent, is good-humored and delightful, but surely you don't need me to tell you that.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

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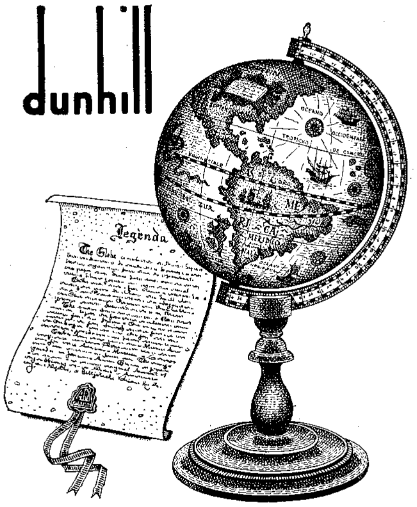

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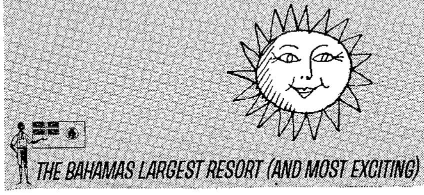
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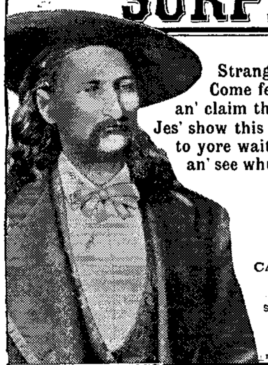

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LARRY ELLMAN'S
THE CATTLEMAN
THE ADULT WESTERN RESTAURANT AT 47TH ST. & LEXINGTON AVE.

THE RACE TRACK

Interference

WELL, there has been another major disqualification in Florida. After Yorky finished first in the Gulfstream Park Handicap last Saturday, the stewards ordered him placed second, behind Jay Fox, whom he had crowded and bumped in the stretch. In the Flamingo Stakes at Hialeah, a fortnight before, Sunrise County's number was taken down because he had swerved in front of Ridan. Now all the horseplayers who believe that bad luck runs in threes expect a disqualification in the Florida Derby at Gulfstream on the thirty-first. To get back to Yorky, he ran the same sort of race he had run in the Widener Handicap at Hialeah last month, going around the leaders on the stretch turn, except that this time he bore over against Jay Fox in the last furlong. (The interference was plainly visible on television.) Carry Back was third, and, as far as I could see, he ran no better for Ycaza than he had been running for Sellers, who was dropped because he hadn't won with the little colt in four starts this year; Sellers rode Garwol, who finished fourth. And Four-and-Twenty had no more luck than he had in the East last season; he stumbled at the start and wound up last. Jay Fox was one of the long shots. He paid $44.80.

THE gallop for the Governor's Gold Cup at Bowie last weekend may have lacked quality, but it had quantity. Twelve three-year-olds started, and the winner turned up in Daddy R., with Grid Iron Hero second and Dicks Pet third. By the way, Yeux-doux won earlier in the afternoon, paying $14.40, and the winners of the double, which paid $691, were Bright Heritage and Smile Please.

THEY'RE off and running at Aqueduct, and I daresay ever so many racegoers have lists of horses to keep an eye on there and elsewhere. My own list includes several old favorites. I admit I'm not taking much of a risk in putting Kelso at the top. He was voted best in the country for the last two seasons, and if the opposition is what it is likely to be he should win that honor

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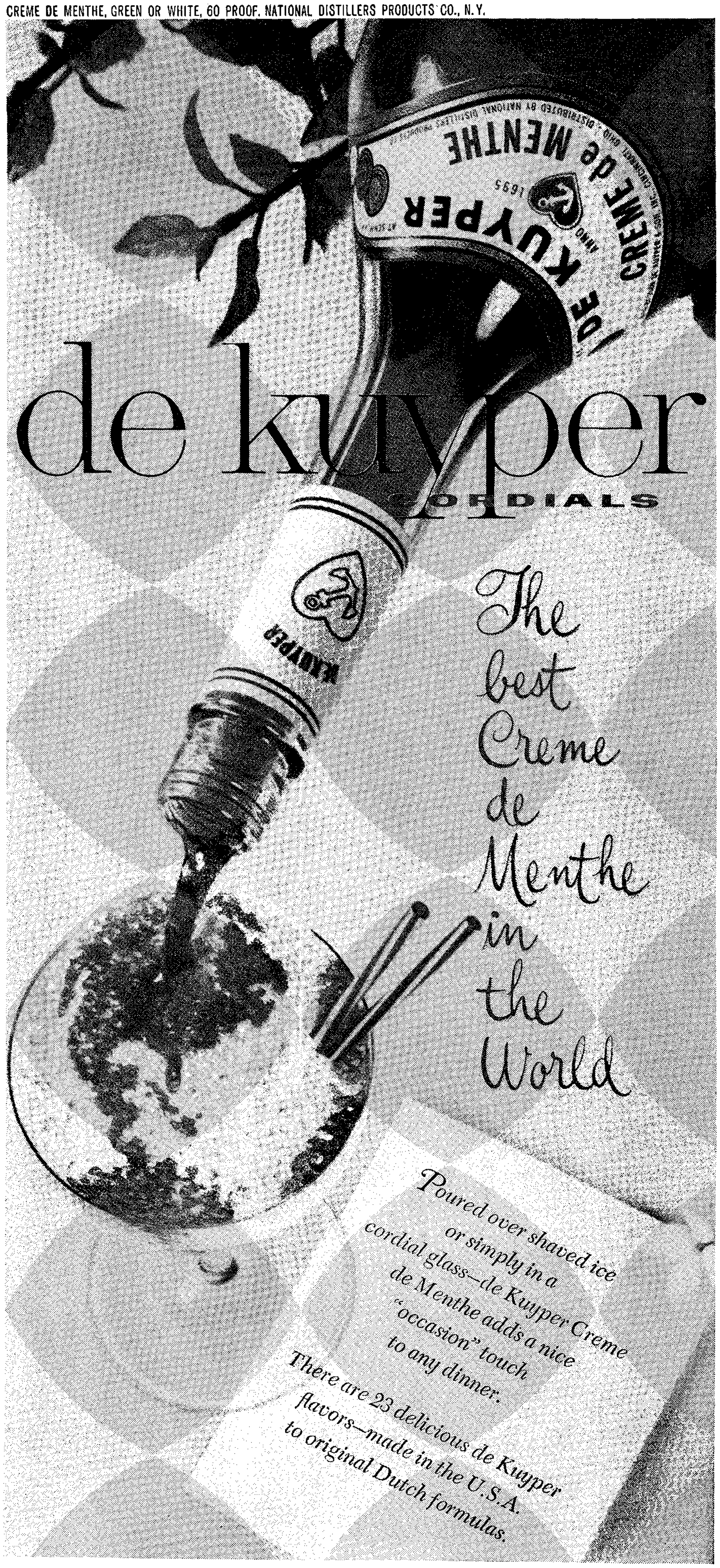

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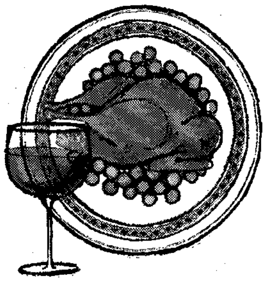
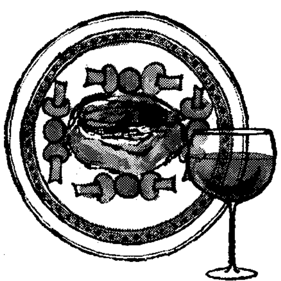
When she takes fowl (petit poulet)



And you want steak (mignon filet)



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again. Next comes T. V. Lark, a sturdy fellow who bounds along the way Brevity (I wonder how many people remember him) used to do back in the thirties. T. V. Lark is just the type for ten furlongs on any racecourse. I've seldom had more enthusiastic reports about a runner than I've had about Globemaster recently, and he won so impressively at Bowie the other day that I'm taking a chance on him for the John B. Campbell Handicap there this weekend. For racing on the grass, I've put down The Axe II, who ran well at Santa Anita. And if you must know, I haven't given up on Carry Back, though I think he could do with a rest. As for the three-year-olds, here are seven: Jaipur, Sir Gaylord, Donut King, Cyane, Cicada, Ridan, and something I'm going to pick after the Wood Memorial next month. Jaipur has been my colt for the Belmont Stakes ever since I saw him run last summer. As for Sir Gaylord, if he doesn't win a Derby—the Florida or the Kentucky—I'll be surprised and disappointed. Donut King has two things in his favor: he won the Champagne Stakes in fine style last autumn, and he has been idle all winter, and thus had a chance to develop. There may be more of a gamble in naming Cyane, who sprang from comparative obscurity to fame when he won the Futurity but came out of it with a leg injury; he's had plenty of time to recover from that, though. Cicada should have things her own way in the fixtures for fillies. And Ridan would probably be unbeatable if he ran at distances no longer than a mile. Instead, he's booked for the Kentucky Derby, and if he starts in that mile-and-a-quarter affair he won't be in the first three. So there.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

REPORT OF DOG OFFICER

TO THE HONORABLE BOARD OF SELECTMEN
HARVARD, MASS.
GENTLEMEN:

I hereby submit my report as dog officer for the year 1961.

Delinquent taxes collected	66
Dogs reported lost	15
Dogs returned to owners	22
Bites reported by dogs	3

—*Harvard (Mass.) Town Report.*

Bites reported by busybodies, if you ask us.

•

That comes as close to a physical demonstration of the old Biblical phrase "Full of sound and fury, signifying nothing," as anything I know of.—*Astounding Science Fiction.*

The Gospel According to Macbeth?

Our Poncho Shirt for young amigos ~

The easy to slip-on, good looks of the poncho are translated here in terms of our good-time shirt for boys. It's gay caballero in nubby, heavy cotton, with side slits and awning stripes in blue/brown, orange/turquoise. In 8 to 12 and 14 to 20 sizes, 5.00. Boys' Shop, Second Floor. Mail, phone orders.

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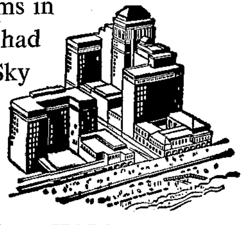
Indoor parking (no charge) for dinner guests and weekend visitors.

IN ORBIT
What's all this about putting space platforms in orbit? We've had pads on our Sky Deck here for years.



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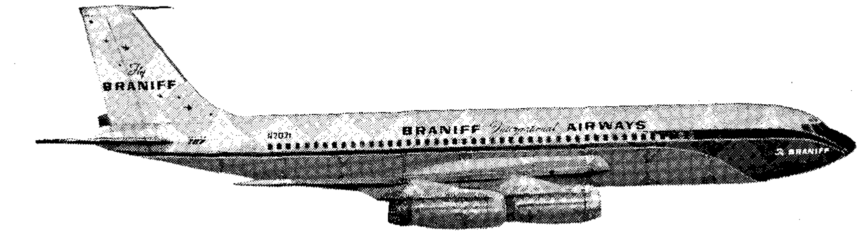
NO. 3 IN A SERIES: THINGS TO KNOW ABOUT AIR TRAVEL IN THE JET AGE



Cost of living – at 40,000 feet

These days, we're told, enterprising boys all over the country (and not a few girls) want shiny new jets for their birthdays. Real ones. We're not surprised. Jets are fascinating. To prove it, we've collected a few odds and ends of facts that might interest you. (In case you have a birthday coming up.)

From the ground up

To begin, a four-engine Boeing 707-227, such as we fly between New York and Dallas, Chicago and Dallas, to Rio and Buenos Aires, etc., sports a set of 10 tubeless tires. All told, they contain enough material to outfit 100 cars and cost about $2,700 — the price of a new car, tires and all.

Moving into the plane (via a specially designed passenger stair that weighs 2,850 lbs. and costs $3,041), you'll find yourself in a cabin with 92 windows, 600 different electric lights and the floor area of a small 2-bedroom house. (Those windows, by the way, are really 3 windows each — 2 of them are each capable of sustaining 1,728 lbs. of pressure per square foot. One maintains cabin pressure; the other is held in reserve. The third window is to reduce glare.)

"I'll take 110 seats, please"

If you're "home economically" inclined, you might like to know the cost of a few things around the cabin. Carpeting (a true magic carpet) costs $1,030. That's a little more than you might pay to carpet a 2-bedroom house, because our 707 carpet is specially designed to reduce noise. (In all, there are two tons of sound-proofing material in the cabin.)

Galley equipment, which allows you to eat in style while coasting along at 600 mph, costs $33,000. Enough to more than pay for our mythical 2-bedroom house, completely furnished, with a little left over to keep up the lawn.

Or: How much is that jet in the window? Things you may not know about a jet — unless you've purchased one recently.

If you'd like a pair for your living room, a set of First Class seats will set you back $1,728. That's for 2. Our Coach seats cost $2,150 for 3. (Quantity buying!) All told, the seats in one of *our* living rooms come to $85,044, not counting the lounge or seats for the crew. (Crew members, except hostesses, do not stand, you may be sure. Hostesses rarely sit.)

Wired for everything

Cruising along with you on a 707 are some 40 miles of electrical wiring and a power plant that could supply current for 80 average homes.

But the electronic marvels are most impressive up in the cockpit. There the crew can "see" 150 miles (via radar), talk to the home office (from anywhere), and do a few other occult things. The cockpit is where the initials live: DME, VHF and UHF Communications & Navigation Equipment, VOR, ILS, etc. We won't go into them all, except to say they make flying easier, more comfortable and safer. (They're also one reason why we are a leader in on-time ratings.) Our wondrous Hi-Fi sets, all told, cost around $70,000, per jet.

The big push

Each of the Pratt & Whitney JT4 A-3 engines on a Braniff jet is powerful enough to lift 15,000 lbs. straight up. All four in action can do the work of 30 piston engines, produce the equivalent of 75,000 horsepower, and enable a jet to climb at a brisk 5,000 feet *a minute.* Among other things, the engines provide power for air-conditioning while in flight. On the ground, we use a special air-conditioning truck that plugs into the side of the plane. Cost: $16,208.

Jets have robust appetites. They gobble up nearly 2,000 gallons of fuel an hour. Fuel capacity of a 707 is over 15,000 gallons — enough fuel to drive a car around the world 4 times. (Don't do it. Fly.) If you've wondered, we put the 15,000 gallons in the wings, where there's plenty of room. One JT4 A-3 engine weighs 5,000 lbs. and costs, if you'd like to know, $350,000. To cheer all who worry about the high cost of butter, that's $70 a pound. (Gold, to cheer them further, is $420 a pound.)

The works

Getting back to birthdays and enterprising boys: any parent who is asked to give an El Dorado Super Jet like ours will have to ante up a grand total of about $5,300,000. (A bargain — only $21.37 a pound for 248,000 pounds of birthday present.) For most people, $5,300,000 is a bit steep. If the boy in question is unimpressed by large figures and insists on a jet, we can only suggest that you tell him they are too large (138′ 10″ long) for his closet shelf — and hope for the best. (Or tell him he can't have a shiny jet without one of our shiny diesel tractors to pull it out of the hangar. That's another $18,000, right there.)

In any case, bring him along for a ride in a Braniff jet, soon.

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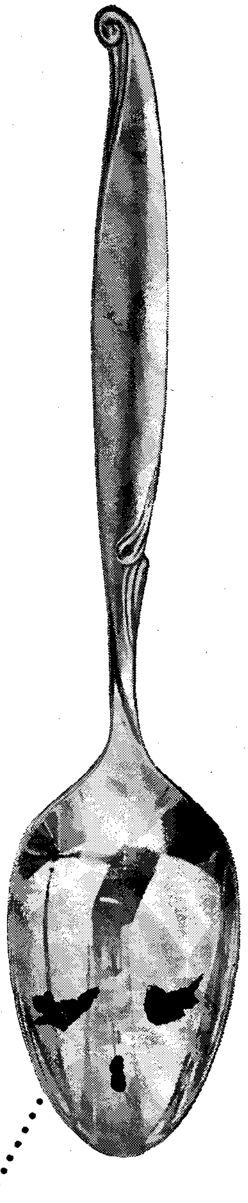

Daddy said only the best finishing school would do!

So off I went to Community (You know *its* reputation). And that's where my character was molded. Why, I owe everything to those master craftsmen—my grace, my deep-down beauty, my sterling table manners. I'm so finished I'll *never* need polishing! That's the joy of graduating to Driftwood in Community* Stainless. All ready to make my way in your world . . . only $24.95 for a 16-piece service for four.

Solid Stainless by Oneida Silversmiths

*TRADEMARK OF ONEIDA LTD., ONEIDA, N. Y.

RICH, BEAUTIFUL VISION DEPARTMENT

[*Prospectus of a new radio program received by the Chicago office of Variety*]

The Seed We Drain of Life

I must out of my own need and for a world of people looking for a tree when, all along we are truly surrounded by a huge forest. I must express and put to words my thoughts, in creating CHICAGO BACKSTAGE. I was not and am not content with the mere presentation of a program. I demand of myself and those who join hands to believe as truth within themselves that which they ask others to partake and live with—facade is but a front, a presentation lacking completeness. I have no room for such in my life and I cannot present one to those whom I live with or amongst. We have laws, some justified, some outright vulgar and inhuman to control what some people consider right or wrong. Yet man fears and becomes a sword of death at self analysis, at a look at his own ways in life—MANS' INHUMANITY TO MAN.

We have as yet to destroy the fear by which most of us live by. We dare not look at ourselves and we dare not truthfully look at others. When will we understand our innards as they truly are? Mans' mental diseases have destroyed and murdered far more minds and bodys than all physical diseases combined. We are a pack of idiots trying to live with one dirty finger while presenting a so-called clean nakedness which in turn murders and rapes the mind. ALL THIS, THE WORK OF THE UNATTENDED MIND, NOT THE WORKINGS OF A SWEATSHIRT OR EVEN THE MEASELS.

Freedom has no stop signs—life is a wonderful force of human love and creation for all. We must stop our own manufactured lies about peoples as a whole and as individuals, we must shed the inhuman age-old disease of false accusations, we must stop cheating ourselves out of a beautiful, healthy, happy, life. We must face our own failures, our own weakness, as we must humbly, and with human understanding, accept our success and strength. We must not blame and point fingers at others because of our own physical and mental hunger. We must walk and live the reality of our lives, the truth of the way, even though it may cause pain and loss of what we want.

To accept and respect, to give understanding to our responsibility to all mankind as the earth unto the seed, we must stop playing and using our false emotions, for with them, as we should see, we are destroying the beautiful human.

To have uncontrolled love for the tears, the pain, and fears of all, to destroy the greatest mass-murderer of all, HATE. Humans without an ism. Life for all, for we are yet a seed, aged only in love, not in seperation. A world people first, freedom and humanity for all, not in words—The destruction of fear and hate, a summer rain.

CHICAGO BACKSTAGE is not at all lost in the above, it is because of the above.

Hoping to hear from you, both with your mental and financial support.

Sincerely yours,
Jack N. Kramer

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Regal is the word for our flawless English Bone China Dinnerware in this Strasbourg pattern, red and gold on white. And for added stately charm, choose a most fair lady from our distinctive collection of English Bone China Figurines, **Lady of Williamsburg** (about 6" high). At our Bermuda stores—or by mail. The five-piece Strasbourg setting with plate sizes 10", 7" and 5" plus cup and saucer, $21.43. The figurine, $32.00. Postpaid, plus modest insurance coverage and duty. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send order to Dept. N.

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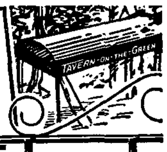

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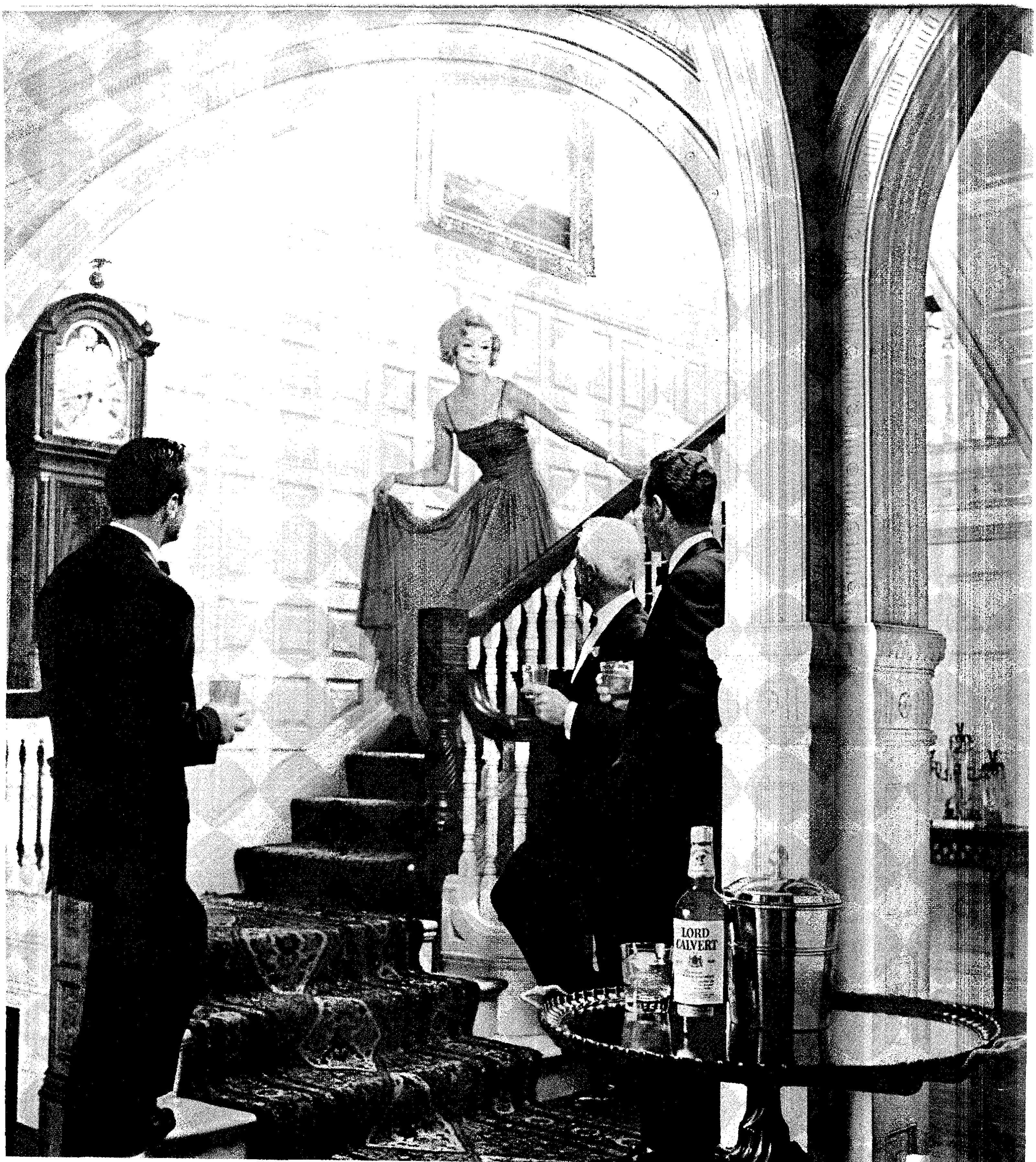

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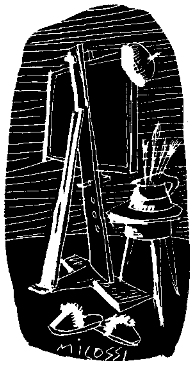
serving people through glass... **AMERICAN-SAINT GOBAIN**

THE ART GALLERIES

Hartley and de Kooning



IT is rare indeed that one discovers new insights into the work of a man the body of whose production is as well known as Marsden Hartley's. Yet I found some as I went through the memorial exhibition of his works now at the Whitney Museum, and a number of things contributed to this happy circumstance. For one, the selection is impeccable, and the number of pieces (fifty-two oils, plus some twenty drawings and water colors, all well spaced chronologically) is just enough to cover the thirty-five years of development the showing encompasses without either confusing or overburdening the spectator, and the arrangement is admirable, particularly in its careful treatment of Hartley's early years.

Lumping things a little, Hartley's life can be divided into three phases. Born in Maine in 1877, he had his first exhibition in 1909, at Alfred Stieglitz's then very avant-garde Photo-Secession Gallery; as the present collection indicates, Hartley was already alert to what had been going on in Europe, although the epochal Armory Show was still four years in the future. The first canvas, "Maine Snowstorm," dated 1908, reveals advanced Impressionist influences (and a beauty it is, with its snow-weighted trees bowing to the wind behind a dazzle of white flakes), and the same is true of "The Hall of the Mountain King," another landscape, and the dramatic, almost abstract red "Landscape, No. 36." The "Deserted Farm," with the buildings far down in a dark fold of the hills, introduces a sombre note that was to be pretty much dominant throughout Hartley's life. (It's worth noting that "Handsome Drinks," a Parisian café scene done a few years later, on his first trip to Europe, is the only really cheerful painting in the whole show.) "Storm Clouds, Maine," with its massed thunderheads looming over a valley, is more literal in rendition and more theatrical in atmosphere. But to me, at least, there seemed to be mingled suggestions of both the Fauves and Cézanne in his "Still-Life, No. 12," of 1910; and a year later, in "Abstraction," he made his first, and not too suc-

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cessful, venture into Cubist techniques. All these form part of Hartley's beginning phase, which, according to my system of programming the man's career, ended with his first excursion abroad, in 1912. The second phase lasted longer—indeed, until around the middle nineteen-thirties—and was more discontinuous, both artistically and geographically. As I realized more clearly than ever before, the prime feeling one gets about it is one of restlessness.

Hartley's first stop, inevitably, was Paris. But unlike most expatriates of his and succeeding generations, he soon moved on to Germany, where he arrived in time to be captivated (to his own disadvantage in the end, I can't help feeling) by the then thriving Expressionist movement generally and by the works of the Blue Rider group particularly. "Painting, No. 1," dated 1913, is an example of these influences, as is "Flower Abstraction," of two years later, while in "Painting No. 47, Berlin," "Portrait of a German Officer," and "Portrait" he displays a fascination with German military pomp (old style) and a newly awakened interest in what might be called symbolic abstraction. In the last three of these paintings, for example, the main compositional elements consist of such martial habiliments as spurs, shoulder tabs, plumed casques and helmets, flags, and targets, all fragmented and arranged more or less symmetrically in what seem to be semi-heraldic patterns. But with the exception of "Berlin Abstraction" (in which an Iron Cross is adroitly made to figure as the corolla of a flower), they are all heavy-handed in conception and often crowded compositionally, and they offer a slightly unpleasant suggestion of not only pomp but pompousness.

Panache is an end in itself, too bombastic and self-sufficient to be susceptible to the subtleties of abstraction, and, as if conscious that he had got on a wrong track, Hartley tried a number of other approaches, for the most part concurrently. "Movement, No. 9," dated 1916, represents another of his rare ventures into straight abstraction, while "Movement, No. 10," a study of a banana and a pear on a white cloth on a black table, is more Purist in manner; a little later, in such pieces as "Pears in a White Compote" and "Basket with Fruit," he turned to Cubism again, this time in the French manner. The work all through this period is uneven—the Braquian "Pears in a White Compote" and the Purist still-life are the best of the lot—and (again as if he were troubled about the direction his life was taking) his movements were restless, too,

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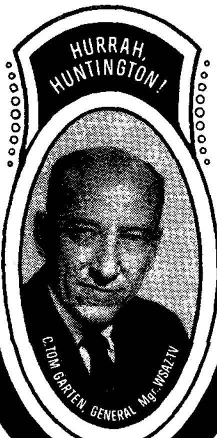
HURRAH, HUNTINGTON!
C. TOM GARTEN, GENERAL Mgr. WSAZ-TV

YEA, CHARLESTON!
JOHN SINCLAIR, JR., CHARLESTON Mgr. WSAZ-TV

TOM: Fellow Huntingtonians, old chums in Charleston, and time-buying influences everywhere: We at WSAZ-TV, the Station with the Tall Tower and the Peak Power, are often asked: "Which offers an advertiser more market for his money—Hustling Huntington, West Virginia, or Cheerful Charleston, in the same well-favored state?" To which we as often reply: "An interesting question, but an academic one! For WSAZ-TV saturates *both* cities with a splendid signal!"

JOHN: Well spoken, sir, and *prudently*, too! For what cause would it serve to confess that Charleston is a tad the more teeming of the two?

TOM: Mr. Sinclair, I do declare! A tad the more teeming by whatever standard of measure or stretch of the imagination?

JOHN: Why, by the Federal Census—a work never, to my knowledge, filed under Fish Stories!

TOM: Your source is, admittedly, of good odor, sir, but you beg the basic question. We are asked how our respective stomping grounds stand as *markets*. *Not* how they fare in the *10-Year National Nose-count!*

JOHN: Very well, Mr. Garten! Which truncheon shall I first employ? Metropolitan Charleston's 62,100 TV homes? Or its average *income? Sales Management's* 1961 Survey of Buying Power shows that the average Charleston household annually earns $6,562—a sum sufficient, would you not say, to allow seconds at table?

TOM: While your figure *is* impressive, Mr. Sinclair, and would turn most cities green with envy, a market is *not* measured about the belly or the serving bowl! One truly measures a market, in my opinion, only by taking the *temper and kidney* of a community. Do not snicker, Sinclair! Huntington was recently dubbed an *All-American City*—on the basis of no less than twelve civic strengths and virtues, ranging from recreational facilities—*four* golf courses and 18 tennis courts, my friend—to diversification of industry!

JOHN: Ah yes, *industry!* Surely a measure of market! Charleston mixes a major portion of the nation's chemicals! Did you know that we sit atop deposits of *brine*, Mr. Garten? *Brine!*

TOM: Charleston *happens* to be My Home Town, Johnny, and I am well aware of its geological riches and resources, having tapped them as a child. But an *All-American City* must have *diversified* industry—must trip the alphabet from Alloys to Zinc. And it must have growth! New industry is moving into Huntington at an absolutely *dizzying* rate!

JOHN: Dizzying, sir! Why our heads fairly *spin* with revising our industrial rosters! But for a progressive smoke-control program, Charleston would blow rings about you any day of the week but Sunday, and well you know it!

TOM: Pshaw, sir! Our roster reads like a blue-chip register of the Free Enterprise System! And our complex stretches out like some river-going leviathan—west to Ashland, Kentucky, and on to Ironton and Portsmouth, east and north to Gallipolis and Athens, Ohio . . .

JOHN: Athens? Not so fast, my friend! *That* plum lies *east* of a line drawn north from our towering transmitter! As does Marietta and Parkersburg!

TOM: I suspect, sir, that your line is skewed or mayhap drawn to the *Magnetic* North!

JOHN: Oh, for time to rebut! However, our typesetter seems to be having the fits. Shall we temporarily declare the debate a draw?

TOM: Rather, let us declare the *advertiser* winner, for is it not he who, for a single price, can claim the entire WSAZ-TV market *area*—with its more than 2,000,000 people and its $4,000,000,000 payroll?

JOHN: It is he who, and it is so agreed. The advertiser wins, provided he consults his Katz Agency man!

TOM: Until the next time, then, we thank you all for your time and attention.

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3
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shifting him back and forth between Germany and this country, on to Mexico and New Mexico, and to Bermuda before, finally, he settled down. The settling down happened around the latter half of the nineteen-thirties, when he discovered, or rediscovered, Maine. According to my private chronology, this initiated his third and last phase, and the great pity is that it was so short, for Hartley died less than a decade later, in 1943. Into that short space, though, was crowded his finest production, and one of the virtues of the current exhibition is that the paintings of this period are hung in a room of their own, for there is something truly magical about the transformation that came over his work in this era, setting it definitely apart from almost all his other production.

This is not to say that Hartley hadn't benefited from his wanderings, artistic and otherwise. The lessons of Expressionism are still there, visible particularly in his free use of color and in the heavy massing of his forms. Traces of abstract techniques appear, notably in the flat treatment of landscape he employs in the paintings of his favorite Maine mountain, of which a handsome example, "Mount Katahdin, Autumn No. 1," is in the show. I sense, too, throughout, a return to Cézanne. But all these factors are now subordinated to a style that is at last completely his own. Curiously, his choice of subjects changed as well. Hartley had never painted the figure before, or any but abstract "portraits." Now he did such pieces as the masterly "Fishermen's Last Supper," with a crew of a doomed ship seated solemnly in a row along a table, as well as the famous "Portrait of Albert Pinkham Ryder," gray-capped and gray-bearded, and the burly, red-jacketed "Cleophas, Master of the Gilda Gray." Mostly, it was the sea and the things of the sea that attracted him, and these could range from such simple subjects as "Dead Plover" and "Maine Seacoast Still-Life," through the fine sunset scene called "Robin Hood Cove," to the truly great "Evening Storm, Schoodic, Maine," which I think ranks him close to Homer in the ability to convey the power and excitement of a big wave breaking.

THE Janis is showing a set of new paintings by Willem de Kooning, who, at fifty-eight, is one of the leaders of the Abstract Expressionist movement in this country. He is almost unique in the school in that he frequently uses clear representational references, one of his main preoccupations in this area

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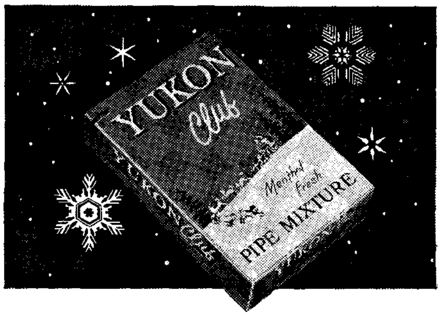

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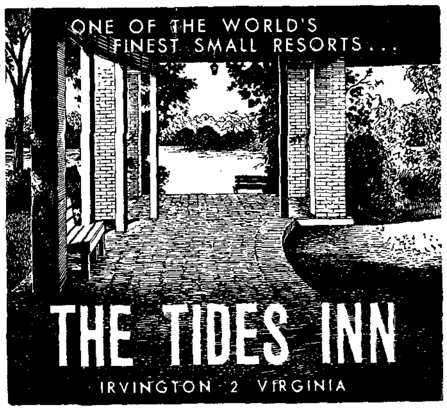

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being the female figure. Starting as far back as the beginning nineteen-fifties, he must have done well over a hundred such studies, eight of them in the present collection. They puzzle me a little, as they always have done. The intention, I take it, is satiric, or if it isn't it ought to be, for the general image presented—sagging-breasted, snaggle-toothed, wild-eyed—is a bit like the comic valentines of the old days, crossed, perhaps, with Dubuffet's deliberately naïve creations, and fragmented.

Yet there is a quality about them that seems to belie this, as there is a blurred tenuousness about them structurally. If I may use a blurred phrase myself, they are abstractions after the fact, or abstractions *of* abstractions, in which the image, apart from a few scratched or scribbled details, is thinned down almost to meaninglessness. This I found particularly true of the paintings on the subject in the show, for here both form and detail are hazed over even more, with a consequent reduction of convincing emotionality. I still prefer the more savage but also bawdy and jocular earlier efforts. I was especially bothered by "Woman I," in which a small, pasted-on magazine-cover head completely destroys any artistic unity in the composition. For all that, de Kooning is ordinarily an intelligent and perceptive artist, as several other canvases in the show reveal. I liked the gauzily yellow-and-pink "Door to the River" and the truly evocative "A Tree Grows in Naples," as well as the much less ambitious but lovely "Small Painting I," with its suggestion of a window opening on a sunset sky. There are a number of others, done in monochrome—"Black and White, Rome Q," "Black and White, Rome C," and so on—which demonstrate his sound feeling for exact design.

—ROBERT M. COATES

* * *

ORPHEUS' SONG

So you are

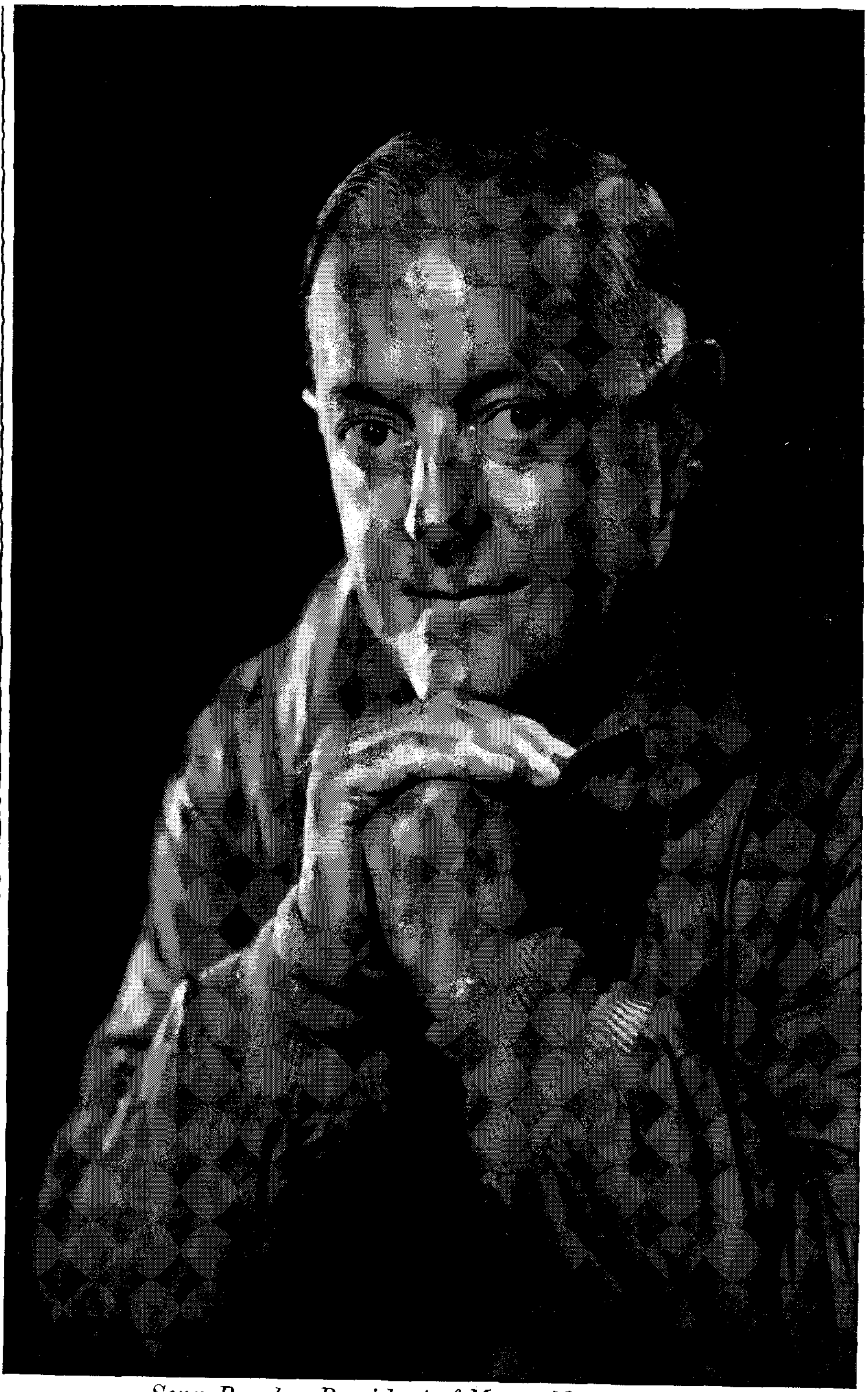
Stone, stone or star,
Flower, seed,
Standing reed,
River going far,

So you are

Shy bear or boar,
Huntsman, death,
Arising breath,
Stone, stone or star,

So you are.

—IRVING FELDMAN



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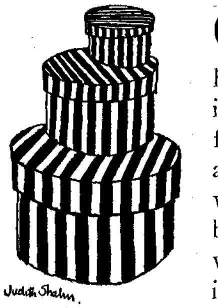
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

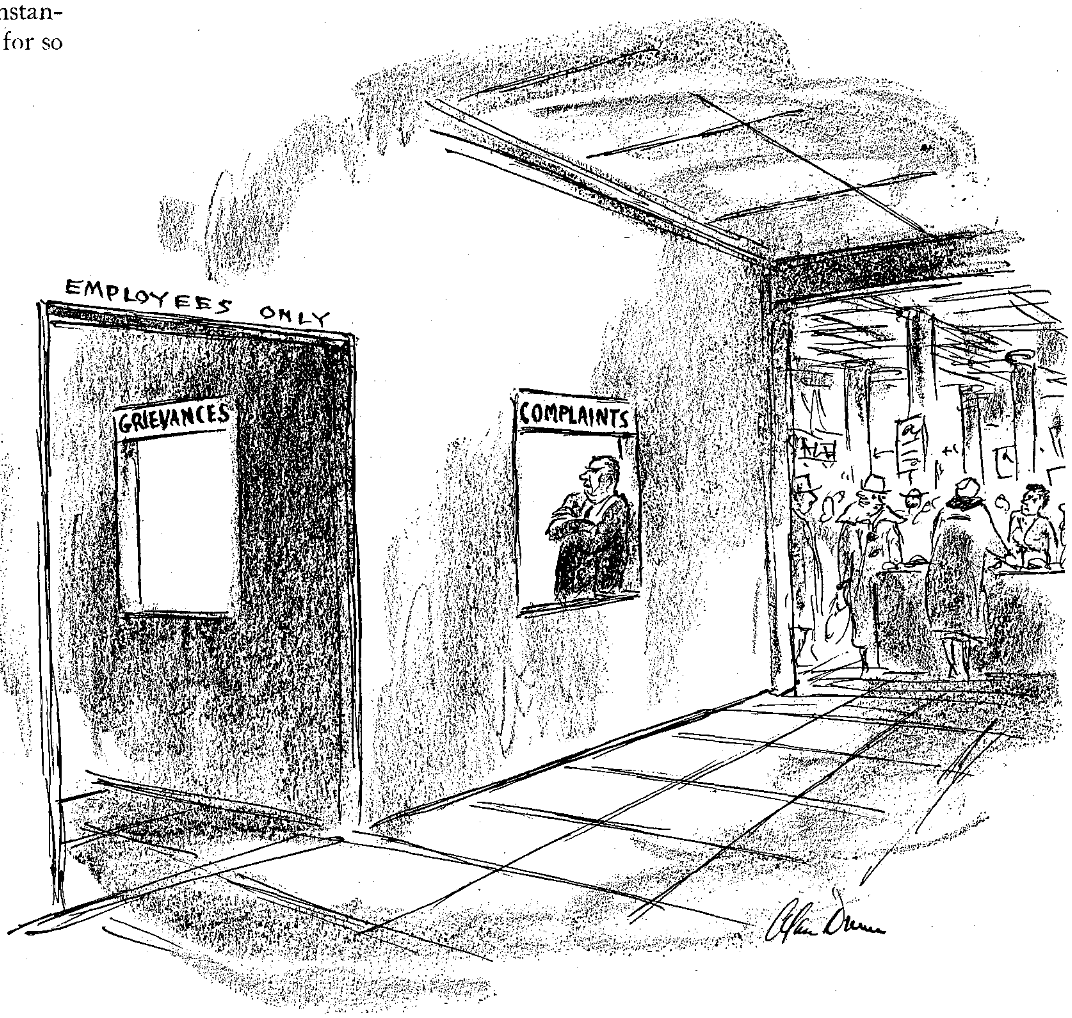
FEMININE FASHIONS



OUR New York manufacturers have been inventive indeed in their search for ways of pleasing absolutely everyone who owns a pocketbook. The Empire waistline, actual or implied, and the prevalent leather belts, some sitting right up under the bosom, are perilous things, though, for women who are inclined to be thick through the diaphragm and impressive above. The most dramatic scheme (for this you should be especially lissome) is the work of Norman Norell, who makes skirts with as many as sixteen gores, which flare stiffly and whirl like an open umbrella at the slightest twist. (Be sure your panties are decorative.) They appear on suits in all our good shops, usually in the company of cropped jackets or cutaway boleros that reveal a wide belt at the waist, plus blouses with pussycat bows. These skirts are more architectural than Ricci's big circular one from Paris (which is *not* gored), and shame on Norell's colleagues (for copying them instantaneously) and on some of mine (for so swiftly publicizing the piracy). Temper, temper! Oh, well, I guess it all depends on whose skirt is gored. The worldwide talk about the closer-to-the-body fit (I didn't, just the same, notice much of that togetherness in the Paris collections, and the clothes made the mannequins with twenty-two-inch waists often look real thick through the body in profile) has brought about, in New York, a return to the sharply fitted redingote. A ubiquitous instance of it is Zuckerman's coat of an imported rayon velveteen—seen mainly in navy blue with a bright-yellow taffeta lining, but it does come in other colors. This little beauty has high, wide crossed lapels, below which is a square of enormous round brass buttons. The front is nipped to the body by an elastic band in back, and two more of the buttons appear on the flapped hip pockets. Jacques Tiffeau does something of the sort (it's at Bonwit) in navy wool, with a collarless round neck and three white clown buttons. There's a suggestion of an Empire waist, and a big wool stole that ends in white fringe accompanies it. The hem is circular.

Among the other crisp ideas are two-piece dresses, by that omnipresent Zuckerman, which suggest the Bramley uniform of the twenties. These are constructed with perfectly straight hip-length tops and slender skirts. Bergdorf is one owner of Zuckerman's wool job turned out in taupe and white horizontal stripes of varying widths. Two buttons go down one side, and two more perch on each wide shoulder. No sleeves. Another version, of silk with a black-and-white windowpane check and a belt (optional) of black kid, is arm-in-arm with a full-length coat of black wool that has deep inverted pleats at the sides to create flare. Zuckerman's, too, is another two-piece prize, the round-necked top semifitted down to the hipbones. Two braid buttons appear at each side of the waist in front; the back is buttoned up and down. Bendel shows it in a luscious four-ply black silk crêpe; De Pinna shows it in white matelassé cotton. (Wondrous things are being done with cotton these days.)

There are a number of sharp shoulder capes around. My favorite, by Trigère, is at Evelyn Byrnes and De Pinna. It belongs to a dress of black silk linen that has a camisole top and curvy lines down the beltless middle, below which is an A-line skirt. Three tiny padded bands that look like braid emphasize the flare of the skirt at the hem; three more go around the base of the cape, which is fastened by a single tab on the chest. The sharp silhouette gets further confirmation this season from the "spare" (meaning meagre) coat or coat-dress, which is all Line—high armholes, set-in sleeves, and a *very* narrow look. Bendel is fond of this, particularly of Laird-Knox's version in a beige diagonal wool (sort of like cavalry twill), with a belt high across the back and a crossed, collarless neck. Four buttons down each side make a double- (and high-) breasted front. (Any dress worn beneath must also be skimpy.) The collarless neck on this and other



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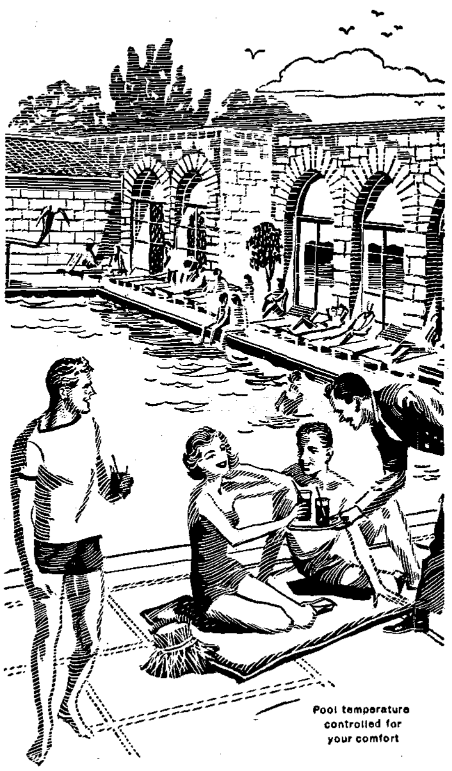
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items is perfect for the double sable scarf, for silk scarves, and (later on in the day) just for pearls. Dior-New York does a splendid coat of the same genre for Bendel, in white lacy wool with a trim collar of black velvet, and so does Monte-Sano, in white tweed with wide lapels, though *he* adds a panel from the shoulder blades down, to point up the Empire cut. As for actual coat-dresses, Bendel deals in several by a specialist in the category, Tassell, one of which has all the youthful (and almost gawky) charm in the world. It's of cotton damask in pink and white or pale gold and white—just a hint of a mandarin collar, plus a satin sash and a skirt gathered on across the waist in back. This dress indicates that demureness and daintiness can have their innings side by side with a flaring or a frugal look. For instance, Jane Derby admires white Val lace; Val and white tucked organdie do a miniature cardigan and top, along with a skirt of blue silk twill (Bergdorf), not to mention the blouse of a gray flannel suit (Bendel). Bendel likewise admires Derby's adeptness with fagoting, as in her dress of silk crêpe, which sports two rows of fagoting at the base of the fake over-blouse and two above the hem.

We now have chiffons and other sheers in such quantity that I sometimes feel like taking the veil (or the veiling); we have soft movements by means of panels and pleats and the like; we have ruffles, which are dangerous things for any but the most skilled designers to fool around with. One of the ruffled offerings that are foremost in my mind is a Dior-New York at De Pinna—a full-skirted short formal evening array of black lace and chiffon. Black lace comes up over the strapless bodice, and four lace-edged flounces (there's a fifth on the underskirt) descend from the waist. A big triangular lace-edged shawl tops it off. Lord & Taylor has invested in two short, frothy Trigères, each with a slender skirt that involves eleven horizontal bands of small, circular ruffles, with a pause between the ruffles for a belt before they resume their march across the bodice. One is of black chiffon with a patent-leather belt, the other is of printed chiffon with a cerise belt. Real demureness in a "Little Women" vein (and you'd better be under size 10) is the purpose of Norell's two doll dresses (with bust pads inside to make you feel grown up). They're at De Pinna and etc., etc. Their wee puffed sleeves are gathered all around the armholes. The wherewithal is black wool. A high-rising belt (black

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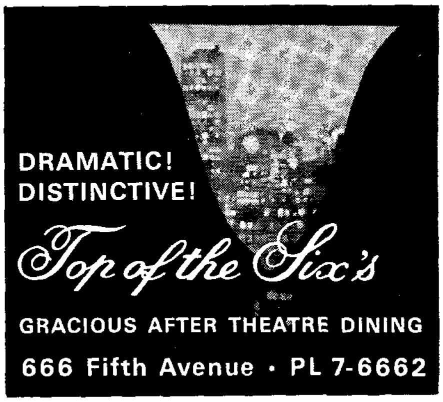

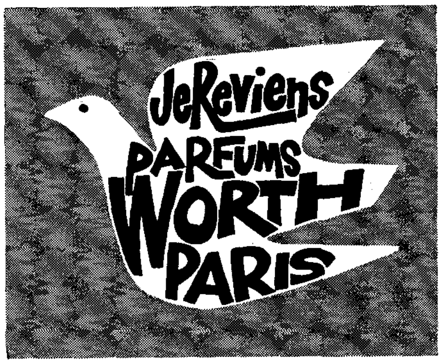

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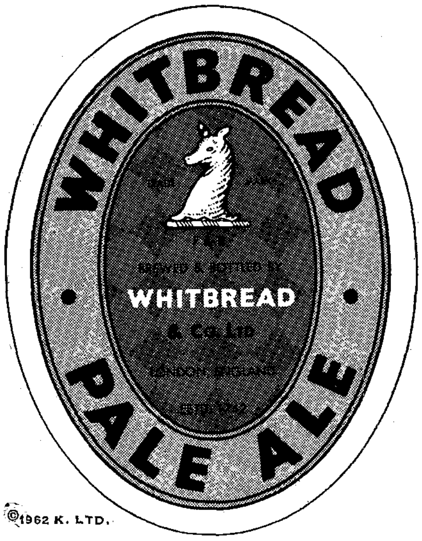

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kid) and a buckle, very tailored, are standard equipment for the first one, whose skirt is gathered on a smooth hip yoke to achieve almost a padded-hip effect; a deep scooped neck, an encompassing sash of black satin just under the bust, and a straight skirt with pockets in the side seams are the salient characteristics of the other.

The perpetual quest for sane perfection can now be assuaged by two go-anywhere suits. One, a Dior-New York (which has never been more terrific), is of black Alaskine, and fine braid at the hem of the A skirt imparts a stiff flare. A notched collar, three buttons, an easy fit, and little bows above the kidneys complete the agenda. (Mimi Tuthill and Rosette Pennington stand ready to deliver.) The other is by Mr. Z. (do you by now suspect he's my dream prince?), and versions are everywhere—in red, gray, or blue wool, or in red or blue Italian silk. It's just one of those things—one of those bells he so often rings. The further specifications are a fitted jacket with three fat, round buttons, a deep inverted pleat on the front of the skirt, and the Zuckerman trademark of 1962—wide gores that are box-pleated all the way around. Lord & Taylor is one ardent suitor of this.

For formal clothes, both short and long, full-skirted chiffon has never been more abundant, and it seems inevitable that beaded and sequinned tops will persist right through the summer with the vigor they evidenced in Southern resorts. I have always been dubious about this tricky fabric unless it is handled by experts like Dessès, Sophie, Sarmi, and Sonia, but I must now add a new name to this undernourished list—Jean Louis. Evelyn Byrnes, of 480 Park Avenue (58th), has a Louis startler. The full skirt is white across the back (not practical), the sides are black, and the entire front is orange. (De Pinna likes it flame in front, olive at the sides, and white in back.) Jean Louis also makes one (Byrnes again) of pale-blue chiffon with two shades of lime twisting casually across the wrapped, strapless bodice and bobbing up at the sides among the voluminous folds of the skirt. Dynamic and colorful is a reasonable appraisal of two big Galanos successes that might irk you (at the prices) if there was just one other like it on the dance floor. However! One has a halter top of marigold faille taffeta and a big bow at the base of the plunging, narrow V décolletage; the skirt is all accordion-pleated bittersweet crêpe. The other is of silk gauze in vertical one-and-a-half-inch stripes of

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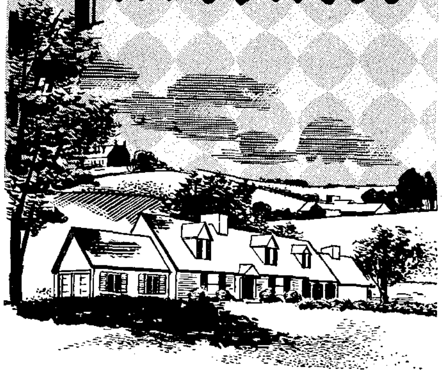

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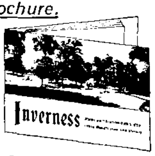

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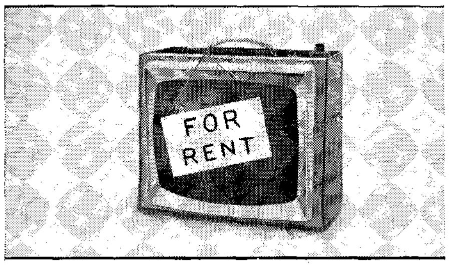

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bright lime, bright pink, and white. The neckline is V, the skirt is gathered slightly at an Empire waistline. The gauze is firmly lined, so it doesn't look like gauze at all; more like shantung is the idea. I saw these at Bergdorf Goodman and at nearly every one of the other shops I am about to discuss, point by point and alphabetically.

I'VE mentioned a few of Bendel's quirks; here are a few more. For formality, Bendel plumps for a naked look around the shoulders. A pet demonstration is put on by Sarmi. Its white shantung bra-bandeau is decorated by a big bow. The rest is pleated black chiffon, which rises between the breasts and ends at the floor. Jewelled effects, which will do not only now but in summer, are provided by Scaasi's brief, puffy dance dress, whose short-waisted top is of paved white sequins, with appliquéd turquoise flowers and brown leaves here and there. The gathered skirt is of a satiny white Staron. Not all the coats here are of the skimpy, coat-dress sort; an enveloping Zuckerman of bright-turquoise tweed, with giant armholes and no collar, could be thrown over just anything.

ONE of the light-as-feathers presentations at Bergdorf Goodman, a twin-print costume by Samuel Winston, made me flip (a little). The print is a purple-blue blurred design on a turquoise ground. The dress (organza) is high-necked and sleeveless, and its skirt is harem; the full-length coat (surah) is collarless, and the feeling is Oriental, despite a slight flare at the hem. From Talmack comes a chiffon in a print of red roses and green leaves. Crystal fringe goes around the string-strapped top of the dress, and the waist; the waist-length jacket is of quilted chiffon. Paul Whitney presents a sombre chiffon—murky roses on a black ground—with a cape collar down almost to the waist; the overskirt is two big side panels that overlap front and back. For largish sizes, Ruffolo is a Bergdorf favorite. One of his contributions is a chiffon whose print combines blues and purples and pinks. The result is a short-sleeved dress and a full-length coat (up to size 40). Now for the tailored things. I went wholeheartedly for Rentner's costume of charcoal flannel. The dress, which looks two-piece, has a belt across the back and a fold across the front; pressed box pleats proliferate below. (It's sleeveless, but—hurrah!—sleeves that can be stitched in come with it.) A two-button jacket, short and

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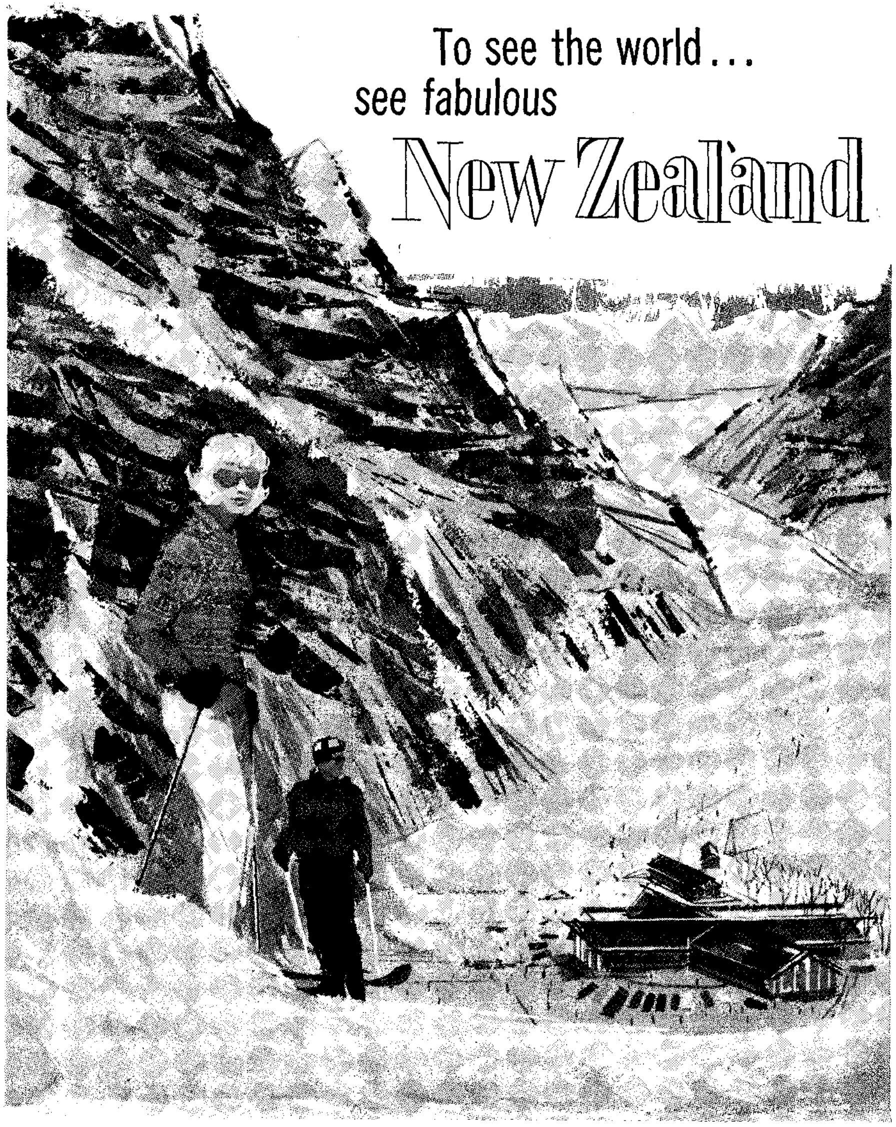

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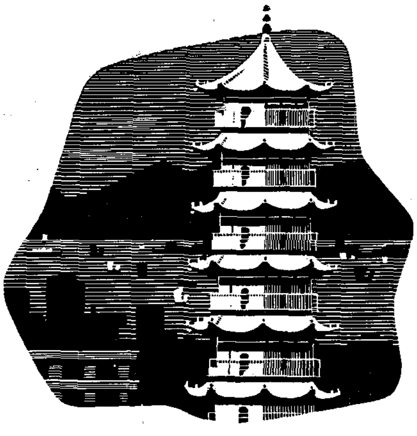

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flaring, of wool in a bright yellow is also concerned.

I AM daft about the Tiffeau suits at Bonwit Teller. One, in Kelly or white wool, with a semifitted front, a straight back, and a scarf looped over to one side of the neck, is $145, which is reasonable these days, all right. The tailored work of Dior-New York has also garnered Bonwit's attention. One sample is in a brilliant marmalade tweed with lackadaisical ties fastening the short, cutaway jacket; the skirt is A-line. Another is a collarless coat of lemon tweed with a wide box-pleat panel descending in back from the Empire waist. Monte-Sano, too, does coats with an Empire indentation in front at the waist and a wide back panel descending from the shoulder blades. I saw one in a vivid cerise ridged wool. Monte-Sano can also be a very bunchy boy when he gets to coats. A collarless one of cream honeycomb tweed is visible here and in other shops, too. Black wool fringe two and a half inches deep gives it a bulky, two-piece look across the high waist in front and then dips toward the back.

In Bonwit's dress department is a Galanos of firm navy wool with a leather belt that goes into a bow in front. The skirt is full, being both gored and box-pleated; the one-button cutaway jacket has a circular ruffle at the neckline. Ben Reig shows a sleeveless, boat-necked sheath of white wool. A scarf of white hand-loomed knit with fringe at the hem a foot deep is part of it. (You figure out where to wear this one.) Norell's most ingratiating mood is exemplified by a dress with a round neck, short sleeves, and his sixteen-gore skirt whirling its youthful way through space. Red or navy jersey is the means to this end. Among the short evening things is an outfit by Sarmi, a great ensemble man. Pale blue-gray broadcloth makes the coat, which has welt seaming around the hips above a sharp flare; the sleeveless sheath, which is of the same broadcloth, is girded by a leather cord belt at the waist and more seaming at the hips.

EVELYN BYRNES' place has a masterly selection of most of the designers under discussion, and stuff from others, too, some of it very special indeed. One is Zuckerman's Chanel-type suit of a white cloqué piqué; tiny ruffled ribbons, six deep, in navy outline the cardigan jacket and the base of the overblouse. Among the Norells is a red knit (heavier than jersey) with a boat neck, a

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red leather belt, and cluster pleats all around; another Norell is a very straight sand wool on which a brown leather belt, four inches wide, rises from the natural waistline. Several Scaasi dance costumes are equipped with long coats, one of which—white silk-and-wool—goes over a dress in a bright blue-and-orange print. The two accordion-pleated tiers of the dress's skirt are repeated in the lining of the coat. Among the dance dresses *without* coats is one of the town's funniest and cutest. It's a Talmack of white taffeta with black coin dots. Its innocent sleeveless top is buttoned down the back, but a deep oblong apron, front and back, has a seven-inch double ruffle all around it to make it puffball. It's just the sort of costume a milkmaid would wear after a few trips to the Via Veneto.

Monte-Sano's bunchy career with suits and coats is in full flight at De Pinna. A Kate Greenaway dress of gray-and-black tweed has a black suède belt under the bust and a wide, gored front panel; the jacket flares in front. This one is here, too, in solid-color wools. Very slender women might want to throw all that slimness away in his collarless coat with a seam up at Empire level; a high and wide kid belt goes with it.

Lord & Taylor is always so awash with temptations in every department that I can only slosh through them. For suits, there is approval here of skirts that are pleated, skirts that swing circularly, and so on. There is also approval of the revival of gray flannel, which Adele Simpson uses for an ensemble with a soft front panel in the skirt, a straight-hanging jacket, and a boat-necked overblouse caught in by a band and a bow at the waist. In the coat department are beauties done in mohair—by Laird-Knox in a cloudy blue-and-apricot combination with pleats down the back; by Monte-Sano in mottled lime, purple, and orange. Zuckerman is represented by a tailored lounging-robe sort of coat. Its décor is a knotted sash, welt seams, and a pleated skirt. And Norell is represented by a coat of red wool with a felt texture. This has a crossed shawl collar, a square of buttons (they're an inch and a half across) below this, and a skirt that is gathered all the way round. Raelson gets into the act with a water-repellent cotton corduroy striped in taupe and red. Below the pointed turnover collar it's cut straight and narrow, and there are patch pockets south of the waist. Matter-of-fact

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and handsome for travel is my conclusion on this. Among the dresses, Mollie Parnis makes her contribution to the two-piece overblouse type with a black crêpe skirt and a white silk-linen topper. A belt of black patent leather can be worn with it. The sleeves are long and cuffed; the buttons go up the front and stray onto the lapels—buttons on one and buttonholes on the other. A Zuckerman two-piece is shown here in gray flannel or men's-wear linen. Marquise comes up with still another two-piece, of beige worsted alpaca and silk. A round neck, and two pocket flaps on the chest, and welt seaming are the sole ornaments. The Trigère costume she calls Belmont has the look of a Regency dandy, probably because of the jacket, with its tiny lapels and one button placed quite high. Below this, the jacket, which is cutaway, descends to the hips. The dress has lovely curving seams, starting at each side of the low, square neckline and going outward toward the slightly circular hem. Gray wool is the fabric. A new approach to city cottons is presented by Bud Kilpatrick, to whom I've never got around before. A textured white cotton with brown cabbage roses painted on it makes his modest sheath, which has little gathers at the waist. The quilted coat with it is Tatar indeed—collarless and flaring wide to a point well below the hips.

SPEAKING of cotton, Rosette Pennington has a marvel by Harvey Berin. Pale mint is the color, and basketweave is the surface. The jacket is semi-fitted, with trim lapels. An overblouse that is simple perfection, of an anemone print in pale shell pinks and blues, is added. The inventions of Burke-Amey—which range widely from full-skirted dresses of white polished cotton, hand-loomed in Spain, to a party dress of black silk gauze—are held in esteem here. The party dress, a real enchantress, has a camisole top. It goes smoothly down to the hips, then becomes all-out circular. The print sash, tied on one hip in a big bow, is of silk in mottled taupes and browns and white. One of the best-looking costumes in town is a Burke-Amey. The straight-hanging, full-length coat is of oatmeal basketweave wool, and three stripes of gold braid slant upward and outward at each side (there's a button at each end of them) in the manner of the coat worn by an Austrian hussar. The dress is of bright-yellow chiffon wool. Samuel Winston weighs in with a beautiful sheath that has a deep, square neck; white linen is the stuff of it, and paprika

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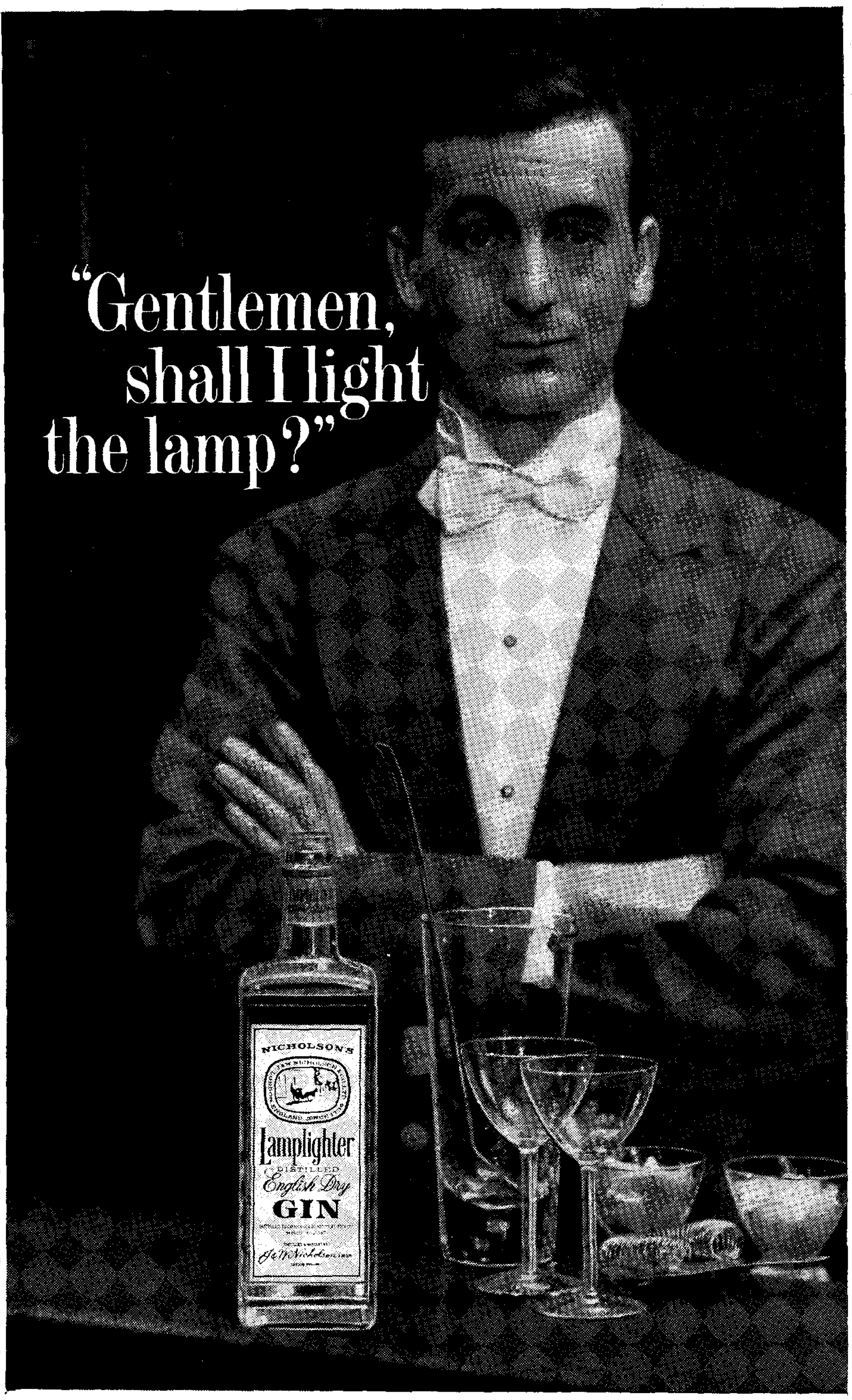
satin is appliquéd all over in flower-and-leaf designs. The mother-of-the-bride problem has two solutions here. One, by Macrini, is of royal-blue or apple-green chiffon with deep tucks around the oval neckline and extending into short sleeves; the skirt is of flat, three-inch-wide tiers. The other, by Adele Simpson, is of white reëmbroidered lace. Scallops around the hips give it the look of a two-piece. The back is cut low and oval, and there's a scalloped hem on the slightly circular skirt.

FOR cocktail dresses, nothing beats black Alaskine, and Saks Fifth Avenue knows it. Outstanding proof that Saks is right comes from Rentner, with a dress that has an oval neck, a bolero, and beautiful seaming that descends through the body to a moderate flare at the hem. Norell tosses in a shoulder-strap cocktail dress, also oval-necked, of black or navy silk. Below the belt, the skirt is gored, and gored in a way that his imitators show is inimitable. Oh, I almost forgot to say that there's a small bolero with this one, too. Among the more formal evening dresses is Paul Whitney's little love (floor-length) of a black organza with white pin dots. The top is boat-necked and sleeveless, and a narrow band of white embroidery (like appliqué) goes around it under the bust. Three more bands circle the full, gathered skirt, which ends in a deep hem of white organdie. Slithery is the word for a Trigère formal dress of a bone or black crêpe. Its shoulder-strap or strapless décolletage is very deep in back, and a self rope under the bust gives it a high-waisted line, though the body-conscious Miss T. has inserted plenty of darts below this to flatter the *natural* waistline. Beyond that, it is sheath, but flaring at the base. A narrow stole goes with it. Last of all, Originala has turned in a knockout coat of incredibly bright yellow wool that looks like Melton cloth—a tiny turnover collar, dropped shoulders, stitched bands across the front and over the upper arm to give a high-yoke effect, and a nice, relaxed flare. A bit of all right, that's what it is.

THE little shop of Mimi Tuthill contains models both severe and jolly. In the party-party collection are a couple of Scaasi coat-and-dress costumes. One begins with a coat of pale, pale pink brocade damask in a hairline flower pattern. This has wide lapels, a one-button closing, short sleeves, and a princesse cut. The dress, also of the damask, but white, has a scoop neck and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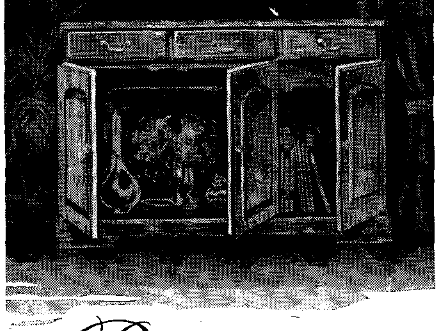

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a waistline that moves up a mite in front. The second Scaasi is of navy surah with a brilliant giant leaf print—green, of course. The dress is like the first; the collarless, flaring coat is of white peau. Sarmi is well represented here. An ideal "little" black dress by him is of sheer matelassé. The front is prim; the skirt is slightly gathered. In back, a deep surplice V is draped to one side, and a sash end dangles below. Sarmi uses patterned black moire for a dress with a very wide and shallow off-the-shoulder V neck; the skirt is flat front and back but circular at the sides. From Mollie Parnis (who, though still wearable, has been making giant strides toward the *haute couture*) there comes a coat, or coat-dress, of tie silk, all blurred deep blues with flashes of green. The collar is turn-over, and buttons go all the way to the hem. This can be worn over a matching dress with a scoop neck, short sleeves, and a pair of small bows at the waistline; the skirt is moderately full. Hers, too, is a costume of navy reëmbroidered lace. The cardigan top is lined with cerise chiffon to match the overblouse; the skirt is slightly gathered on a bodice. For a really dressy career, the indefatigable Dior-New York has thought up a dance costume of French matelassé (it's got an upholstery look) with big, blurred orange-pink dahlias and brown leaves printed on an ivory ground. Its strapless dress has a really rounded skirt, with petticoats and all. The belt is of pink moire, and the print-lined stole is of the same stuff. Miscellany: Jane Derby does a sheath of Kelly cotton with white cotton braid in writhing patterns all over it. A designer new to me is Posh, a Floridian, who makes at-home formals. One is of batiste with a hand-painted look—deep mauve with white daisies and red splotches. A round neck and cap sleeves are part and parcel, but it's the *fabric* that counts.

NOW, with all this advance information, absolutely no one should lay an Easter egg. —LOIS LONG

•

Yavuz' father is a member of the Constitution Assembly in the present Turkish government, which is a position comparable to a United States senator. Yavuz is extremely proud of his country and his people. However, he says, "We want more than anything in the world to have a democracy like yours."
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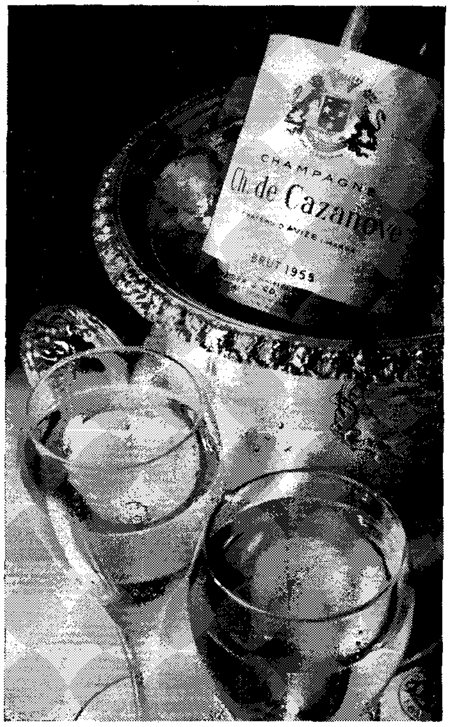

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Beggars, Books, and Bombs

GOOD fortune can be disconcerting—for the third week in a row, I've encountered a thoroughly admirable picture, and I find I must make an effort not to praise it too little simply because I have been praising other pictures so much. If it weren't for the fact that there are still plenty of third-rate Hollywood boffos being cranked out, which irritate me every bit as much as their predecessors did and thus serve to assure me that my critical faculties aren't turning to fudge, I'd be hesitant to hail the new Spanish picture, "Viridiana," with the enthusiasm it deserves, for—by what amounts to bad luck for reviewers but is actually the best possible luck for them and everyone else—it comes here following "Through a Glass Darkly," which followed "Last Year at Marienbad," which itself followed several notable films. The pleasant truth of the matter is that movies may be entering a new golden age; if they are, we must be brave enough to acknowledge that although all that glitters is not gold, gold glitters.

"Viridiana" was written and directed by Luis Buñuel, who returned to Spain for the first time since 1938 to make it. As a social document, it is by no means the specific indictment of contemporary Spanish life that, for example, "La Dolce Vita" may be said to be of contemporary Italian life, but apparently it has proved too much for General Franco. When, through bureaucratic muddle or unheard-of bureaucratic boldness, "Viridiana" became the official Spanish entry at the 1961 Cannes Film Festival and was awarded the grand prize, Franco, aghast at this honor to his country, banned the picture and dismissed the poor wretch of a Minister of Culture who had let it be shown. All this is by the way, for Señor Buñuel has been far more interested in creating a work of art than in merely discomfiting a dictator; if what his camera presents is an indictment, it is of poverty, piety, greed, ignorance, and lust, all of which have been found beyond the Spanish borders. The story he tells is simple and terrible. It concerns a novice in a convent who, on being ordered, much

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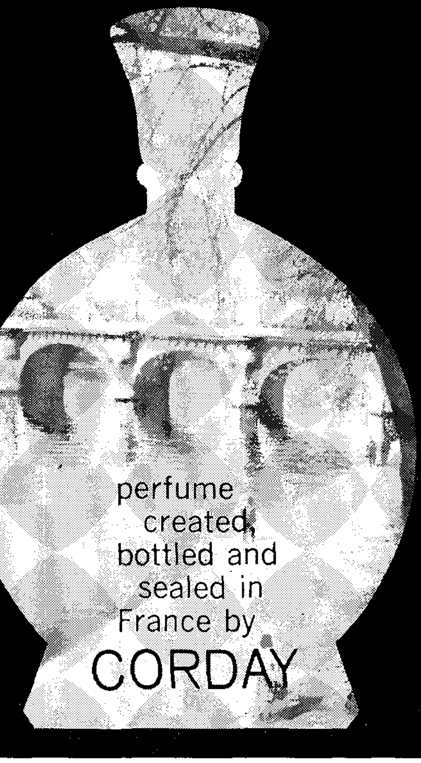

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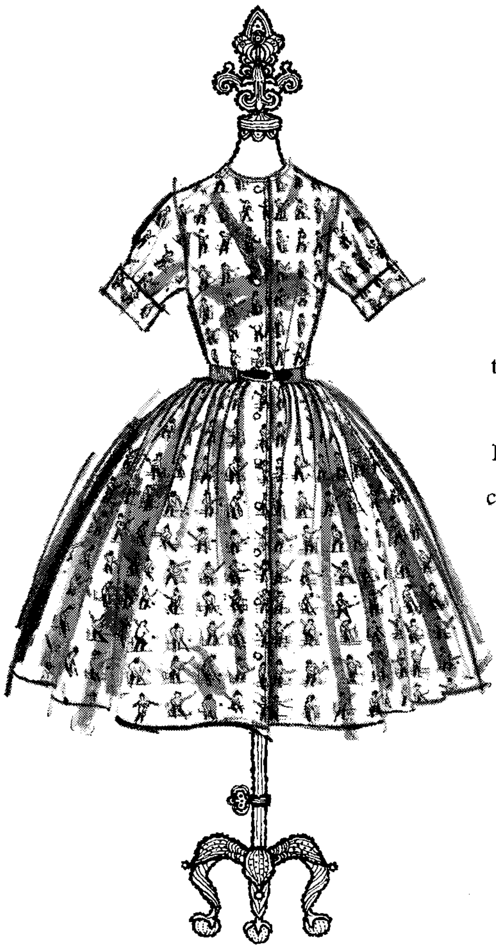

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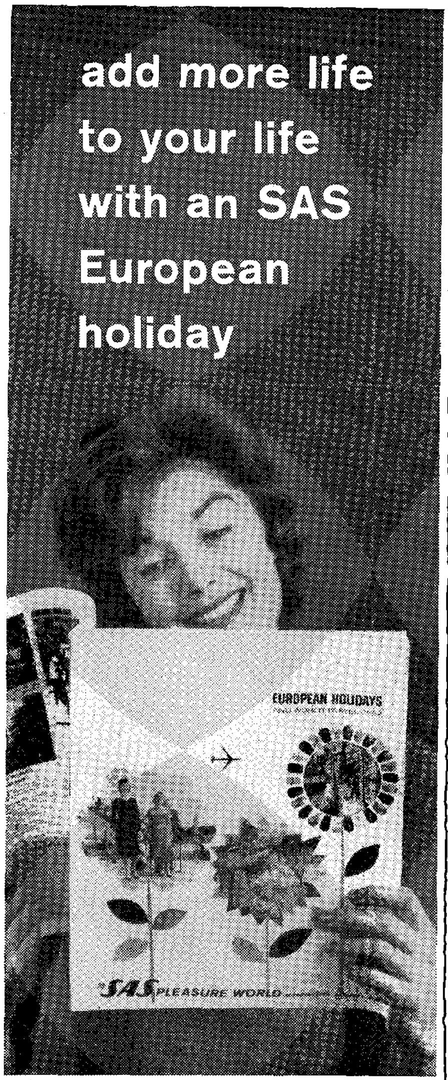
against her will, to return to the world for the last time and bid it an affectionate farewell, succeeds in injuring everyone with whom she comes in contact. Viridiana is a beautiful, untouched, and devout girl, and, in the extremity of her love for God, as dangerous as a tiger. Yeats speaks of "the murderous innocence of the sea," and for Buñuel religious innocence is no less likely to do harm; in a crucial scene, he pictures the girl as a somnambulist, and she comes fully awake only when, betrayed by knowledge and unwilling to return to the convent, she throws in her lot with a crude young man for whom good and evil are largely matters of mood—he will seduce a servant out of boredom, and he will also save a dog from a cruel master (though, as Buñuel is careful to show us, not the next dog from the next cruel master).

The setting of the picture is a vast country house filled with rich, rather absurd turn-of-the-century furnishings, and when a dozen or so corrupt and repellent beggars who have been befriended by Viridiana invade the house in her absence and treat themselves to a party, their gross swilling and dancing and lovemaking provide a climax almost equally tragic and comic; in the course of the beggars' orgy, the saved-up treasures of generations are witlessly broken to bits, and this destruction, deplorable as it is, is yet charged with passionate life, as we are later made to see that even drunken rape, even murder for money, may be. To the shocking spectacle of the ruin of a respected rich man's house Buñuel opposes the still more shocking spectacle of the rich man himself, who, while Handel's "Messiah" pours its hallelujahs out of an ancient victrola, in the privacy of his bedroom wraps himself passively, without anguish, in the corsets of a long-dead bride.

Silvia Pinal, as Viridiana, and Fernando Rey, as the rich man, play their parts effectively but at something of a distance from us, for the picture is entirely Buñuel's; every square inch of every image, every moment of its ninety minutes, bears the stamp of his strong personality.

TO plunge from the rare to the not quite run-of-the-mill, I am happy to recommend the new Peter Sellers comedy, "Only Two Can Play." Taken from a Kingsley Amis novel, "That Uncertain Feeling," it tells of a nice young librarian in a small town in Wales whose invincible lubricity leads him into difficulties that no nice young



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librarian in Wales could possibly survive unscathed, much less employed; yet he does, thank goodness, and there are lots of funny episodes along the way, including a scene in which our not terribly daring wolf finds himself at the mercy of a vixen far fiercer and more ardent than he would like her to be, and another in which he and several other candidates for a library post are forced to endure an examination classically fatuous and inept. Virginia Maskell plays Mr. Sellers' sorely tried wife, Mai Zetterling plays the vixen, and Richard Attenborough plays a far-out author of insufferable self-confidence.

I CAN also recommend a hi-fi-sci thriller from Mother England called "The Day the Earth Caught Fire," which purports to reveal what would happen in London and environs if one too many nuclear explosions should tilt the earth's axis, alter its orbit, and send it sailing sweatily toward the sun. Much of the picture is laid in the offices of the London *Daily Express*, and I've never seen such industrious confusion in my life. That must be the way it is over there, because Arthur Christiansen, who recently retired as editor of the *Express*, plays the role of the editor and also served as technical adviser on the picture. "The Day" ends with a reporter gallantly filing what may be the last story ever written. It's to the credit of his profession that he takes great pains with the adjectives and adverbs in his story, because I got the impression that it wouldn't be having any readers.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

TOUGH ON TOOTH

RALEIGH, N. C. (UPI)—The North Carolina Supreme Court said Thursday it is up to the consumer to watch out for kernels in his breakfast cereal. The court threw out the damage suit of C. Robert Adams who charged he broke a tooth on a kernel in his cereal.

A bird's wing contains most of the bones found in the human arm.—*Nyack (N. Y.) Rockland County Journal-News.*

Remember that, Adams, the next time you eat chicken.

•

Mrs. Nafe said Katharine Kennedy Brown, national committee-woman, has also been invited, but that no reply had been received as of Tuesday morning.

"I want to be emphatic about this—it will be a non-partisan meeting, but we have invited only Republicans," Mrs. Nafe said.—*Kettering-Oakwood (Ohio) Times.*

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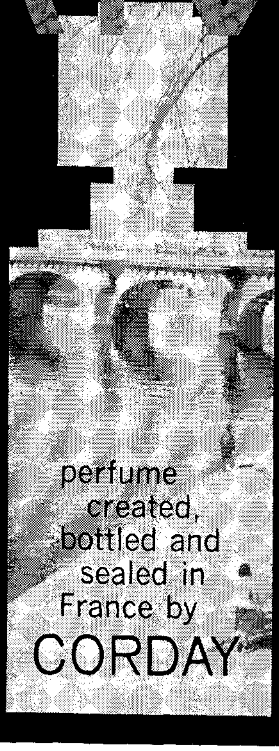
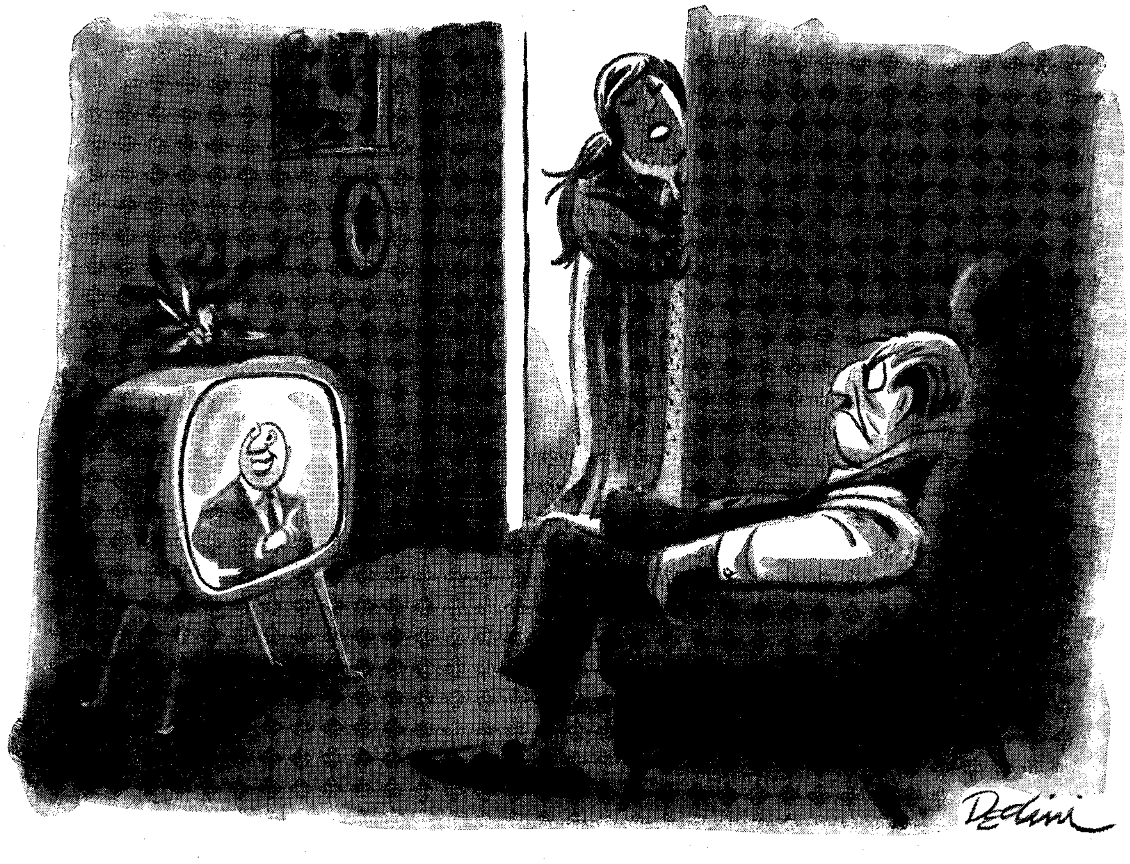


ANNALS OF POLITICS

NEW MAN IN THE PANTHEON

Dean Acheson has lately reminded us of the eminence of Arthur H. Vandenberg, a Republican senator from Michigan from 1928 until his death in 1951. "Without Vandenberg in the Senate from 1943 to 1951," Acheson writes in "Sketches from Life of Men I Have Known," "the history of the postwar period might have been very different." This may well be so. Acheson goes on, "Vandenberg stands for the emergence of the United States into world power and leadership, as Clay typified the growth of the country, Webster and Calhoun the great debate of the ante-bellum days, and Robert M. La Follette the turbulence of the Progressive Era." This puts him in fast company, but perhaps he belongs there, despite the fact that in 1957 a Senate committee—led by John F. Kennedy, of Massachusetts—passed over Vandenberg in making a list of five great senators whose portraits were to hang in the Senate reception room. Clay, Calhoun, Webster, and La Follette were four of the chosen, and the fifth was Vandenberg's old rival, Robert A. Taft, of Ohio. Acheson deplores the omission of Vandenberg; he says a "good case can be made that Vandenberg's achievements exceeded those of any of the five, except Henry Clay." He performed "a service for which this country should forever be grateful," according to President Truman's last Secretary of State, who adds, "His importance lies not in brilliance of mind or speech, but—in equal parts—in himself, and in the time and place in which he lived and served." This seems to be a diplomatic way of saying that Vandenberg was not an important man at all but that history cast him in an important role.

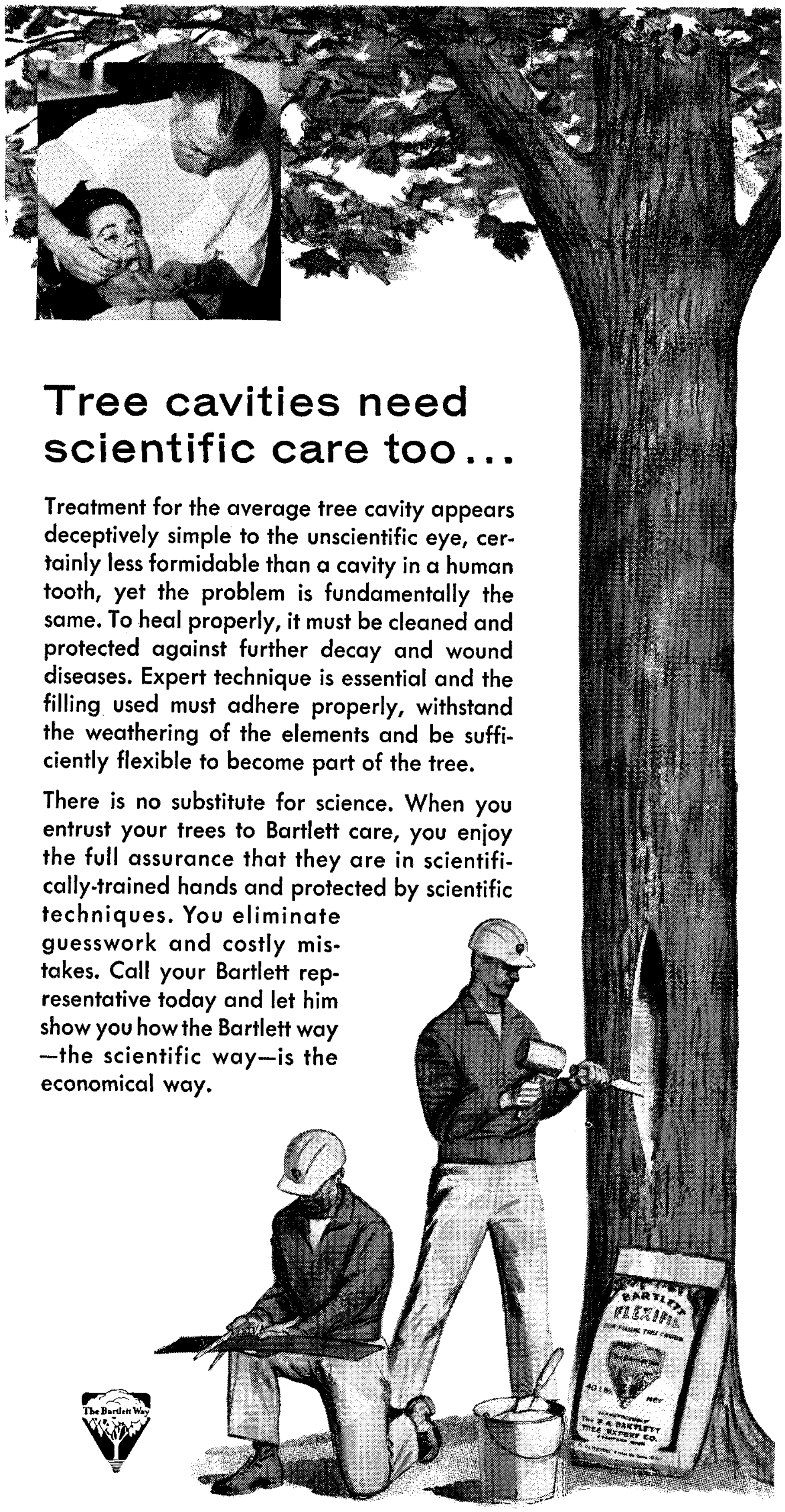
Even by the standards of his contemporaries, Vandenberg was a mediocrity. He was an immensely likable mediocrity, to be sure, and often an entertaining one, but his only gifts of consequence were for political survival, for friendship, and for the production of prose that seemed to have been influenced chiefly by Mr. Micawber and Sam Goldwyn. Yet there is no doubt that in his later years he performed the services of a statesman. His story teaches a rather stirring lesson in the political uses of rectified error. It was Vandenberg's conversion from isolationism in the final days of the last war that made him a large figure in the postwar world. Without his help, it is at least conceivable that Roosevelt and Truman would have suffered the fate of Woodrow Wilson. Vandenberg, for many years the ranking Republican on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, and its chairman (as well as president pro tempore of the Senate) in the Republican Eightieth Congress, supported the Democratic administration in most of our postwar policies—among them membership in the United Nations, the Marshall Plan, the North Atlantic Treaty, the peacetime dispatch of American troops to Europe, and the resistance in Korea. Before, and even during, the war, he had been an isolationist. "This war is about nothing but twenty-five people and propaganda," he said not very long before Pearl Harbor. He supported the war once we were in it, but on strictly nationalist grounds. He opposed the nomination of either Dewey or Willkie in 1944; his man was General MacArthur. But then, on January 10, 1945, he took the Senate floor and said, in one of his typically overblown speeches, "I do not believe that any nation hereafter can immunize itself by its own exclusive action." This broke the back of Republican isolationism in the Senate. It made Vandenberg a central figure in the diplomacy and politics of the years that remained to him. He gave the country a bipartisan foreign policy—which he, being a compulsive tinkerer with words, said he preferred to describe as an "*un*partisan policy." (In earlier days, he had said, "I am more insulationist than isolationist. But if forced to elect between the designations 'isolationist' and 'internationalist,' I am proudly the former.") He could not have achieved this unification except as a recent convert; Dean Acheson would not have accredited him to the pantheon if he had been an internationalist all along. As Acheson explains, "His prior history of isolationism was an asset which he never allowed to die." He used it as profitably as his old Senate colleague and fellow-isolationist William Langer, of North Dakota, once used a prior history of alcoholism. In middle age, Langer was told by his doctors that he would die if he didn't stop drinking. He wanted to live, but he knew that living would be harder without the consolation of drink. As he used to tell the story, he



"Come to bed, dear. You've despised it enough for one day."

gave the matter deep thought, and figured that things would not be so bad if he could get as much out of non-drinking as he had out of drinking. In time, he hit upon the idea of becoming a temperance lecturer, and soon was a star on the W.C.T.U. circuit, making a considerable amount of money at it, which he bet on poker hands and horses.

Vandenberg's conversion was in itself a rather commonplace affair. If a politician wished to sail easily before the wind in 1945, he talked about international coöperation, the community of nations, collective security, the smallness and oneness of the globe, and all that sort of thing. For Republican politicians especially, internationalism was the great success school of the period, and Vandenberg would be up for reëlection the following year. The isolationists, like Representative Hamilton Fish, were being voted or gerrymandered out of Congress. The prewar leader of the movement, Senator Burton K. Wheeler, of Montana, was in disgrace for having formed some unsavory associations—something that Vandenberg, incidentally, never did. Wendell Willkie, Thomas E. Dewey, and Harold Stassen were internationalists of one degree or another, and were doing very well at it, whereas in November, 1944, Senator Robert A. Taft, unregenerate as always, barely squeaked through in Ohio. Eisenhower Republicanism was in the making. Vandenberg was unquestionably in earnest about seeing things in a new light in January, 1945, but he was lucky in having come upon one of those delicious moments in life when self-interest and conviction unite in urging the same course of action. If he had to conduct a defensive, grousing campaign as an isolationist in his quest for reëlection, both the internationalist Republicans and the Democrats would obviously give him a hard time. His change of heart immediately made him a national and international figure. A Roper Poll in July, 1945, six months after the famous switch, showed him to be the most esteemed member of the Seventy-ninth Congress. Senator Taft, who had been saying that Vandenberg had gone a bit soft in the head, trailed him by fifteen points in general approval. Vandenberg was able to win reëlection without making a single speech, or even visiting Michigan. In fact, during the closing stages of the campaign he was in Paris, enjoying the amenities (he was a great one for the amenities) of the Hôtel Meurice, on the Rue de Rivoli, and lending powerful support to the Secretary of State, James F. Byrnes, in his tangles with the Russkis. Con-



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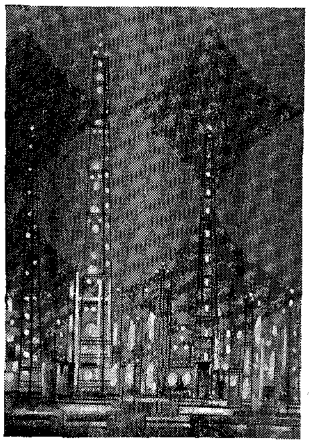

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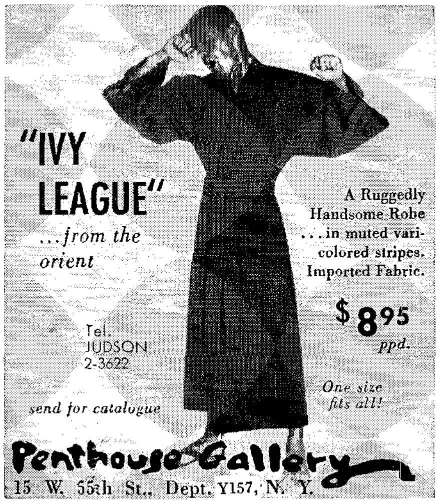

version led to a fascinating career, and, it would seem, to immortality. If Vandenberg hadn't had his blinding illumination, he would be recalled today—provided he was recalled at all—only as a gassy and overblown Michigan politician whose saving graces were an indefatigable friendliness and a talent for self-mimicry. He was a windbag ("What is right? Where is justice? There let America take her stand!") who stood a certain distance apart from others of the breed by virtue of a joviality and a certain sweetness of nature. He was pompous—"the most pompous and prejudiced man in the United States Senate," James Reston, of the *Times*, once wrote. But his pomposity was remarkable for being inoffensive. It had in it an element of self-caricature. Vandenberg was the sort from whom pomposity was expected. He was big, fleshy, jowly, well looked-after. He had a trumpeting voice. He could not possibly have affected a diffident or retiring manner. Yet he was pompous without being stuffy, and was universally liked, though far from universally respected. The reporters found him generous and amusing. Reston, indeed, became one of his closest friends and advisers, and it used to be rumored in Washington that Reston talked him into his new position. Unlike most pompous men, Vandenberg was the soul of charity. In his diaries, which were published by his son in 1952 as "The Private Papers of Senator Vandenberg," he describes his response to an extraordinary display of bad manners by President Roosevelt and some members of the Roosevelt family. The Senator, who had lately been making Presidential noises, was at a reception for the King and Queen of England. When it was his turn to be presented to the King, Roosevelt did not introduce him by name, as he had done with everyone else, but merely said, "Here's a chap who thinks he's going to succeed me in the White House, but he isn't." Two of the Roosevelt boys, standing behind their father, doubled up with mirth. Vandenberg's only comment was "I was surprised, because the President usually is very generous to me in his greetings. Perhaps he was trying to be funny." He gave everyone the benefit of the doubt—especially if it was possible to say that someone was trying to be funny. When Roosevelt died, Vandenberg wept. ("I never knew a more gallant soul," he once said in Roosevelt's presence, at a Gridiron Club dinner in 1940.) Vandenberg was quite easily moved to tears. In 1944, Senator (later Vice-President) Alben Barkley had a

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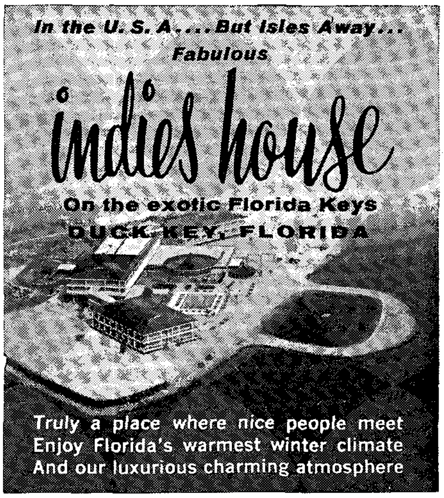
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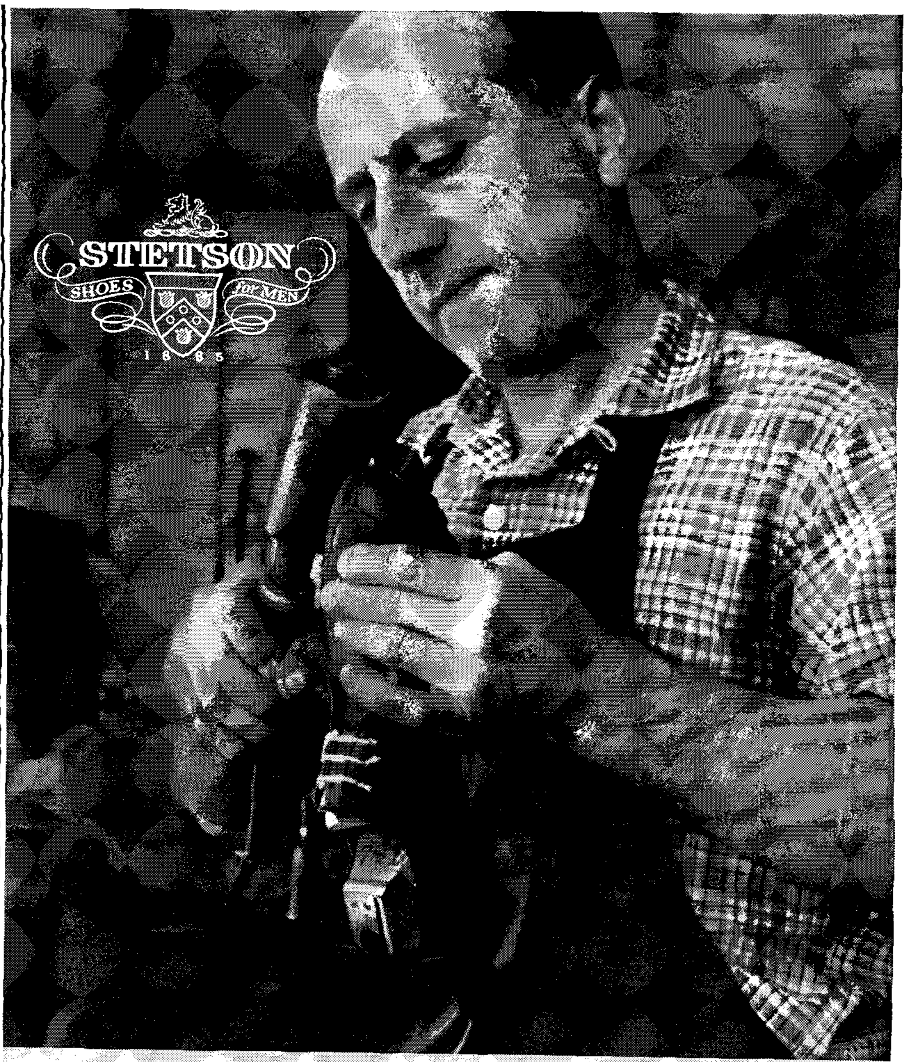
celebrated tiff with Roosevelt after the President's veto of a tax bill. Barkley submitted his resignation as Senate Majority leader, knowing quite well—as everyone else did—that he would not be allowed to stay out of office for more than five minutes. He made a terribly mawkish speech on the Senate floor. ("There is something more precious to me than any honor. . . . That is the approval of my own conscience and self-respect. That self-respect and the rectitude of that conscience I propose on this occasion to maintain.") He was to be followed on the floor by Vandenberg, who had stayed up late the night before polishing tautologies for a major Vandenberg production. But the speech was never made. "Arthur Vandenberg rose to speak," Barkley recalled in his autobiography, "but emotion got the better of him, and he sat down, unable to finish his opening sentence."

IF Vandenberg is to stand in history alongside the great figures of the second rank, he will make an odd and amusing addition to their company. He came to Washington in 1928 after two decades as a small-city newspaperman and free-lance writer. The paper he edited was the Grand Rapids *Herald*, whose owner, and Vandenberg's patron, was William Alden Smith, himself a senator. As a writer, Vandenberg had turned out innumerable short stories in an Oliver Optic-Horatio Alger vein for Eastern magazines and had also produced three dreadful books about Alexander Hamilton, the best known of which is "The Greatest American: Alexander Hamilton." He combined with his merry-andrew nature a powerful bent for hero-worshipping, and early in life, he said, he had settled on Hamilton. "He stood at my shoulder like a big brother in my youth," he once wrote. This seems, at first glance, a somewhat astonishing assertion. Hamilton hasn't appealed to many boys. Why should the charitable, easygoing Vandenberg have revered a believer in the knavery of men? Actually, Vandenberg never grasped, and never tried to grasp, either Hamilton's view of life or his place in the history of political theory. The only connection between Hamilton's thought and Vandenberg's politics of later years was a concern for a sound dollar. Vandenberg made a lot of speeches against inflation. He always carried in his wallet a hundred-million-mark note from the days of the Weimar inflation, and he would pull it out and wave it at his audiences as he implored them to keep the dollar hard. Of Hamilton's role in the early Republic, of Hamilton's grainy



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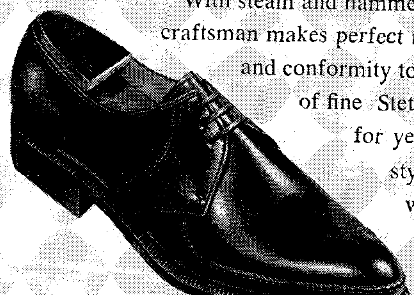
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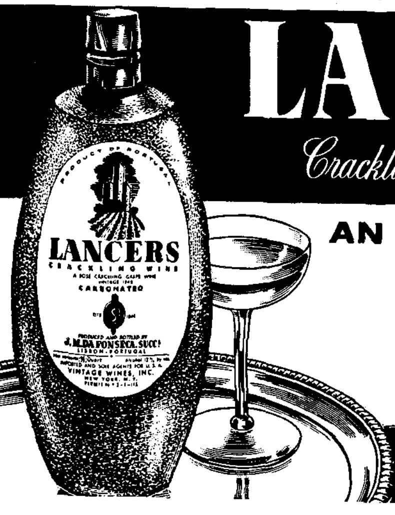

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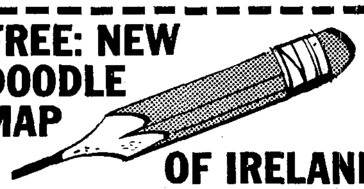

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but translucent thought, Vandenberg merely wrote, "To epitomize his omniscient services the contributions of a Titan would be impossible," and let it go at that, whatever that is. A glance at Vandenberg's books shows why he appointed Hamilton a big brother. Vandenberg and Hamilton both triumphed over obscure origins and poverty. Vandenberg's father was a Grand Rapids harness-maker who was ruined by the panic of 1893. Vandenberg, an only child, was nine that year and had to start working, carting shoes from a local factory to the freight yards. He picked up the legend of the West Indies boy who arrived in this country with nothing but a few possessions wrapped in a kerchief and a dream of scaling the heights of power. What he found in Hamilton was an absorbing rags-to-riches saga, an exciting Tattered Tom or Ragged Dick story of the kind he was later to write and sell to *Collier's*. In all Vandenberg's writings, including those on Hamilton, resolute, ingenious boys fight their way up in the world. In "The Greatest American," he wrote that there was nothing in American history "more wonderful than the contrast between Hamilton, a friendless immigrant upon the docks of Boston at the tender age of fifteen, and Hamilton, by sheer force of human intellect, whiplashing a snarling New York Convention majority into unwilling submission to the Constitution at the age of thirty-one." When Vandenberg was appointed to the Senate in 1928, on the death of Senator Woodbridge Ferris, he had one aim above all others—the erection on the banks of the Potomac of a monument to Hamilton of a tonnage equal to, or greater than, the monuments that honor Washington and Lincoln.

In his early days—and to some extent later on, too—Vandenberg was a combination of hick and roué. He was a sort of Grand Rapids *boulevardier*. He seemed hardly more serious about politics than the Honorable Jimmy Walker, who was mayor of New York during Vandenberg's first years in the Senate. As a matter of fact, Vandenberg was also a songwriter; he was the author of a popular ballad in praise of the movie queen Bebe Daniels, entitled "Bebe, Be Mine." This was the *boulevardier*. The small-town boy turned out editorial after editorial denouncing Sinclair Lewis for "Elmer Gantry," and wrote a lengthy commentary on the sordid Snyder-Gray murder case called "Sin and Justice—Both Naked." In the great days toward the end, he was mostly *boulevardier*. When history found an important role for him, he

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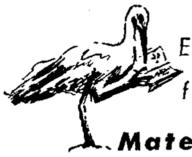

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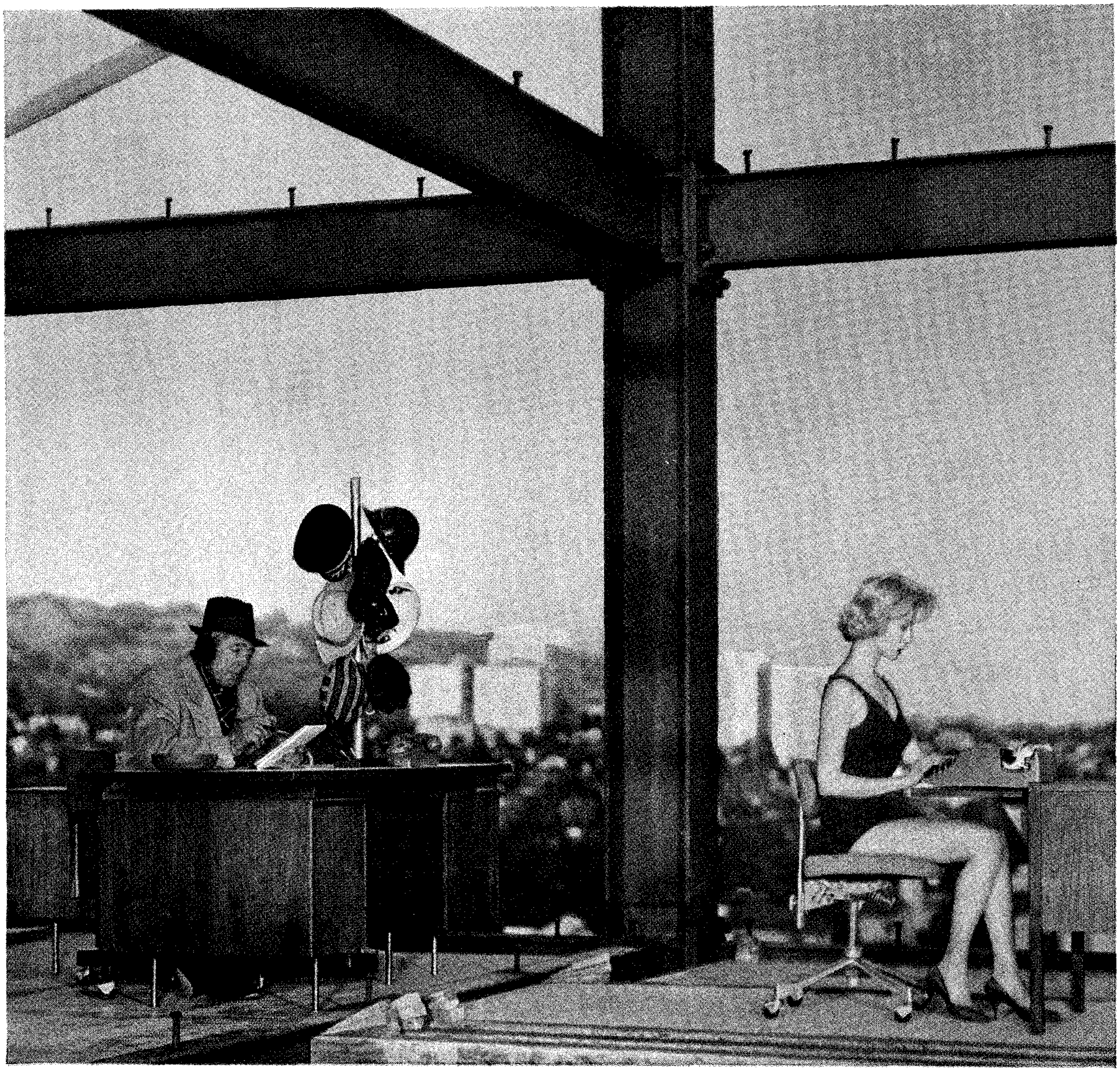

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As a writer, he could be faulted for many things, but he had one endearing asset: he loved words. In fact, he loved them almost to death. He was very proud of having been called to duty in the Republican campaign of 1920, and of being responsible for the slogan "With Harding at the Helm, We Can Sleep Nights." He was once asked if "Back to Normalcy" was his. " 'Normalcy,' " he said. "That sounds like one of my words." It surely did. A man responsible for "sheer magicry" might be responsible for anything. His love of words was of the purest, most elevated sort; he loved them not just for their meanings but for themselves alone. Who else could have come up with such phrases as "our mirific inheritances," "pursuant to the pattern of the rapes of yesterday," "dream ourselves and others into delusions," "extinguish the jeopardy," "marcescent monarchy," and "knockout admonition"? When he lapsed into the colloquial, one often wished that he hadn't; his comment on a guided tour through Hitler's retreat at Berchtesgaden right after the war was, as recorded in his diary, "Jeez! No wonder he went crazy!" And he was a lover not only of words but of punctuation. He worked into everything an ungodly number of useless quotation marks, exclamation points, parentheses, capital letters, and italics.

Vandenberg came to have great influence in the Senate and in the Republican Party, but he was never, in his own person, a commanding figure in either. His influence rested on the amount of publicity he got and, in later days, on his good showing in the opinion polls. His Senate colleagues liked him well enough, but he lacked the qualities of a Senate leader. He was unpredictable, he was soft, and he was too eager for everyone's good opinion. According to William S. White, the principal student of Senate affairs in Vandenberg's

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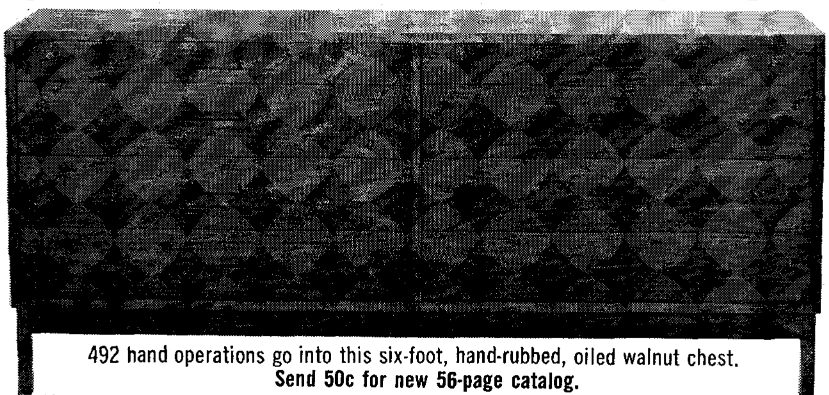

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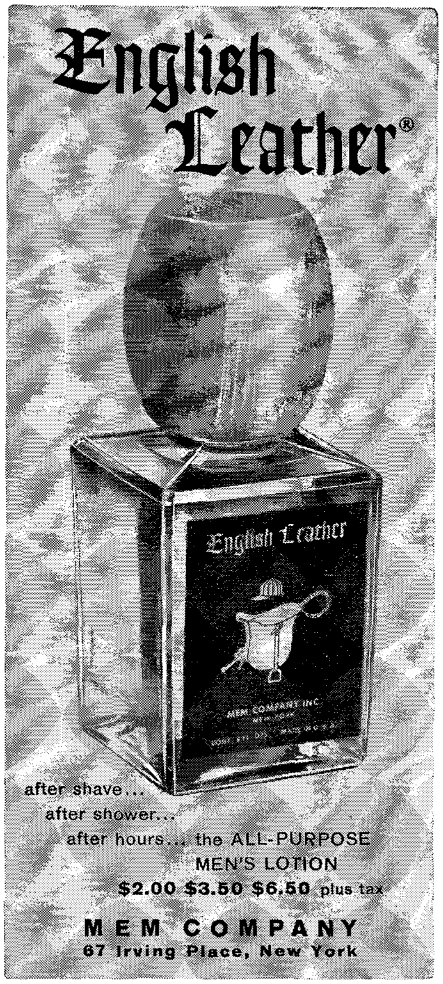
day, there wasn't one senator who would follow Vandenberg's lead solely because he trusted Vandenberg's judgment. There were several who would unquestioningly accept Taft's judgment, and more who would accept that of Richard Russell, of Georgia, a man who was hardly known at the time to any of the people tapped by the poll-takers. In 1936, 1940, 1944, and 1948, there was talk of Vandenberg as a Presidential candidate, but it was only in 1940 that he came even close to being a serious contender, and, in fact, his quadrennial attacks of White House fever were far less virulent than most. He could have had the Vice-Presidential nomination almost any time he wanted it. The Landon people wanted him in 1936, but he didn't want them. He wanted the Presidential nomination in 1940, and he got seventy-six votes on the first ballot at Philadelphia; on the fifth and penultimate one, he got forty-two. He told reporters that Styles Bridges had come to him on behalf of Dewey and asked him to help stop Willkie by announcing his availability for second place on the Dewey ticket. Vandenberg said that he offered Dewey a sporting proposition: "I'll meet him at eleven o'clock and flip a coin to see which end of the ticket we each take." Dewey declined. The Taft people said that their man would agree to make Vandenberg Secretary of State in a Taft Cabinet if Vandenberg would join forces with Taft. Vandenberg wasn't interested. In 1944, Vandenberg was for MacArthur from start to finish. He gave some thought to running in 1948, and let himself be entered in a few primaries, but he asked that his name not be put before the convention, and it wasn't. Taft and Dewey again wanted to use him, but he had outgrown them both and was a world figure. In 1946, the Secretary of State, James Byrnes, had laid down the law to Harry Truman and said he wouldn't attend an international conference unless Vandenberg was at his side. George Marshall and Dean Acheson followed Byrnes' lead. Vandenberg knew when he was well off. As a turncoat, he would have had nothing but trouble in partisan politics. In unpartisan politics, the reformed insulationist was doing fine. He held his tongue during the 1948 campaign, which for him was mainly an interval between diplomatic conferences, and was back on the circuit with his Democratic patrons in 1949.

WHILE it is likely that Vandenberg would have been forgotten but for his conversion in 1945, it can be argued



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that his conversion was entirely predictable. He was being converted to something or other all the time. He could have found his way along the sawdust trail blindfolded. His "favorite Biblical character," according to his son, was "St. Paul, the dynamic convert to Christianity," and on and off in his last years he worked on a biography of the dynamic convert. He came to the Senate a conservative. He remained a Hoover supporter long after most Republican senators from his part of the country had turned against him. He would not join the insurgents led by George W. Norris, of Nebraska. (When it got out, however, that Senator George Moses, of New Hampshire, at a Georgetown dinner, had called the insurgents "the sons of the wild jackass," Vandenberg, who didn't like to see anyone hurt, led an unsuccessful attempt to have Moses replaced as chairman of the Republican Senatorial Campaign Committee.) When Vandenberg ran for reëlection in 1934, it was as a collaborationist with the New Deal. He had helped to steer the Federal Deposit Insurance Act through the Senate, and he took all the credit he could get for it. (The New Deal, at the start, did not want any part of the credit for it. Roosevelt, according to Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., in "The Coming of the New Deal," accepted the F.D.I.C. against his better judgment. Later, of course, the New Dealers were to cite it as one of the great reforms instituted during the first Roosevelt administration.) Vandenberg described the Wagner Act, which he voted against, as "labor's hard-won bill of rights." He coined a phrase: "Social-Mindedness, not Socialism." He wrote an article called "The New Deal Must Be Salvaged." ("The New Deal must be . . . melted over, recast in a new engine, going slowly and rather on the bias in slightly different directions.") It is worth noting that in 1934 he was one of just six Republican senators to make it, picking up in one election as much seniority as he might normally have gained by winning two or three elections. Through the middle and late thirties, when Republicans in the Senate sometimes numbered as few as sixteen, Vandenberg shared the leadership with William E. Borah, of Idaho, and Charles McNary, of Oregon. His rival of the forties, Taft, did not make the Senate until 1938. Because Vandenberg was so staunch an isolationist, he won Borah's approval and patronage, which he valued greatly. He was quick to concede, however, that chance had made things much easier for him. "It is really not difficult to be a towering

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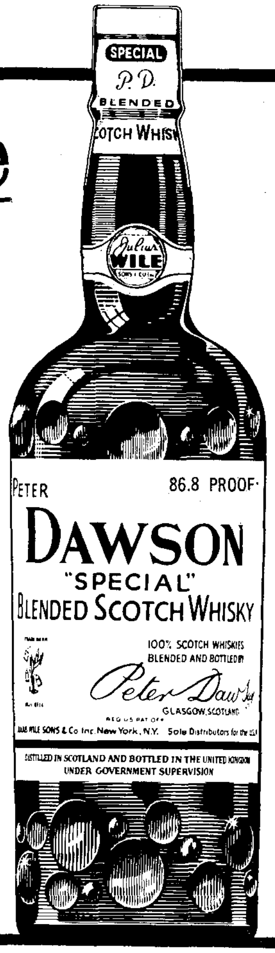
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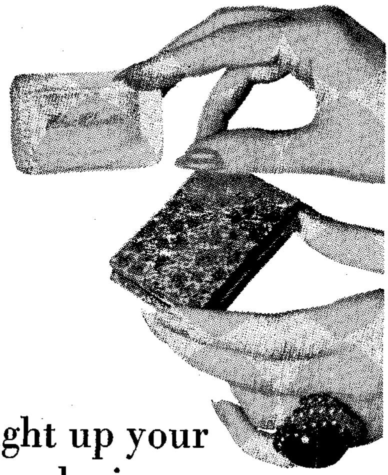

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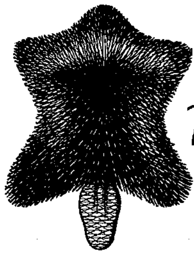
figure in a party of which you are the only member," he once said. During the fight over Roosevelt's plan to enlarge the Supreme Court, Vandenberg was the principal Republican spokesman. He got a fairly small share of the publicity, though, because so many leading Democrats opposed the plan. He wrote an eighty-thousand-word speech attacking it. It was full of references to the President as "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde Park."

It is inaccurate, or at least incomplete, to describe Vandenberg as having been, in the post-1945 period, an isolationist-turned-internationalist; it is more nearly accurate, though still not completely so, to describe him as an internationalist-turned-isolationist-turned-internationalist. In 1916, as editor of the Grand Rapids *Herald*, he favored intervention in Europe at a time when Wilson and Hughes were dead set against it. His prose had not attained its full lusciousness by then, but he was developing, and he wrote, close to thirty years before he had his blinding vision in the Senate:

> One right yielded up invites the loss of a second—then a third. The endless chain. Soon infringements pyramid, and assailants, encouraged by ease of unchallenged conquests, commence to plot against the nation itself. Somewhere a stand has to be made.

Once the stand was made, the war appeared to Vandenberg as "the greatest revival the world has ever known since Christ came upon the earth." The revival spirit cooled (as it always must; if it didn't, one revival would be enough), and by the time the League of Nations fight came along, Vandenberg had turned isolationist. This development may have had some connection with the fact that Senator Smith, the owner of the paper, had taken a stand against the League. Smith—a great Congressional contemporary of Cut-Rate Carpenter, of Nebraska, and Rise-Up William Allen, of Ohio—had not been conspicuous on any side of any issue up to 1919. His most famous contribution to history had been his raising of the question, during the investigation of the Titanic disaster, of why the passengers didn't climb into the watertight compartments. But the League of Nations somehow offended him, and he gave powerful support to Henry Cabot Lodge's fight against it. The League offended Vandenberg, too, and in the days when he was pleased with this phase of his record he talked a lot about an interview he had had with William Howard Taft. As an interviewer, as in all his other roles, Vandenberg did most of the



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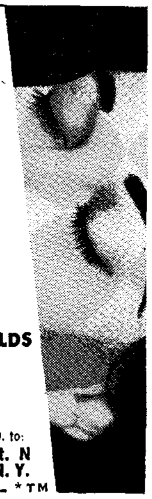

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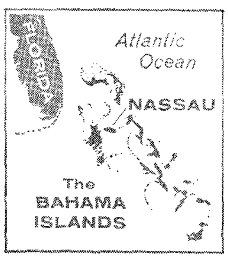

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talking, and the notable thing, according to him, about this encounter was that he talked Taft right out of opposition to the Lodge amendments to the League treaty and into support of them. Taft's switch, Vandenberg always maintained, was what *really* defeated Wilson. Vandenberg also used to enjoy recalling that he had supplied Lodge with the sentence "Unshared idealism is a menace." Lodge used it, and it had, Vandenberg thought, great impact.

Vandenberg was an isolationist almost all through the thirties. He cast one of the two votes in the Foreign Relations Committee against recognizing the Soviet Union, and he was a leading participant in Senator Gerald Nye's investigation of the munitions-makers. (He said that testimony given before this committee persuaded him that he had been in error in 1918.) He supported the Neutrality Act of 1937, and voted against the repeal of the arms embargo in 1939. He went through a brief but hot interventionist phase in the winter of 1939-40, when he wanted to put an immediate stop to the Russian invasion of Finland, and he regarded the Japanese as a distinct menace; in fact, he sponsored the Senate resolution that called for abrogation of the Japanese trade treaty of 1911—a measure described by Walter Lippmann as "the longest step on the road to war that the United States had taken since President Wilson announced . . . that the United States would hold the German government strictly accountable for its acts." It was shortly after this, however, that Vandenberg entered the isolationist phase from which he did not emerge until 1945. From the fall of France to Pearl Harbor, he was against everything the administration proposed. He supported the war but continued to be an isolationist. He opposed the Ball-Burton-Hatch-Hill Resolution of 1943, which sought to commit the country to entering a postwar United Nations. Then, just after the Dumbarton Oaks conference that was a preliminary to the San Francisco meeting at which the United Nations Charter was adopted, he made the great speech. In his diaries, he says that he rewrote it "at least a dozen times." It may be that each time he rewrote it he found room for one more use of the gorgeous tautology "honest candor," which appears nearly a dozen times, now and then reinforced, as in "honest candor devoid of prejudice or ire" and "honest candor on the high plane of great ideals." In the speech, he announced that he had come to believe isolation impossible, and he put forth

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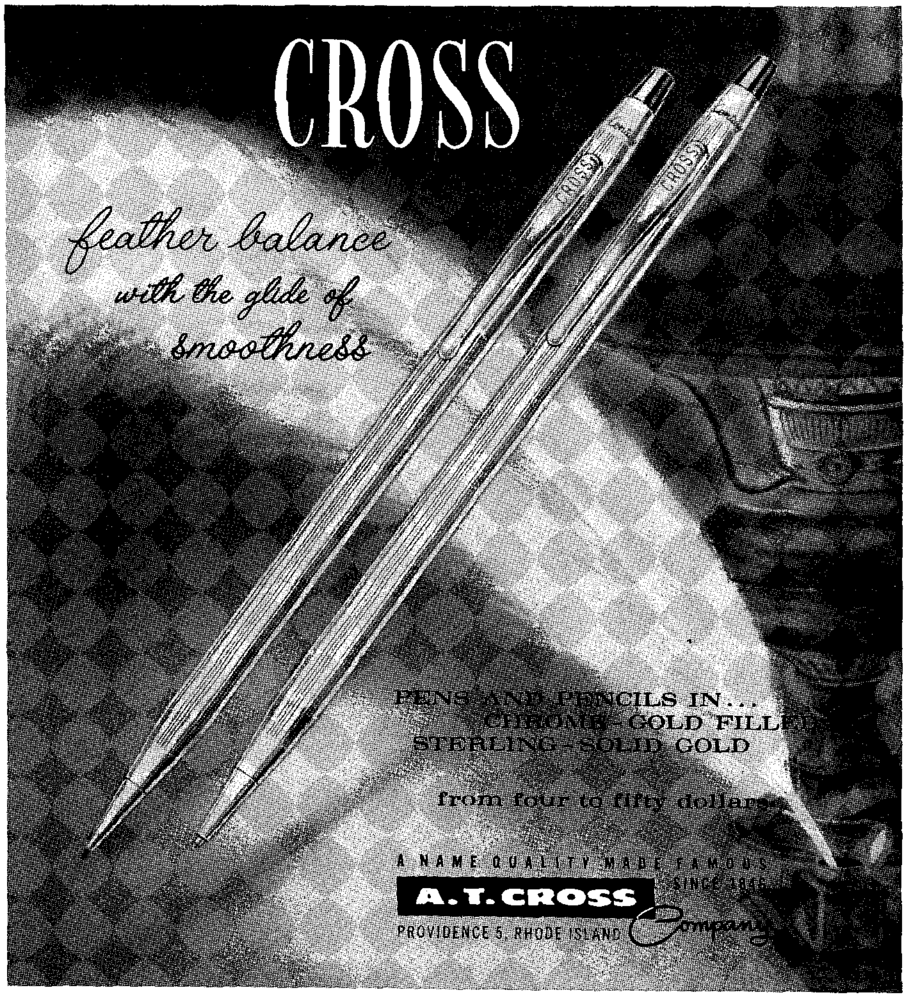

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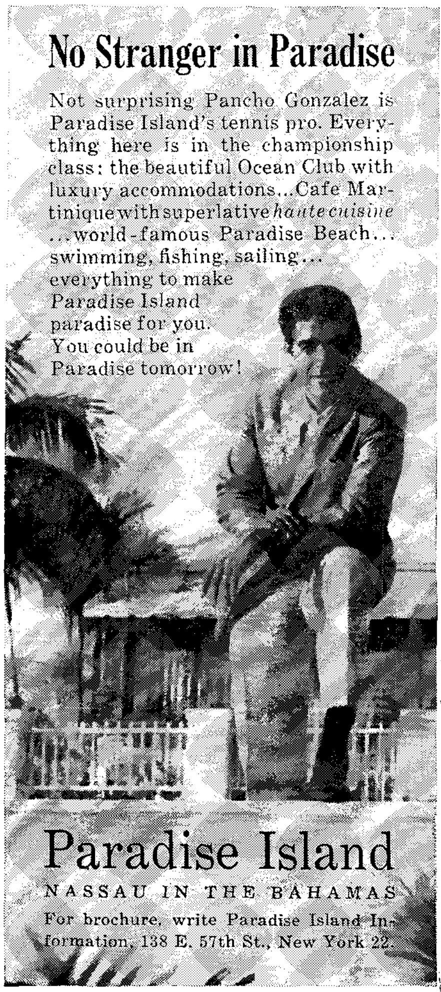
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a program of sorts for the disarmament of Germany by the victorious powers. What he had to say could have been said in a few simple words, but those twelve revisions led to the creation of a mountain of platitudes, topped by glittering redundancies:

> We must have maximum Allied cooperation and minimum Allied frictions. . . . We cannot drift to victory. . . . There are critical moments in the life of every nation. . . . We confront such a moment now. . . . A global conflict which uproots the earth is not calculated to submit itself to the domination of any finite mind. . . . Each of us can only speak according to his little lights—and pray for a composite wisdom that shall lead us to high, safe ground.
>
> These basic pledges [the Atlantic Charter] cannot now be dismissed as a mere nautical nimbus. They march with our armies. They sail with our fleets. They fly with our eagles. They sleep with our martyred dead. The first requisite of honest candor, I respectfully suggest, is to relight this torch.
>
> Our oceans have ceased to be moats which automatically protect our ramparts. Flesh and blood now compete unequally with winged steel. War has become an all-consuming juggernaut. If World War Number Three ever unhappily arrives, it will open new laboratories of death too horrible to contemplate. I propose to do everything within my power to keep those laboratories closed for keeps. We are standing by our guns with epic heroism. I know of no reason why we should not stand by our ideals. . . . I do not wish to meddle. I want only to help. I want to do my duty. It is in this spirit that I ask for honest candor in respect to our ideals.

In Vandenberg's own modest words, "the electric effect of the speech was instantaneous." "It cannot be said of many speakers," Walter Lippmann wrote, "that they affect the course of events. But this may well be said of Senator Vandenberg's speech if the President . . . will recognize promptly and firmly its importance." Roosevelt was no slouch in this matter. He took fifty reprints along to Yalta and handed them out as promissory notes from the Republican Party. The speech sent Vandenberg to the peaks immediately; it became practically impossible—certainly unofficial—to hold an international conference without him. His defection had made a repetition of 1919 out of the question. If one can imagine the devastation that would be wrought among right-wingers today if Barry Goldwater defected and tagged along behind Dean Rusk everywhere Rusk went, one will have some picture of the devastation that Vandenberg wrought by his famous switch.

Dean Acheson compares Vandenberg's role to those of Clay and Calhoun in ante-bellum days. The analogy conceals the irony of the situation. Clay and

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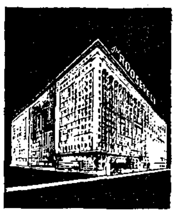
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Calhoun were great controversialists, and they played unique historical roles. Vandenberg contributed only his large and amiable presence. He never really *did* anything. The only time he ever actually participated in diplomacy was in the late summer of 1946, at the Paris Peace Conference, where he served on the commission that dealt with navigation rights on the Danube River. The United States was for international control of the Danube, and Vandenberg spoke for the United States. He said that the river should not be divided into "unrelated watertight compartments." The only pieces of foreign-policy legislation that bore his name were the Vandenberg Amendment of 1947 and the Vandenberg Resolution of 1948. The purpose of each was to square American policy in Europe with American policy in the United Nations. The Amendment was tacked on to what was known as the Truman Doctrine—the legislation empowering the President to send military assistance to Greece and Turkey—and simply said that any time the United Nations wanted to take over the job the United States was doing, the United States would be pleased to step aside. The Resolution said that the United States Senate looked with favor on regional alliances (several, like NATO, were then in the making) and saw no conflict between them and the United Nations Charter. In "Speaking Frankly," James F. Byrnes puts the matter quite precisely:

> Because Senator Vandenberg represented the political party opposed to the administration . . . his support enabled us [i.e., the Democrats] to speak of our foreign policy as the American policy.

When Vandenberg went to San Francisco, London, Rome, Geneva, or Rio, his function was to weaken Republican resistance in Washington and to prove to both allies and adversaries that we had something approaching national unity in this country. He was a kind of property eagle. He could fulfill his function without opening his mouth—though he generally opened it quite a bit. Still, many things might have been different, and worse, if we had not had him.

Vandenberg died of cancer in his home in Grand Rapids on April 18, 1951, the day before Douglas MacArthur made his old-soldiers-never-die speech to a joint session of Congress. He was thus spared the MacArthur controversy, which would have pained him. When the General first came under criticism for his conduct of the Korean War, Vandenberg had a thought about the temple of the gods and demigods:

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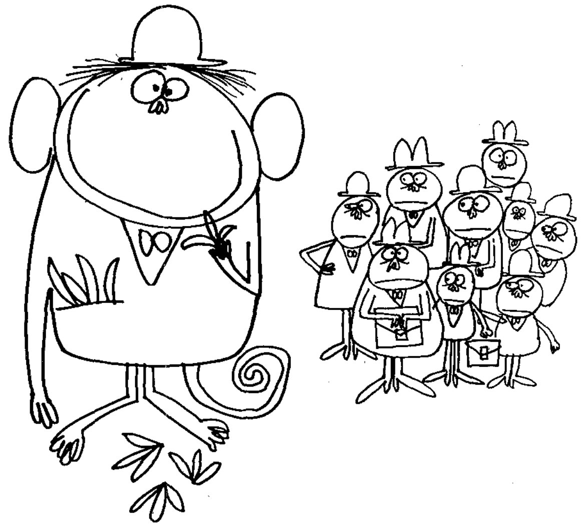

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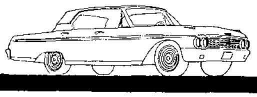

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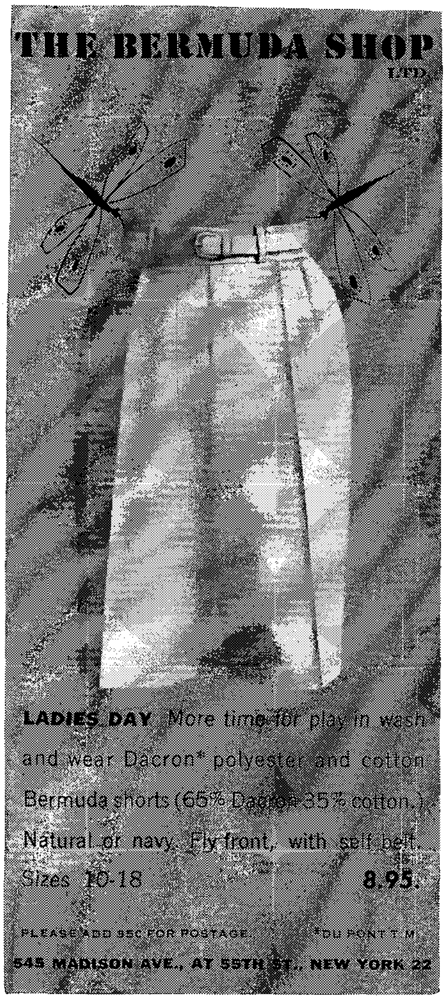

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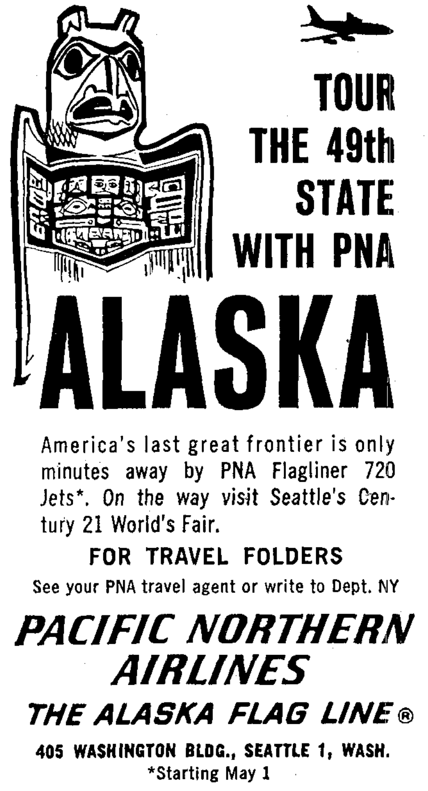

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"Let us not enfoul our pantheon," he said. In a way, he died at the right time. McCarthy had arisen in the Senate and was making life hell for Vandenberg's friends in the State Department. Had Vandenberg lived, he would, of course, have been a powerful figure in the Eisenhower period, but the Eisenhower administration would not have had the use for him that the Truman administration had. Its problem, in foreign policy, was to get the Democrats to go along. In the early Eisenhower years, Senator George, of Georgia, played a role analogous to the one that Vandenberg had played from 1945 to 1951. If John Foster Dulles had lived to write a memoir like Acheson's, he might well have nominated Senator George for a place alongside Clay, Calhoun, and Webster.

THE moral of the Vandenberg story can be formulated in some such fashion as this: It is very often better to be wrong first and right afterward than to be right all along. As Scripture tells us, this makes a man more precious in the sight of the Lord. Virtue is its own reward, but there is nothing that quite matches the combination of virtue's reward and the wages of sin. There are times when uprightness has practically no meaning unless it rests firmly on a foundation of waywardness. Whittaker Chambers might have ended his days in the near-anonymity of the *Time* masthead if he had not been a spy; now there are those who think of him as a modern St. Augustine. Vandenberg, in his day, was, of course, far from being the only Republican internationalist in the Senate. To name another, there was Warren Austin, of Vermont. But Austin's record was grievously flawed; it contained no recent isolationist phase. Truman made him Ambassador to the U.N., and he served with distinction, but he is dead now, and no one has proposed that Clay and Calhoun move over and make room for him.

Yet, one cannot begrudge Vandenberg his place. He would appreciate it greatly if he knew about it, and would think of himself as being that much closer to Big Brother Alexander Hamilton. And his service was not small; what he did in switching from isolationism to internationalism was to make it possible, by a process resembling vicarious atonement, for lots of other isolationists—who knew, if not that they were wrong, at least that they were licked—to make an honorable peace with the administration and thereby enable the country to have something like a workable foreign policy. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

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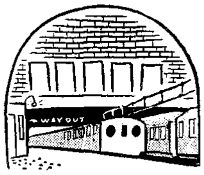
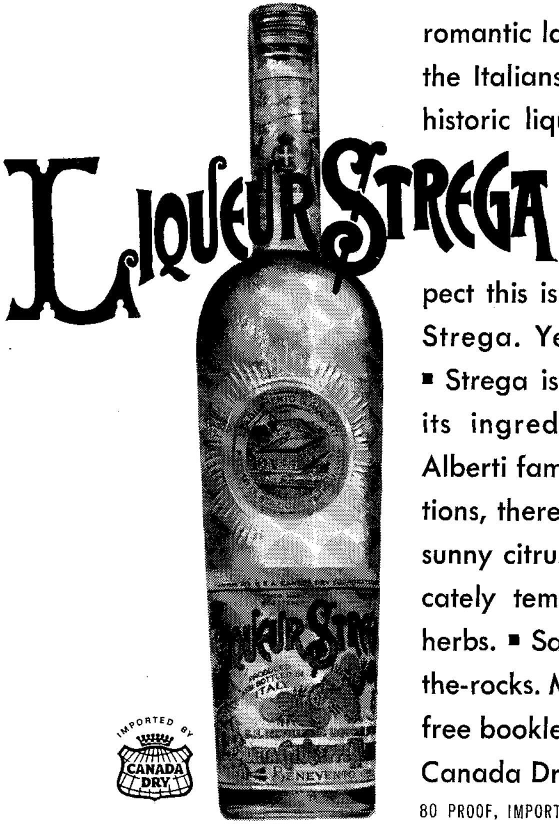
LETTER FROM LONDON

MARCH 14



SOME important decisions on the future of London that will affect, at one point or another, eight million people and that the Government plans to get through Parliament by the autumn of 1964 and have working out in ordinary citizens' lives by the spring of 1965 (that is, if it is still in power by then) were debated recently for two highly argumentative days in the House of Commons. The central feature of the complicated proposals is the disappearance of the old County of London boundaries and likewise the snuffing out of the greatest and most powerful local-government authority in the land—the famous, long predominantly Labour-controlled London County Council, which is due to expire by 1965 and hand over the keys of the front door and the cashbox to its heirs, the reconstituted and in future to be self-governing London boroughs. The vast, sprawling mass that will be mapped out as Greater London takes in eight hundred and fifty square miles, stretching right up to the surrounding Green Belt—the girdle of open country in which builders and land speculators are kept legally at bay. What is causing some of the cries of pain and alarm among those concerned is that the proposed new bite will swallow big chunks of pleasant suburban Essex, Kent, and Surrey, whose largely displeased inhabitants are due to wake up one morning and find themselves Londoners willy-nilly. The L.C.C. is sending a deputation to Mr. Macmillan this week to protest against its death sentence, though only a general election and a Labour Government's getting in before the fatal date would avert it, apparently. The Council has already issued a ringing statement saying that for seventy-three years it has "spoken for the people of London, the capital of Britain, the heart of the Commonwealth," and that it does not believe the people want their voice to be silenced now. If this is so, a surprisingly skimpy number of Londoners turned up to hear the Commons debate. Though M.P.s on both sides of the House spoke of having had letters and deputations from constituents protesting against the new setup, the only agitation visible in the public gallery was a shower of leaflets chucked by two young men, who seemed to have got their days mixed,



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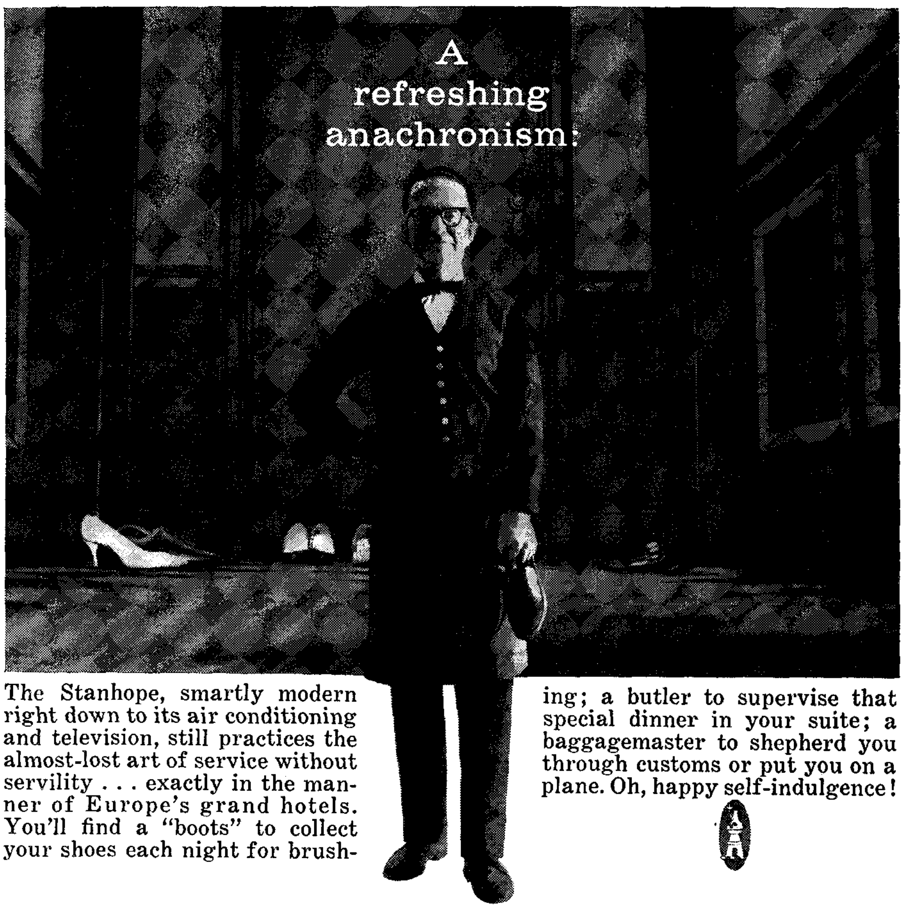

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since they shouted "Jomo Kenyatta is a Mau Mau traitor!" before being escorted out.

The Government clearly intends to go ahead with its Greater London scheme in spite of pleas from the Opposition to think again, and in spite of the obvious uneasiness of many of its own backbenchers, especially those coming from the affected Home Counties. Few sensible citizens would deny that the present structure of local government, which has served so admirably since the eighties and which attracted a brand-new stamp of progressive men and women whose intelligence and integrity completely transformed London and its then still Dickensian municipal life, is in need of a modernizing overhaul in order to cope with the problems of this huge area. When Parliament discussed the plan, some of the speakers wanted what one called "the fermenting outer regions" beyond the protected and protective Green Belt to be brought into it, too, as being the real heart of the matter now that London's population keeps on thinning out at the center and thickening up on its outside edge, with the ever-worsening problem of transporting millions of people into the center and out again each day. Traffic and roads are to be under the control of a new, so far somewhat shadowy body, the Council for Greater London, but most of the power will be in the local hands of thirty-four new London boroughs, some of which are to be formed by lumping together adjoining boroughs that would rather be apart and are already saying so with some asperity. The objections raised in Parliament by the M.P.s representing constituencies that are threatened by the upheaval sounded like the arguments used by people who are opposed to Britain's entering the Common Market—loss of individual sovereignty, getting mixed up with a lot of doubtless unstable strangers across the boundary lines, and so forth. Even the question of sporting loyalties was brought up. Would the awful day come, it was asked in the Commons, when the Derby would be run not at Epsom, which is scheduled to become part of Borough No. 23 in the coming carve-up, but in London S.W. 888? The lopped counties are dismayed because they stand to lose their most thickly populated sections and therefore fattest sources of revenue. One-third of the population of Kent and two-thirds of the population of Surrey, no less, are due to be gulped down by Greater London, and the thinner rural areas will be forced to whack up

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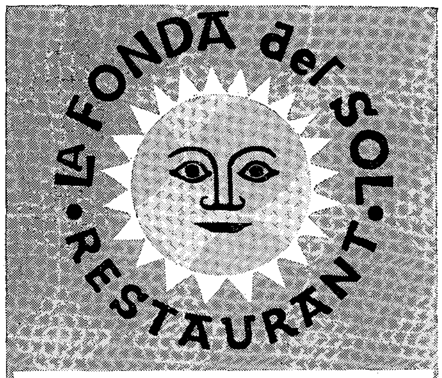
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the tax rates steeply for the distinctly unamused householders left therein. (Kent has just announced, however, that it does not intend to fight the scheme any longer.) The objecting voices seem to be making the most noise at the moment. All sorts of fears are being expressed by special groups who, for one reason or another, are peering apprehensively ahead to 1965 and wondering what will happen to the remarkable achievements that are due to be dismantled and rebuilt when the old L.C.C. is finally demolished—its splendid children's and education services, for instance, which are second to none anywhere, not to mention its team of architects, responsible for many brilliant and imaginative housing developments since the war. The Royal Institute of British Architects has already suggested that the department should be lifted and preserved intact within the Council for Greater London, to be used for the replanning of important sites in the metropolis, such as Piccadilly Circus.

Politically, the effect of the Government's vast modernizing plastic surgery on the face of London's local government will probably be that its remodelled boroughs will be less strongly Labour than they have been since 1934—a point that the Opposition benches did not fail to mention unfavorably in the debate. There was also caustic comment on the fact that in spite of all the talk about the need for radical change, the one community on which the Government proposes to lay only reverent hands is the stubbornly archaic anomaly of the square mile of the City of London—bursting with workers by day, given over largely to caretakers and cats by night—which is to receive all the inflated new powers of the London boroughs of from two hundred thousand to three hundred thousand inhabitants, though its total population, excluding the cats, is only around four thousand. Outside snipers have long been fiercely criticizing the City Corporation, which exists like a tight little medieval island of jealously guarded wealth and privilege—as mysterious a setup to most Cockneys, who once a year may chance to glimpse the Lord Mayor's show going by, as if the Mansion House were the town hall on the moon. Among a multitude of picturesque ancient privileges, for example, its aldermen are elected from a narrow field and for life, and, in law, a Londoner who has not been made a freeman of the City (an honor that is largely controlled by the rich and splendidly hospitable City

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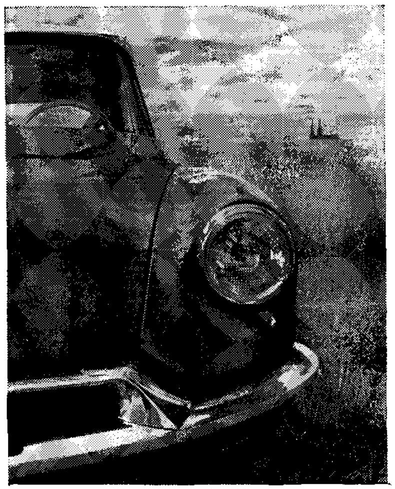

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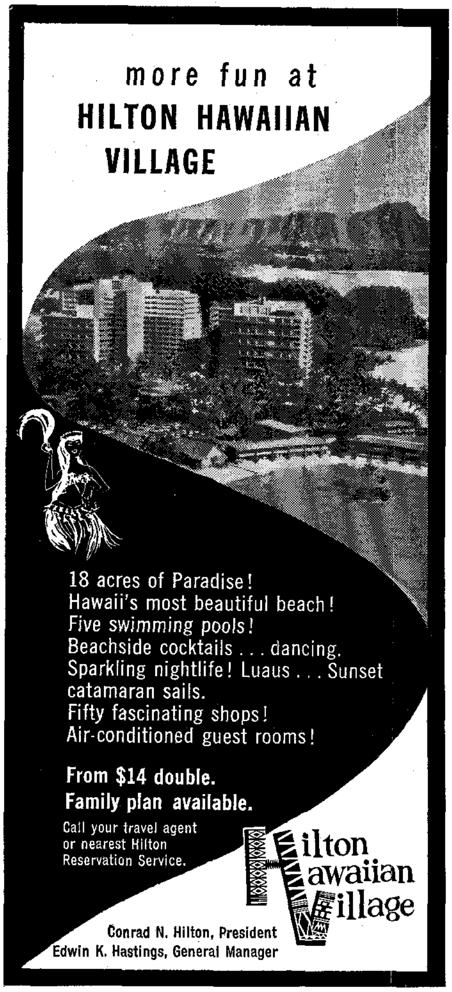

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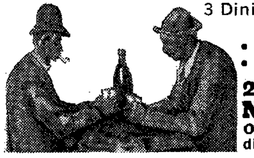

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guilds) can style himself only "an inhabitant," though he may imagine fondly that he is "a citizen," of this town. The word "reform" has always died away in the past when anyone had a shot at breathing it in this area, and the Government is not breathing it today. The Minister of Housing and Local Government, Dr. Charles Hill, was cheered ironically by the Opposition benches when he quoted to the House the report of the Royal Commission that was appointed in 1957 to mull over the problems of ever-spreading Greater London, which ended by saying laconically that logic has its limits and the City of London lies outside them, as usual.

THE major art news is the Royal Academy's down-to-earth announcement that it is being forced to finance its future independence as teacher and generous host to the public—and, like any ordinary worried householder, to face up to mounting taxes and lighting and heating bills—by selling its great, full-scale Leonardo da Vinci cartoon of the smiling Virgin and St. Anne with a sombre Child and a thoughtful little boy, St. John the Baptist. This charcoal drawing, mysterious and haunting in its beauty, was probably given to the Academy (which is a private institution) by its first president, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and, if so, its proud reasons for parting with it now would certainly be approved by him. The present president, Sir Charles Wheeler, has said that since the Academy intends to keep on with its free training for young artists, its Summer Exhibitions, which never charge commissions on sales, and its enormous, magnificent international loan exhibitions without asking the Government to help carry the increasingly crushing financial load, the sale of this masterpiece is the only way out. Londoners saw the Leonardo last at a winter exhibition of Italian art in 1960, but it apparently has always been on view in one of the Academy's private rooms for anyone who liked to ask permission to see it. The announcement of its imminent loss—because of its rarity, its possible price has been estimated at a fabulous million pounds, which seems to lift it clear out of the range of any of the national museums, with their shoestring Government grants—immediately started talk of raising a fund to keep the treasure from going abroad, which the Government might decide to prevent anyhow by refusing to grant the necessary export license. Sotheby's is to sell the Leonardo in June at a one-picture auction.

The melancholy news came soon aft-

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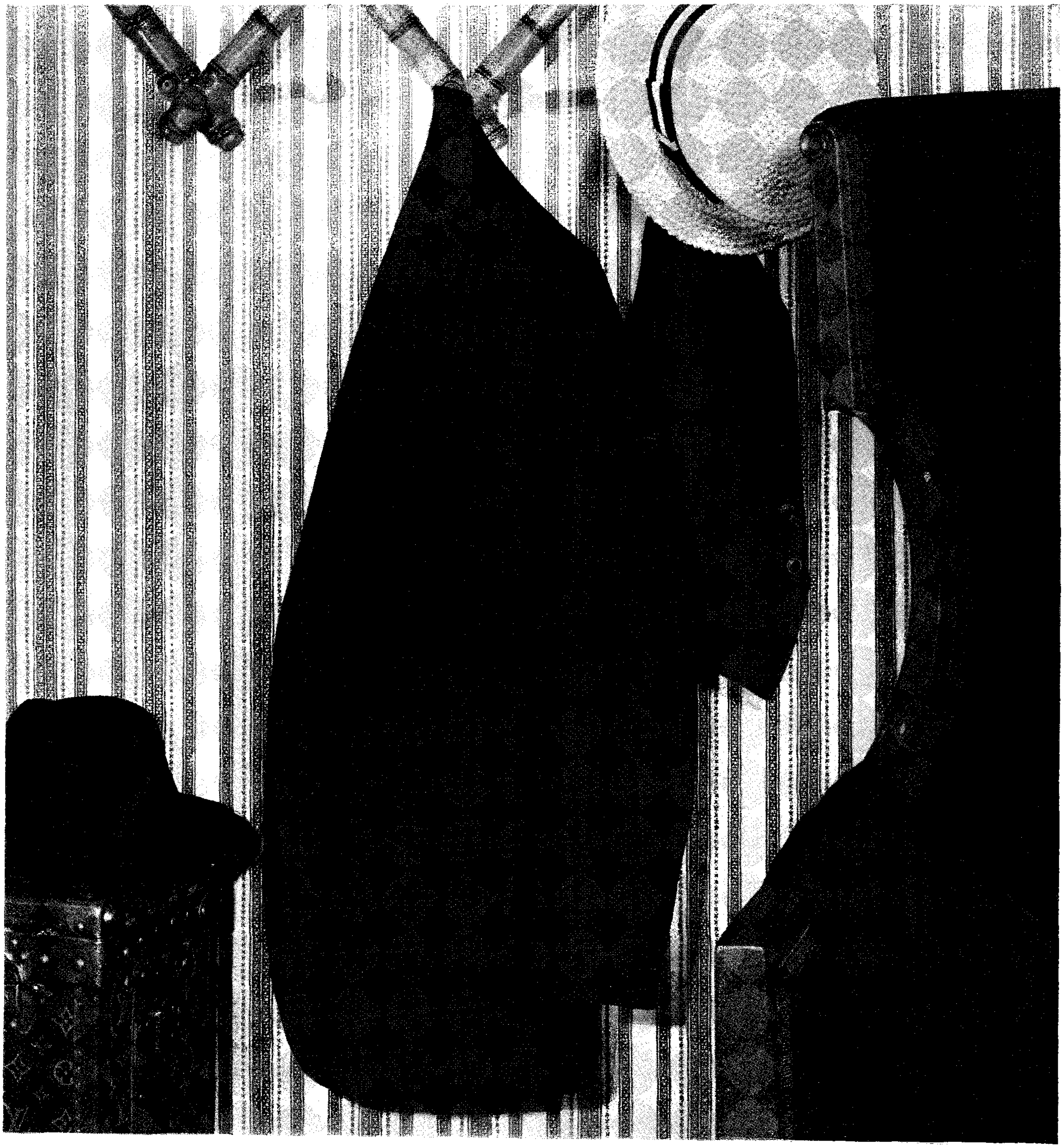

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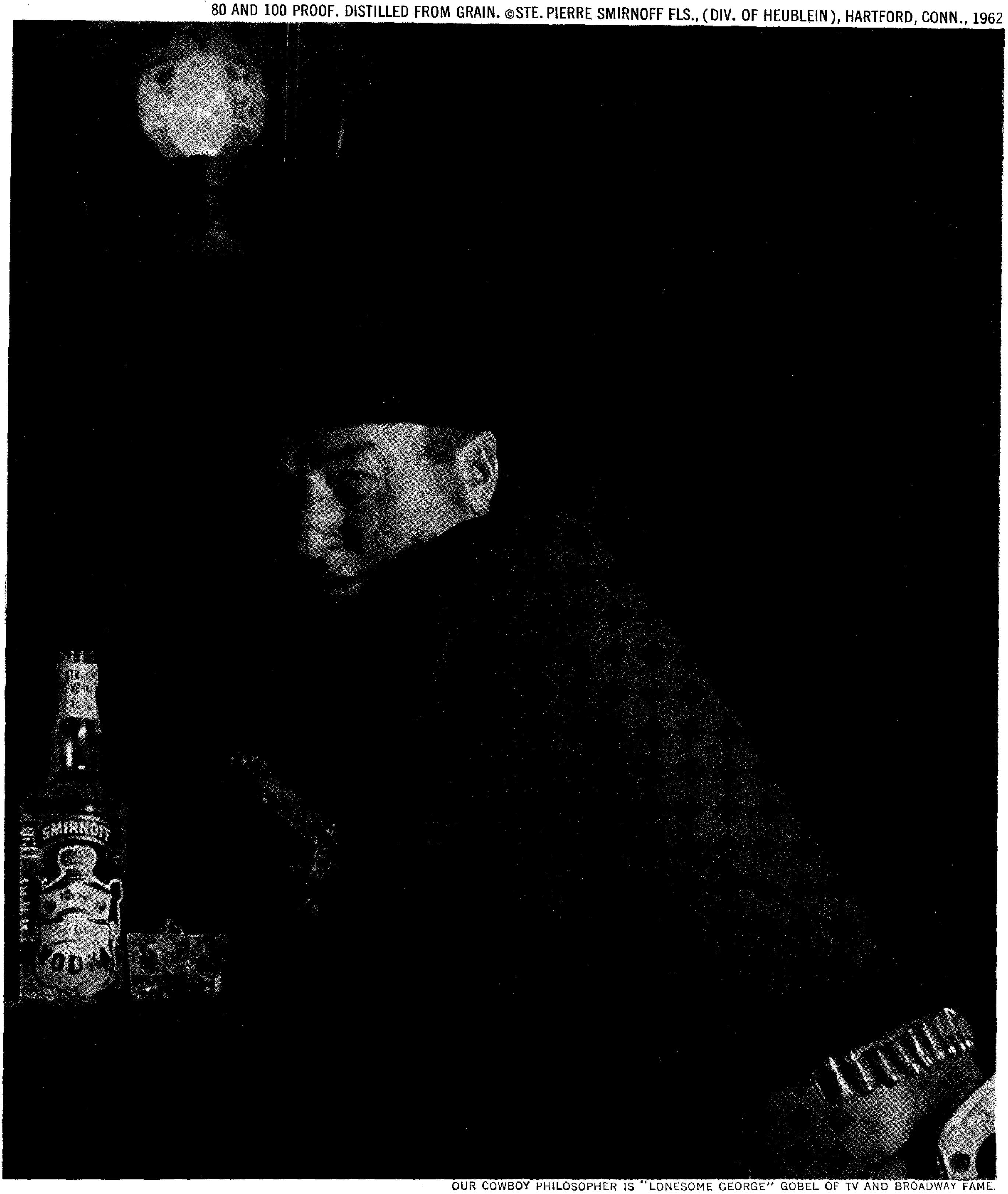

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er the report on the official investigation into another national art loss—the theft of the Goya portrait of the Duke of Wellington from the National Gallery last year—had been delivered to the Government (but not made available to the public, presumably because it contains a few tips that might help other cracksmen). One comic theory as to where the Goya has gone is that it was stolen by some enraged (and surely remarkably light-fingered) critic of the National Gallery's controversial policy of cleaning some of its canvases.

IT is hard to remember such a truly astonishing piece of invective as the swinging attack by Dr. F. R. Leavis, of Cambridge, on Sir Charles Snow, as scientist, novelist, and man, or such a sensational academic row as the one it produced. The day after Dr. Leavis delivered his farewell Richmond Lecture to undergraduates at Downing College—he is retiring from the Readership in English this year—the *Times*, in the center of its lead page, alongside the news that Sir Roy Welensky, the belligerent Rhodesian Federal Prime Minister, had spoken of using force, if necessary, to keep the Union Jack flying in his Federation, came out with a startled report of some of the equally bellicose utterances fired off in Cambridge on the subject of "The Two Cultures?—The Significance of C. P. Snow." The *Times* correspondent had presumably borrowed somebody's gown or got the gist of the lecture from someone in the audience, for journalists, who had guessed from the title that Dr. Leavis, the most controversial of the literary pundits, was about to erupt in full fury, were strictly banned from the lecture hall. The Cambridge undergraduate paper *Varsity* also ducked the ban and carried a reported selection of the text. Then, last week, the literary and political weekly *Spectator* scooped the field by publishing the Richmond Lecture in its blistering entirety of five full pages. Having got Dr. Leavis's consent by telephone, it rushed the manuscript, which was in somewhat daunting longhand, to its Bloomsbury office, put a team of typists on to deciphering it, and brought it out on time, with a special cover drawing of C. P. Snow's vast domed head in duplicate, representing the "two cultures"—the literary and the scientific—which, with the additional title "The Scientific Revolution," Snow had made the theme of his own Rede Lecture in 1959. It was this lecture on which Dr. Leavis concentrated a torrent of amazing abuse, saying that it exhibited "an

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utter lack of intellectual distinction and an embarrassing vulgarity of style" and was an "intellectual nullity;" that it showed "a pathetic and comic—and menacing—illusion on Snow's part that he is capable of thoughts on the problems he offers to advise us on;" and that its value for school or university use (although, inexplicably to Dr. Leavis, it has come in for respectful notice in such places) could only be as "a document for the study of cliché." Snow, as a novelist, "doesn't begin to exist," and "of qualities that one might set to the credit of a scientific training there are none" except "a show of knowledgeableness." He "knows nothing of history," "doesn't know what he means, and doesn't know he doesn't know," but sees himself—like his fictional Lewis Eliot, who is Fellow of a Cambridge college in the series of Snow university novels—as "a distinguished man and a lord of life" because he has "inhabited the Corridors of Power," is a member of the Athenæum, and is "a great figure in the Sunday papers" (which also come in for a lambasting, together with the *New Statesman* and the *Guardian*, as constituting the kind of modish literary culture that Leavis detests).

Possibly a clue to this extraordinary personal attack is that Sir Charles is not, it appears, an admirer of D. H. Lawrence. To Dr. Leavis, of course, Lawrence is not only the supreme genius to have written in English in our century but also the prophet of a new society in which men can stand up and know that they are alive, instead of accepting life stale from television, the movies, and the advertisements that sell them what Leavis, in his lecture, called "jam"—that being more telly, movies, and the rest. It is a pity that the sincerity and interest of this last section were pretty well swamped for most readers, apparently, by the imbalance of the tirade against Sir Charles, who has replied—at least for public consumption—with a large, restrained chunk of silence. The *Spectator* carries this week a selection of the letters that have been pouring in on the subject—about fifty-fifty in sympathy so far. As a piece of literary slanging of a public figure, the Leavis lecture seems unique, and is being much discussed here. —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

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—*Headline in the Casper (Wyo.) Tribune-Herald.*

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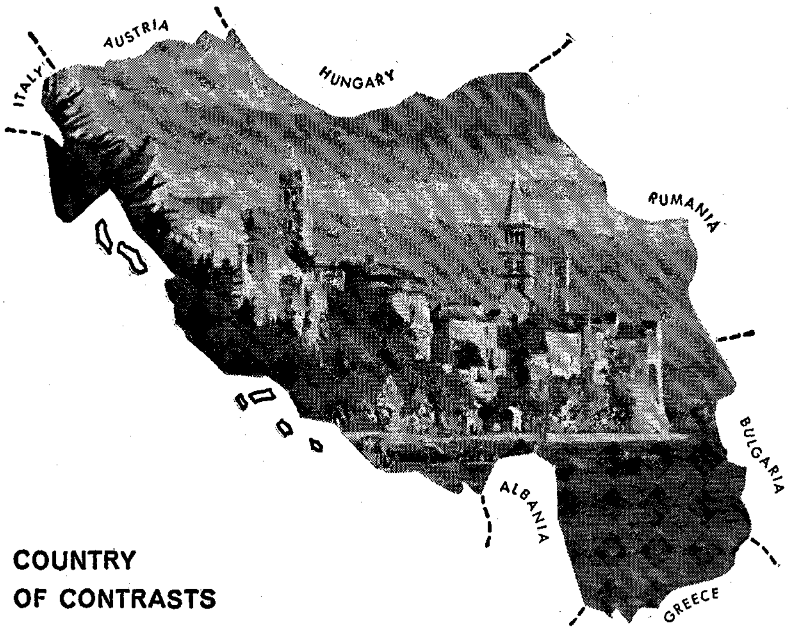

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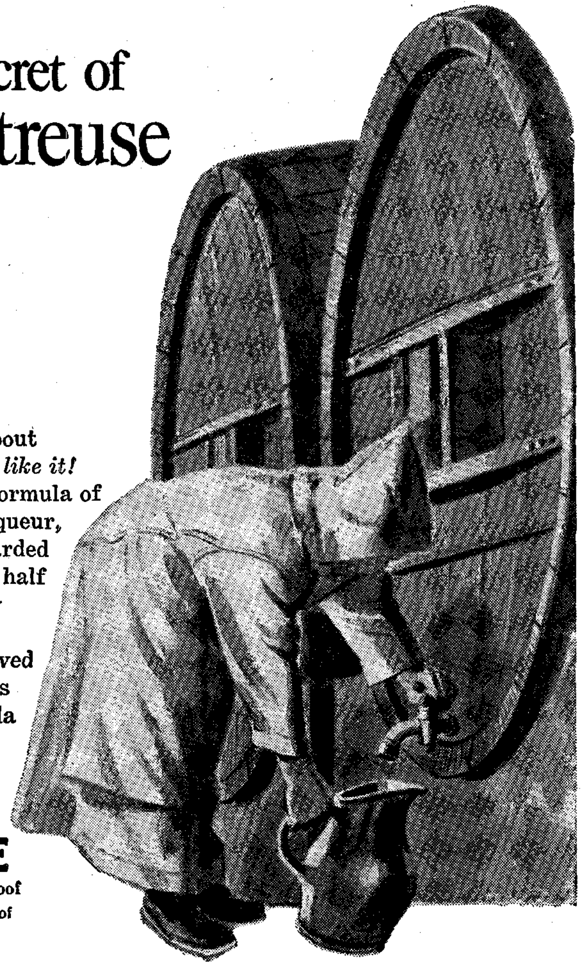

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BOOKS

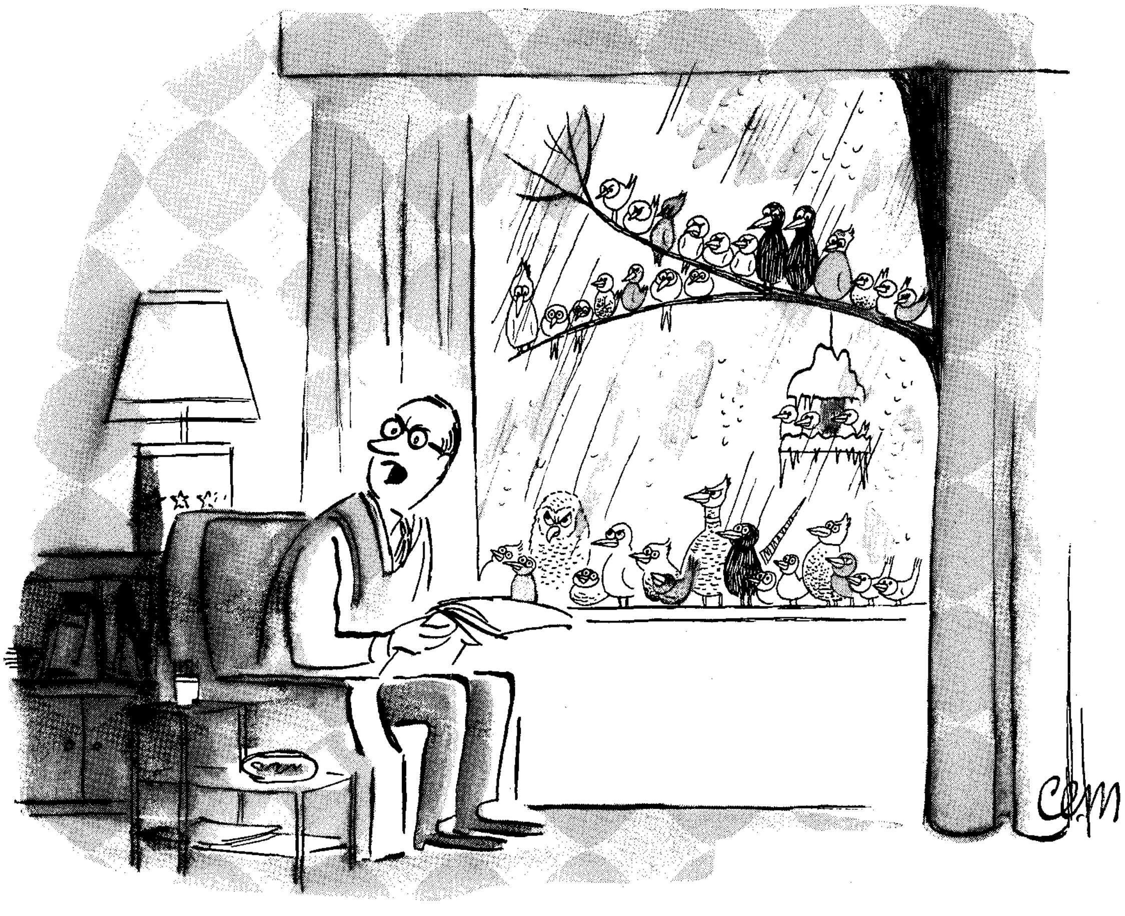
VERSE

A SEASON that brings into one kind of versification or another not only a description of the depression induced by the eating of five buttons of peyote but also a pretty little masque, presenting real people and private jokes, and designed to be given in the garden of a Venetian palazzo, can hardly be called dull in choice of material. But because the expert techniques that might have brought this diversity to life have not been applied at necessary points, and because touches of satire are generally absent, dullness has crept in.

To write even the mildest satire, the poet must feel himself enough involved with human issues to be able to make distinctions and indicate opposites. Negative attitudes are ruled out; the satirist cares. He may not care in any constructive way—he may not even recommend change—but he is disturbed by what he himself experiences and what he observes to be the experience of others. For one reason or another, down the ages, there have been no humorless satires and no formless ones. That the satiric impulse, although currently feeble, is not entirely dead is proved by the choice, in 1961, of Alan Dugan's "Poems" to be the year's volume selected for the Yale Series of Younger Poets. And now "Poems" has been given a National Book Award. Dudley Fitts, who in 1960 took over the editorship of the Yale Series from W. H. Auden, writes in his introduction that Dugan's "cast of mind is hard, yet the detail is often wonderfully ingenuous and tender, [and] there is a ferocious comic sense." Dugan can, in fact, throw off a major piece of wit in a phrase, and he is not afraid of rough talk. He can describe his own bafflements with a certain detachment, while showing himself vulnerable to the betrayals and damages inherent in the human condition in general. He is, in fact, at moments closely related to those satirists, from Martial to Swift, who have released, in balanced language, their unequivocal utterances of shock and rage. But Dugan's sensibility is not limited to the caustic insight and the dour conclusion; it can play, with sympathy, over the tragic and the inexplicable, the fantastic and enigmatic, in nature and man. This is not young poetry, as Fitts points out. Nor—if the empty and ragged fragments of "self-expression" that compose the bulk of contemporary verse are to hold as examples of modernity—is it modern. It belongs to a timeless vein that comes to the surface of literature unexpectedly and in unlikely places—a vein of powerful feeling joined to energetic talent.

X. J. Kennedy's first book, "Nude Descending a Staircase" (Doubleday), carried off last year's Lamont Poetry Selection, an award recently established with the work of young poets in mind. Younger than Dugan, and by no means in his virtuoso class, Kennedy in his lighter moments is quite willing, in the words of one of his jacket sponsors, "to poke delicious fun at our foolishness." He is also equipped with a serious and biting wit, and he can not only aim at important targets but frequently hit them. And his form, although condensed and controlled, is flexible enough to accommodate a variety of subject matter, some of it as offbeat as can be.

"The Tree Witch," by Peter Viereck (Scribners), is described on its title page as "a poem and play (first of all a poem)." These twin compositions (the play version comes first and is much longer and more elaborate than the poem) certainly constitute examples of failed satire. Mr. Viereck is also a prize-winner; his first book (of lyrics) was awarded a Pulitzer Prize in 1949. Since then he has continued to publish verse along with volumes of prose concerned with politics and American culture. Displays of wit never having been his strong point, it is unfortunate that his play shows many signs of collision with the theatre of Ionesco, wherein wit is basic. Bits of obsolete American vaudeville also come into view, and everything proceeds under the shadow of a kind of baleful allegory. The "Hellenic dryad" who gives the play and the poem their name is a rather decorous embodiment of the life force, with calmed-down



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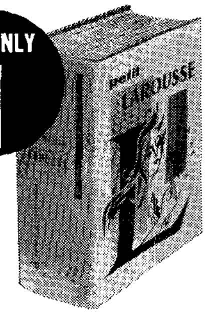

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traces of maenad and bacchante in her composition. She is surrounded—and persecuted—by a strange array of extremely talkative present-day male and female figures. The language in which this charade is projected is often scarcely recognizable as English. The play has been produced by the Poets' Theatre of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and read in "major excerpts" at two academic poetry festivals. The poem has been published, also in excerpts, by a variety of periodicals. There is evidently an audience for satire manqué.

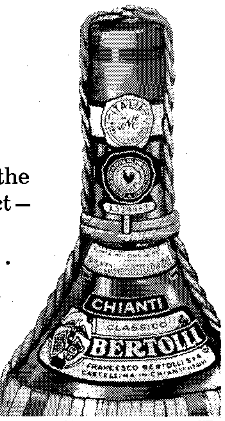
—LOUISE BOGAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE FOX IN THE ATTIC, by Richard Hughes (Harper). Described in a prefatory note as the first installment of a long opus entitled "The Human Predicament" and concerned with Europe between the World Wars, this novel suffers from its condition as a curtain-raiser. The author is so busy setting the stage that the actors can scarcely be heard above the noise of carpentry. The prose, though occasionally brilliant and rarely careless, is generally wooden; the characterization, though it gives evidence of a broad experience of life and a genial, humane world view, is badly cramped by the exigencies of panoramism. The action shuttles back and forth between the England and the Germany of 1923, between the rich and the poor, between historical figures and fictional characters. Mr. Hughes has taken Tolstoy and Stendhal to heart; his rendering of the frustrated Munich *Putsch* pays an open debt to the Waterloo of "The Charterhouse of Parma." But the overriding message of his masters—the essential *idiocy* of history—has eluded him, with the result that his personae seldom break free of the points they were created to illustrate. In its intervals of straight essay and speculation, the book is interesting, and it contains a daring attempt to make a "character" out of Hitler. The shocking fact is that, reduced to the intimate dimensions of fiction, this Chaplinesque tormented outcast quite engages our sympathy.

I KNOW MY LOVE, by Catherine Gaskin (Doubleday). This large, entertaining, romantic novel of love and money-making in nineteenth-century Australia begins with the rush for gold in the eighteen-fifties and ends a few years later. The two main characters are a beautiful Irish girl



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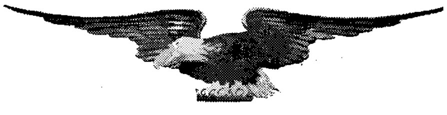

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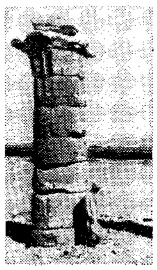

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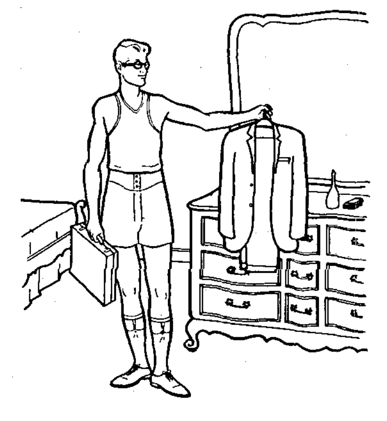

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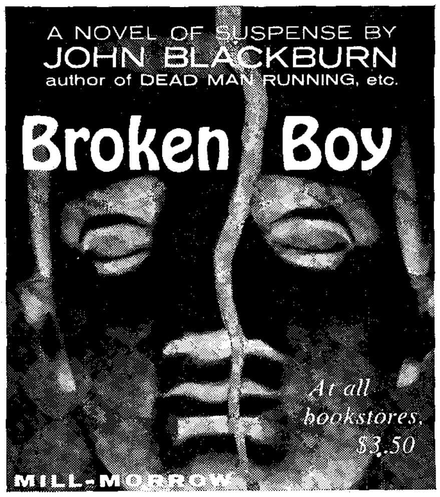

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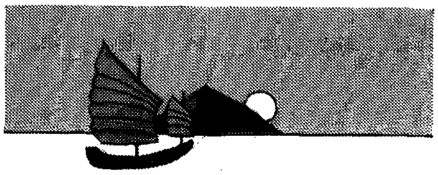
who is too impatient for her own good, and a less beautiful but extremely patient and determined English girl. Between them is the man they both want, and one of them gets him. The writing is lively and workmanlike. Miss Gaskin has a sharp and very feminine eye for details of dress, house furnishings, and family atmosphere.

NOTE: *"Pigeon Feathers," by John Updike, and "A Spirit Rises," by Sylvia Townsend Warner, two collections of short stories, most of which originally appeared in this magazine, have been published by Knopf and Viking, respectively.*

GENERAL

SCOTT FITZGERALD, by Andrew Turnbull (Scribners). At last we are able to see, at full length and with a shock of belated recognition, the brave and delicate man who was able not merely to live through much of "Tender Is the Night" but to write it. With this thorough and sympathetic biography, the maudlin drunk that threatened for a while to become the public's accepted picture of Fitzgerald vanishes forever; he cannot exist in the light of all that Mr. Turnbull has taken the pains to learn and has had the sensitiveness to feel and has set down with a skill that his subject, always something of a schoolmaster when it came to good writing, would have been glad to give him high marks for. As a boy of eleven, the author was befriended by Fitzgerald, who had rented a house on the Turnbull family place, outside Baltimore, and the memory of that friendship casts an agreeable glow over the whole book, even over its saddest and harshest passages. Fitzgerald died young, at forty-four, but he was already fantastically old; the clock that told time for him had sped him through several lifetimes, and, with extraordinary gallantry and occasional appalling silliness, he had managed to survive them all. It is heartbreaking to read of his dying at the nadir of his fame—how he would have relished his present glory! Mr. Turnbull has comparatively little of a critical nature to say concerning the works that insure that glory; his purpose has been to reveal a writer worthy of the works, and in this, being himself a writer, he has notably succeeded.

THE REVOLT OF FRENCH CANADA, 1800-35, by Helen Taft Manning (St. Martin's). An enlightening book, well conceived and thought-



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fully written, about one of history's ironic episodes. By 1800, educated French-Canadians had begun to appreciate the British Constitution, and, in fact, were half in love with it; their political spokesmen asked no more than to imitate it. But the mother country was not flattered; the colonial governors, the small British population in Canada, and successive Tory governments in London regarded the Canadians' political Anglophilia as sinister. Later on, when Reform governments in Great Britain were ready to grant French Canada what it had so long desired, the French-Canadians had lost faith in England and were more impressed by American institutions. Professor Manning's book, which ends before the armed rising of 1837, is an understanding prelude to it. She is expert at all the historian's tasks—at explaining the politics, economics, and mood of a past time, at portraying its characters, and at making her story move briskly. Her book sums up everything about a recurrent—and, for that matter, contemporary—problem of colonialism, and it's fine, absorbing reading into the bargain.

THE CONSPIRATORS: A STUDY OF THE COUP D'ETAT, by D. J. Goodspeed (Viking). Good short accounts of six attempts to seize twentieth-century governments by force. Three succeeded: a group of Serbian nationalist Army officers murdered their king in 1903 and replaced him with another; the Bolsheviks overthrew the Russian Provisional Government and dissolved the Constituent Assembly in 1917; and Mussolini's march on Rome in 1922 installed him in power. Three failed: the Easter Rebellion in Dublin in 1916 and the Kapp *Putsch* in Berlin in 1920 both started forcefully but fizzled out, and the German officers' plot to kill Hitler in July, 1944, managed only to wound him. Mr. Goodspeed, a Canadian Army officer, thinks that coups are worth study because they are likely to become more frequent—whenever an authoritarian state is efficient, it follows that the murder of a few men will destroy the regime. In his last chapter, he sets down a few suggestions for bringing off a coup d'état: surprise is essential, and so are choosing the right targets and being ready with a plan to follow up the first successes. Goodspeed's history is interesting, and his prescriptions sound practical.

SHAW AND MOLLY TOMPKINS, edited by Peter Tompkins (Clarkson N.

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Potter). Last year, Peter Tompkins, who is Molly Tompkins' son, offered the world an annotated edition of George Bernard Shaw's letters to his mother—a young American who wanted to be an actress, moved to London in 1921, and brashly sought out her favorite playwright. Mrs. Tompkins and her husband saw a lot of Shaw during the few years they spent in England, and later, when the Tompkinses moved to Italy, the Shaws visited them, but for the most part the friendship continued by mail. Now Mr. Tompkins, once more using Shaw as a pretext for remembering Mother, presents her memoirs, pretty much as she dictated and recorded them on tape before she died. Mrs. Tompkins had all sorts of artistic talent, but she achieved little, and, as Shaw remarked, she had no interest in good works. She was a difficult, changeable, thoughtless, self-centered, but not self-conscious woman. She was also a beauty, with a mixture of nerve and vitality that made her entertainingly unpredictable. What she had was charm, and she's worth reading about—if not as a doer, then as a fascinator.

Between the Wars, by James Laver (Houghton Mifflin). A sequel to the author's highly enjoyable "Victorian Vista" and "Edwardian Promenade." As before, the text is a sort of scrapbook of pertinent paragraphs from contemporary newspapers, magazines, and books, plus period photographs and paintings; the scene is largely England; and, as far as possible, the emphasis is on fads and fashions. Still, the grimmer side of life unavoidably intrudes, for though the twenties and the thirties were enlivened by the Charleston and Channel swimmers, they were also the years of the general strike, the Spanish Civil War, the depression, and Hitler and Mussolini. The result is a book of enormous interest and variety, but hardly an amusing one.

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There's some talk that Ford's new subcompact may be named for a bird or an animal, instead of either Cardinal or Falcon 4.

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One source said the name Cardinal is still a possibility, but that the bird and animal name "tested out better."—*Detroit Free Press.*

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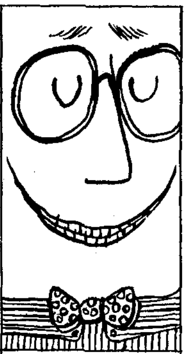

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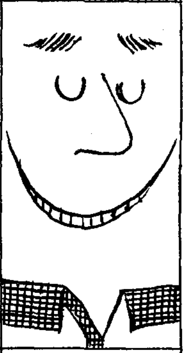

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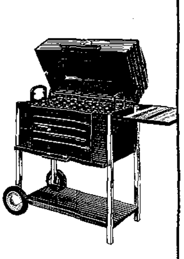

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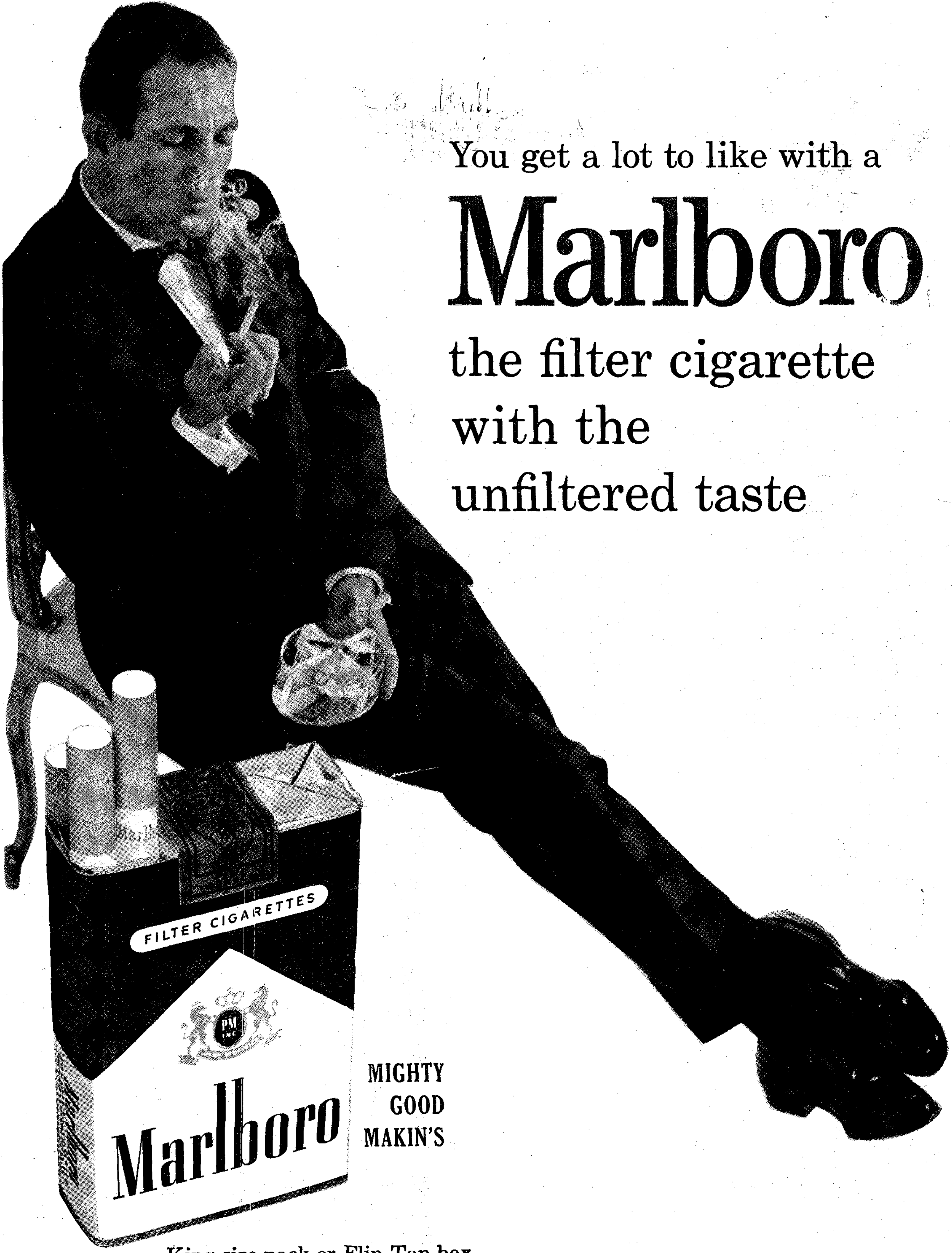
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